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Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J.,

Ex-Rector of St. John's College.

The Fordham Monthly

Edited by the Students of St. John's College Fordham N.Y.

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THE VIRGIN MARY.

O Virgin, Mother of the world's great King,
  Thou art in truth above all creatures bright—
  Refulgent with the rays of God's own light.
Let others praise the never ceasing ring
Of babbling brooks, or let the poets sing
  The still, calm beauty of the winter's night
  Or skies of roseate hue, that charm the sight.
My homage to thy loveliness I bring.
If but my verse thy virtue could make known,
  O thou, the only glory of our race ;
Could I but lead one sinner to thy throne,
  To gaze one moment on thy virgin face—
Ah ! then my life had not been spent in vain
And I should meet my Maker without pain.

John D. Sullivan, 1900.

AUBREY DE VERE AND MATTHEW ARNOLD ON THE FUNCTION OF POETRY.

MATTHEW Arnold, in his "Introduction" to Ward's *English Poets*, has uttered with splendid assurance "the thought which should," in his opinion, "go with us and govern us in all our study of poetry." A nobler mission than this it would be difficult to entrust to any "thought," and surely we should expect, before we surrender our minds to its guiding influence, that it would not demand of us the absolute denial of what is dearer to us than poetry—our Christian faith. And yet, if our souls are to be wedded anew to Matthew Arnold's theory, they must be forever either divorced from all belief in the revealed teaching of Christianity, or be branded with the character of the Philistine, insensible to the sweetness, and blind to the light of the highest culture.

This fanciful theory would never have attained that dangerous prominence which it has now secured, were it not inserted in the preface to the three otherwise excellent volumes of *Selections from English Poetry*, edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, a work now used as a text-book by so many students of colleges and universities. In the "Introduction" to this work Matthew Arnold says:

"The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer

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and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion, of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea, the idea is the fact. The strongest part of our religion to-day is it unconscious poetry?"

A poetry then, that not only ignores revelation, for that is "the fact that is failing," but denies to Christianity any intellectual basis, is to be the religion of the future—"the religion," as Mr. Arnold hopefully says, "that is to interpret life for us, console us, sustain us." "In such a religion," he continues, "we are to find our consolation, and our stay." To this position Mr. Arnold pretends to be irresistibly forced. For he adds with impatient bluntness, "our religion, parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge?" And then he breaks forth into that melancholy prophecy of his—"The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness, the more we shall prize 'the breath and finer spirit, of knowledge' offered us by poetry."

But this conclusion is far from being the decided conviction of Mr. Arnold himself. We should make a great mistake if we took him seriously. Were he to take this arraignment of Christianity

as absolute truth, so universally tolerant is he of the opinions of others, that on his own confession he never would have been so "narrow-minded" as to have proclaimed it. "There is no surer proof," he says, in his preface to *Literature and Dogma*, "of a narrow and contracted mind, than to think and uphold that what men take to be the truth in religious matters, is always to be proclaimed..... The man who believes that his truth in religious matters is so absolutely the truth that, say it when and where, and to whom he will, he cannot but do good with it, is in our day almost always a man whose truth is half blunder and wholly useless."

This facile exponent of culture would never dare assert that at least religious truth is ever worth fighting or suffering for. For him the faith of St. Paul was a blunder; the piety of Augustine, sentimental delusion; the heroism of the martyrs, narrow-minded bigotry, and sin nothing more than a lack of poetic taste bad verses or false quantities.

It is a pleasure to turn aside from this teacher of anti-Christian despair, to the hopeful, joyful teaching of Aubrey De Vere, who never thought it necessary to deny the divine character of "the Light of the world," in order to extol the light of poetry, nor to obliterate from the mind of the student "the sweet memory of Jesus," in order to saturate his soul with the sweetness of culture.

He is the poet, not of the outward, political, but of the inward, Catholic life of his country, and because he is so, the influence of his poetry breaks through the barriers of his island home, and becomes of universal interest to the whole English-speaking Catholic world. He is not, at present, a popular poet. His aim is not to voice the ephem-

eral thoughts or passions of his age. He is not the poet of scepticism, like Tennyson, and he never learned to sound the trumpet of imperialism, like Kipling. His aim is to be above his age, to elevate his age, by becoming, under the light of the "fact" that has *not* failed, "the interpreter of a diviner nature through our own." For under the light of revelation, not as it has been obscured by Protestantism, but as it is reflected in Catholic teaching, he sees "resting on the whole of God's creation a remnant of the divine beauty, impressed upon it from the face of Him, Who, when it came from His hand, pronounced it 'very good' and what he sees as a man he confesses as a poet."

Yet if we are to judge the success of De Vere's writings by that canon of excellence which John Ruskin has given us, when he says: "Every excellence in art is decided at first by few; by few in proportion as the merit of the work is of a higher order," we feel assured that the poet of Catholic Ireland, has secured for himself that admiration which is ever the safest and most unerring pledge of widespread recognition in the future, the admiration namely, of a few who are really competent to judge. One such critic has said of De Vere: "'The deep power of joy' has been almost destroyed in contemporaneous verse. The poet of all living poets who has preserved it, is Mr. Aubrey De Vere. Could prejudice lay aside her masque Aubrey De Vere would be held a greater poet than Wordsworth, even by Wordsworthians. To characterize him as the poet of joy should not mislead. He is essentially, too, the poet of sorrow, but in the noble, manly, healthful, elevating sense; and since life is all the time joy or sorrow, assuredly he is the great poet who, with the pen of beauty

and the spirit of truth, faithfully depicts both, accomplishing therein the 'profound application of ideas to life,' ennobling its burdens, sanctifying its pleasures, lightening its care, making tranquil its passions, refreshing its rest."

Let us study what such a poet and writer has to teach us on the function of poetry. That teaching is to be found scattered throughout the admirable prefaces to his own writings. Of these prefaces, one is deserving of special notice. Its subject is exactly the same as that which Matthew Arnold set before him in the "Introduction" which we have just examined. Aubrey De Vere has edited a volume of *Selections from the English Poets*, in the preface of which he, too, discusses the function of poetry. A comparison between his teaching and that of Matthew Arnold is interesting. One is the poet of infidelity, the other of Catholicism. Aubrey De Vere says:

"A greater error can hardly be than that which regards poetry as an art conducive to pleasure only, or, at best, but to *intellectual cultivation*. Had it no higher function, it would but little deserve to be, what it has often proved, the delight of youth, the inspiring companion of manhood, and solace of age :—it could never have attained that high place which has belonged to it, as one of the most influential powers for the education of the human race. Poetry may, indeed, be degraded; and very commonly the depth of the degradation is in proportion to the original height of what has thus been brought low..... But the effect of such degradation is ever the withdrawal of a gift sent to strengthen the human heart and to elevate human action; while the cause of it is to be found mainly

in a low or a false estimate of that which has thus been shorn of its duties and function."

"It is the office of poetry," as Bacon tells us, to 'submit the shows of things to the desires of the mind'—meaning by the latter expression, the aspirations of that *mens melior*, or nobler mind, which is the part of man that retains the image of God, and thirsts for immortality. The world of sense, since the Fall, has lost the glory of that light which dwelt upon its countenance as it was first created. In poetry a portion of that light is restored, for poetry is an ideal art, which invests objects with a grandeur, a freedom, and a purity not their own."

And in another remarkable passage he seems to give us a direct answer to the un-Christian, not to say un-Catholic view of Matthew Arnold:

"Poetry may, indeed, be abused. It is so by readers ignorant of its true office, and who assign to it a function yet loftier than that which it can claim. There are many who make poetry a *religion*, or rather a substitue for religion, and who recognize no other spiritual teaching than that which they find in imaginative literature or art. To such persons poetry quickly becomes, what it was once called, *vinum demonum*. It intoxicates instead of sustaining; and every thing that it inherits of good is perverted to evil. But those who hold fast by the great realities of authentic Christianity are secured from such error. They know that all the Arts are but the handmaidens of Faith, the 'honourable women' that stand around their Queen and watch her eye; and that in a subordinate position alone they can fulfill their office."

"For such persons Faith occupies a place that is known and defined; and the half-legendary world of poetic illustration has an inferior region, and

must restrict itself within its proper limits. To substitute Imagination for Faith, and Literature for a Divine Teaching, this is at least not the temptation of those who know that there exists a complete supernatural world, of which all that is best in the natural region is but the emblem."

Every intelligent Catholic student is, of course, well aware of the principles of this teaching, but it is a comfort to see them expressed by such a competent authority, in excellent style, in a language, too, whose literature, noble as it is, is defaced by its persistent and audacious belittlement, if not denial, of that teaching which the greater portion of the civilized world holds as the most sacred truth.

B. L.

THE "LOOKER-ON."

WHAT HE SAW AND WHAT HE THINKS OF DRAMATICS AS AN ELECTIVE STUDY.

AT the beginning of a new scholastic year it seems somewhat like "ancient history" to place on record one's impressions of what in a greater or lesser degree seemed to be of special interest at an anterior time. Still, when the controversy on the subject of elective courses of study is agitating the minds of educators, it may not be amiss to say a word in favor of one sort of "elective" study at least, viz., College Dramatics. This was the impression created on the writer's mind at the close of the last scholastic year of the century at St. John's College, when the dying words of François Rabelais, "Let down the curtain, the play is over," passed into a mandate for the time being, and the recollection of what appeared to be a particularly bright record for the Dramatic Association must be the excuse for a reference to it at this late period.

To those who, like the writer, have had the pleasure of witnessing the presentation of some of the well known plays on the Fordham College stage during 1899–00, it will most likely strike a responsive chord to read what some one has to say of what he saw and heard, and the impressions made on him through the opportunity afforded. These were, in truth, of a character to advance the estimate formed of the culture imparted within

the classic walls of that time-honored institution for it is not the mere routine of college study that could produce the cultivation of the intellect competent to interpret the spirit of the dramatist as did the young men members of last season's Dramatic Association.

As an illustration, let me take the *Merchant of Venice*, and see what was the conception of the leading character in that Shakespearian masterpiece. The traditional meanness which is usually associated with the Jew *Shylock* was entirely discarded, and a more elevated conception of the part by Mr. Dillon gave us, instead of the cringing, fawning usurer, a man of strength of character possessed of the accepted measure of hate of the Christian—a man of strength of character—a leader as it were among his people.

The same reflection applies to the ready appreciation of the witty and comical conceits and situations in Sheridan's play of *The Critic*—the *Puff* of Mr. Duffy being no grotesque attempt, but a complete and finished presentation of a part that called for the ability to distinguish the fine points involved, and bring them out to advantage.

The *Rip Van Winkle* of Mr. Dillon, in the piece of that name, is another illustration, and well worthy of being associated with the best work of the year—an additional link as it were in the golden chain of association of ideas and memories which must always cling around the "dramatics" of the year 1900. And in this association of ideas, it must not be forgotten that the dramatic effort of the boys of the Third Division in the closing days of May entitle it to a prominent place in the year's record, as it was well calculated to make the older Thespians congratulate themselves on the fact that

the lateness of the date of that performance possibly saved them from, later on, having some of their laurels snatched from them by their younger competitors.

Time, the great scene-shifter, has been again at work, and old St. John's is entering on, let us hope, another bright year. To those of the late Dramatic Association who have gone forth from the classic halls of their *Alma Mater* with her seal of approval stamped on their work, the broad stage of life is opening, and it will be well for them if they play their respective parts as well as we have seen them on the college mimic stage, and which will without doubt be a remembrance that cannot fail to

> "Lingering haunt the greenest spot
> On Memory's waste"

for many a year to come.

To those who this year elect to follow in their footsteps and don the "sock and buskin" for the time being, we wish as great a measure of success as apparently crowned the efforts of the Dramatic Association of last year.

And when again in due course the "play is over" and the "curtain let down," there will be no one more willing to give the deserved meed of praise than

THE "LOOKER-ON."

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

* Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

THE 37th Regiment New York, State Volunteers, known under the name of "Irish Rifles," was organized at the end of May and beginning of June, 1861. At first they were stationed somewhere in Central Park, but later moved down to the Battery, where they were numbered into the service by Captain Hayman of the regular army. The staff officers were: McCunn, Colonel; Burke, Lieut. Colonel; Minton (?), Major; Hoyt, Quartermaster; McNulty and O'Meagher, Surgeons.

The regiment being composed mostly of Catholics, the colonel applied to the Archbishop for a chaplain. The Archbishop applied to Father Tellier, who offered me the appointment, and I accepted.

The first man whom I met was Surgeon McNulty, who, as soon as he learned who I was, made up his mind, as he told me afterwards, to give me a wide berth. But he soon changed his mind, and we became great friends.

*The above diary is the record of a year spent in the Army of the Potomac with the 37th Regiment, New York State Volunteers, by the Reverend Peter Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain. Father Tissot was for a time Rector of St. John's College, and it is thought that the publication of his diary will prove of interest to the readers of the MONTHLY.

Of the ten companies, two (H and I) were composed mostly of Protestants. The eight other companies numbered, in the winter of 1861-62, about 622, including the privates and non-commissioned officers. Of these, 41 were Protestants, and 581, Catholics. Of this number, 227 were married, 15 were widowers, and 380 were single. Their places of birth were as follows: New York City, 35 ; England, 14; Scotland, 6; Wales, 1; Troy, 2; Michigan, 2; Philadelphia, 2; Rochester, 1; Williamsburg, 1; New Jersey, 3; Massachusetts, 1; Nova Scotia, 1; Sandy Hook, 1; Germany, 5; Alsace, 1; on the Ocean, 1. The remainder were from Ireland.

The men were of various occupations, including bakers, butchers, bricklayers, blacksmiths, boilermakers, carpenters, cooks, clerks, coopers, chemists, druggists, engineers, farmers, gardeners, etc., etc.

June 23, 1861.—We had Mass in the morning, the day being Sunday. At 3:30 P. M. we made our way through a close-packed throng to the North River and took our departure southward. We reached Philadelphia at about 11 P. M., and were received with great demonstrations of good-will by the people, who offered us refreshments, etc.

June 24th.—Reached Washington at 12 M. We walked from the depot to the White House. Heat oppressive, and dust knee deep. We spent some time about the entrance and gardens and were led away to find lodgings. Here I parted with the regiment and went in search of the Jesuits' house Gonzaga College. Not knowing the place, I inquired at a priest's house, the first I met. It happened to be Dr. White's. Learning that I was a Northern chaplain, he received me very coolly and

presumed to read me a very stiff homily on the abomination of my position. My answer brought him down a peg: "I was sent by my superiors; I take no part in politics, and seek only to do good to souls."

June 25th.—Said Mass and went to look for my regiment. I found them along Penn. Ave., some in the street, some in houses, some sober, some drunk. Met Richard F. O'Beirne, 1st Lieut., 14th Reg. Army, a great friend of M. McMahon. In the afternoon I visited our church, slept at the college, where I was treated very kindly by our Fathers, although most of them strongly sympathized with the South, as was natural.

June 26th.—Went to my regiment, which was encamped at about one and one-half miles in the rear of the Capitol, near the poor house. Our camp was called Camp Mary, in honor of Mrs. Lincoln. Found my luggage all right, and was given a tent. Felt very low spirited. Came back to sleep at the college.

June 28th.—Mass in camp at 7 A. M. Went to see battery at Benning Bridge, about one mile from my regiment—80 men, a hard set, under Capt. Mott, son of Dr. Mott, formerly at Georgetown, brother to Mrs. Van Buren; Second Lieutenant, John V. Bryant. Had a long talk with G. W. Clarke, who has no position in the regiment, but corresponds with the newspapers..... Agreed to say Mass three times a week in my camp. Met H. M. Grivin (?), for six years in St. Francis Xavier's College, now in the 69th Regiment.

June 29th.—Saw again Mott's men. Nothing could be done with them—one of the hardest crews I ever met. Saw Capt. Driscoll of the 12th New York, friend of Father Edward Lynch

saw also Lieut. Ramson of the Sherman's Battery. Got leave to see and talk to his men.

June 30th.—Baptized Thomas Oliver and heard confession of Capt. Mott.

As chaplain I was subject to camp regulations as well as any other officer; I could not leave camp or be away at night without leave. Against this I rebelled from the beginning and proclaimed myself free from such restraint. Once, and once only, an attempt was made by an officer of the day to prevent me from leaving camp but I went in spite of him and dared him to arrest me. No one ever after interfered with me—I mean anyone belong- to my regiment.

July 1861—1st—Went to Georgetown. Rather unwell.

2d—Baptized Capt. Mott in St. Aloysius' Church; gave him his First Communion and took breakfast with him at our Fathers'. Saw Capt. Duffy of the 2d New Jersey and Capt. Whelan of the 3d New Jersey and in the evening Sergeant Carroll of Sherman's Battery. Sherman's men were lodged in a house near the Capitol.

3d—Visited the regiment known as Garibaldi's Guard, a hard set of men of many nationalities. In the evening talked to Sherman's men and heard the confessions of fifteen of them.

6th—Baptized Capt. Johnson and private Pelzer of my camp.

13th—Preached at night on the Last Judgment, the whole regiment being present. My pulpit was a barrel. Heard confessions from 8 to 11 P. M.

14th—Sunday. Gave Communion to 55. Attended High Mass at St. Aloysius' church. Went to see the Rhode Islanders; was introduced to Gov. Sprage by Fr. Quinn, the Chaplain.

15th—Visited Congress.

16th—Dined at Georgetown.

17th—Under marching orders, *i. e.*, we may break camp any day.

19th.—We received the visit of Gov. Morgan. I was introduced to him.

20th—We were to start at 6 P.M. for Harper's Ferry. Changed to 9 A. M. to-morrow. Great excitement.

21st—Said Mass at 6. Broke camp at 9:30. Riding in an ambulance. Our destination changed. We take boats at Washington for Alexandria at 1 A. M. At Alexandria we could hear distinctly the booming of the cannon—it was *Bull Run* day.

Father Kroes, whom I visited, did all he could to keep me with him and prevent me from going with my men. This I could not do.

We left Alexandria at 4:30 P. M. The weather was warm but beautiful. The men went in a cattle train; I rode in an ambulance along a road parallel with the railroad track. There were several in the ambulance with me. One Baillet, a Lieutenant, of French origin, was emphatically denying the existence of hell. "If I die," he said, "pray for my wife, not for me. If I have done wrong I am not afraid to trust myself to the justice of my Maker."

Some distance this side of Fairfax Court House, we met with the first runners from the battlefield. They were in an awful plight and told the wildest tale about the defeat of the North. One big Dutchman, it is said, ran all the way from Bull Run to the Potomac. "Mine Gott, the devil behind and a big river in front!"

We reached the Court House at 8 P. M. and a little after we joined the regiment which had halted at the station. We went from the station

into the nearest wood. We were about 2½ miles from the enemy's nearest pickets. People were under great apprehension and talked only in whispers. Some of the men imagined that they sniffed the smell of decaying flesh—wonderful power of imagination—since we were some four or five miles from the battlefield! No one thought of eating, much less of sleeping.

(*To be continued.*)

ONE OF ROBERT SOUTHWELL'S POEMS.

IT is now three centuries since Robert Southwell lived upon this earth, and from the fact that his poems are still read with pleasure, we see that he was a poet of no mean talent. His poems bear the impress of a master hand, the work of a soul ever striving to raise itself and its readers above this world and the things of sense. A Jesuit and a martyr, his writings, though never gloomy, are always thoughtful, produced as it were in the shadow of death.

One of Southwell's best known poems is that entitled "The Burning Babe," which has been pronounced by Ben Johnson "a poem of great beauty." We shall quote it here in full:

THE BURNING BABE.

As I in hoary winter's night
  Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
  Which made my heart to glow;

And lifting up a fearful eye
  To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe, all burning bright,
  Did in the air appear;

Who, scorchèd with excessive heat,
  Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames,
  Which with his tears were fed.

"Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born,
  In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
  Or feel my fire, but I;

My faultless breast the furnace is,
  The fuel, wounding thorns ;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
  The ashes, shame and scorns ;

The fuel justice layeth on,
  And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
  Are men's defilèd souls ;

For which, as now on fire I am,
  To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
  To wash them in my blood."

With this he vanished out of sight,
  And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto my mind
  That it was Christmas day.

In reading this poem, perhaps the first thing that attracts one's attention is the immediateness with which Southwell introduces us to the time and place of the action :

"As I in hoary winter's night
  Stood shivering in the snow."

We follow with interest and feel surprised with the poet at the "sudden heat," which contrasts so strongly with the first line. We are in sympathy at once with the subject. How skillfully we are drawn into the action, our attention being won from the beginning and held throughout by the naturalness of the order of events. After our surprise, we are moved to investigate. With "fearful eye," upraised to "view a fire" we stand in awe, for—

"A pretty Babe, all burning bright,
  Did in the air appear."

This sight strongly moves us. The next emotion

aroused is that of pity, to see the "scorchèd Babe' shedding "such floods of tears."

The Babe speaks, and we remain absorbed in wonderment at his strange metaphorical language until the Child has "vanished" from our sight, and all is understood by us as we recall through the poet that it was Christmas Day.

How sententiously put are the thoughts contained in this short poem, and yet the author never becomes prosy. Upon first reading, one would say that there was not much in these lines, but a little consideration will reveal much hidden meaning.

In the few words of the Babe we have the whole story of the Redemption. Metaphor is piled upon metaphor, or, rather, a metaphor is begun, and as with Homer, so here the poet follows out this metaphor into various details.

We might say that at times the meaning is a little obscure to those who wish all to be understood at first glance, and yet we question if greater genius is not shown in producing a work whose beauties increase as one views it.

Southwell had a rich and fertile fancy with resources of illustration which were inexhaustible. His greatest fault seems to be that he fills his garden too full of flowers, and the blaze of color is too excessive. Nevertheless, it has been said, that they are all flowers, and it was from a lack of art that his genius ran riot.

There is a certain quaintness in this poem, "The Burning Babe," noticeable in nearly all Southwell's poems. He reminds one of Chaucer in places, and throughout we clearly perceive that this is a poem of past ages. To-day a writer would not use phrases like: "surprised I was," "made my heart

to glow," "did appear;" one would scarcely use so frequently now words made into two syllables like "scorchèd," "defilèd," and "callèd."

Before we conclude this analysis, let us examine the meaning of the words spoken by the "Burning Babe of Bethlehem." He feels hurt that "none approach to warm their hearts." We feel our own coldness in the past, and our ingratitude and neglect in not approaching by life near this "furnace" in which, he tells us, are wrought as metal "men's defilèd souls."

The fuel is "wounding thorns," which must mean sin. "Love is the fire" which consumes and burns away sin. "Sighs" are as rising "smoke" and the result of Christ's love for us is that He too often has received "shame and scorns," which form "the ashes."

Justice layeth on the fuel, which is "wounding thorns," that is: the sins of men for which Justice demands punishment. "Mercy blows the coals." Blowing coals does not cool a fire, but on the contrary makes it burn more intensely. Therefore, Mercy fans this fire of Love and keeps it burning, in order that men's sins, being purged away in this life by their sufferings and the merits of the Redemption, may not have to be forever punished in the everlasting torments of Hell.

The babe does not stop here but says:

> "For which, as now on fire I am,
> To work them to their good;
> So will I melt into a bath,
> To wash them in my blood."

These last two lines which we have quoted are by far the strongest lines in the poem. What a powerful figure it is to represent Christ as melting into a

bath on Calvary's mountain-top to wash the souls of men in His precious blood!

As we have said, we find here the whole story of Our Lord's birth, His love for men, and His death. There is a precious sermon hidden here, which preaches to us the lesson of love and gratitude towards Him who came to set fire to the earth by His love.

The poet does not *openly* exhort us, but his *silent* exhortation is felt when we hear the reproach from the lips of the babe:

> "Yet none approach to warm their hearts
> Or feel my fire, but I!"

SPECIAL ACADEMIC.

THE BROOK.

In early spring when all the earth is gay,
  When moor and fen are filled with joyous notes
Of birds, those happy messengers of May,
  When flowers cast away their winter coats,
When from the south the gentle zephyrs blow,
  When balmy summer breathes upon the land
And melts away the cold December snow
  That bound the earth within its icy hand—
The dreaming poet wanders to the brook,
  And silent sees the dancing bubbles play ;
He reads its motions like a living book
  And hears its murmur bidding him to stay.
Beneath the cooling shade of swaying trees
  He pauses by the dancing little stream ;
What beauties in its crystal depths he sees !
  What joy in every ripple, every gleam !
And yet what is there in that simple scene
  To cause such rapture in the poet's breast,
But that he sees beneath this mantle green
  Each thing of nature doing God's behest.

WHITNEY ECKERT, '03.

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SANCTUM.

THESE are the days of good intentions. With the reopening of College comes the time when we are inclined to overlook our past negligences and think only of what we intend to do during the coming year. But, alas, it is one thing to make a good intention and quite another

to live up to it. We generally make them by the piece and break them by the dozen, and legion is the name of those which have been shattered.

We start out well enough on the clean, spotless leaf which we have turned, but after a time our pen begins to waver—we drop into a reverie and begin to think of the good time we had during the summer months. College life in comparison with the balmy days of the past vacation seems one of exile, nay, even of martyrdom. A "chosen few" may be inclined to give vent to their feelings in verse, something after the style of a bit of literature picked up in the "Quad" sometime last year. It ran somewhat after this fashion:

> "The violet loves the sunny bank,
> The cowslip loves the lea;
> The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
> But I love only thee."

When the complaint reaches this stage it becomes chronic; the descent is steep and precipitous, and if the unfortunate victim does not call a halt at once he is "gone" for this year at least.

Better to take the advice of the poet and "Let the dead past bury its dead." Start out with the firm determination to do the right thing, *and do it.* How? The answer to this question is contained in the one word—*perseverance*, the keynote to all success. But first of all—

> "Grandly begin. Though thou hast time,
> But for a line, be that sublime.
> Not failure, but *low aim* is crime."

* * *

There is one time during the year when we ought with greater confidence to renew our good intentions—a time when we ought to see more

clearly our defects and shortcomings and receive greater strength to correct them. This time is now upon us—the days of the Annual Retreat. How many of us realize that these three short days are the most important in the whole school year—a time when the Holy Spirit is pouring forth His grace most abundantly into our hearts, speaking directly to them by the voice of His representative.

We shall probably fail to realize how important it all is until some time in future years when we look back at it, perhaps with satisfaction—let us hope without remorse.

* * *

The opening of the present college year has indeed been an auspicious one for Fordham. Not only have almost all the old boys returned, but we have also a larger quota of new students than we have had for some years past. And each succeeding day brings with it one or more "stragglers"—those who do their utmost to live up to the old axiom—"Better late than never"—a truth which seems especially consoling when there is a question of returning to College.

Our prospects for the coming year are also of the brightest, and especially is this true of athletics. We have excellent material for a first-class football team and it is to be hoped that our successes on the gridiron during the coming season will eclipse even those of former years.

The time is rather premature for the discussion of baseball, as nothing definite has been accomplished in that line except the election of officers. We feel confident that the present management will do all in its power to prepare a schedule as good as those of past years, if not better, and that the student body will aid the management in every

way possible. This is one of the first essentials for a successful baseball season ; we are too prone to stand by and look on calmly at the struggles of the management, consoling ourselves perhaps with the thought that that is what they have been elected for. This should not be; we should lend a helping hand, and this does not mean that we are merely to come forward, buy a season ticket, and then retire again. Our efforts should be continuous and we should never cease for an instant in our endeavor to further the efforts of the management as much as possible.

* * *

At the beginning of the school year a word to our students in behalf of the MONTHLY may not be out of place. The MONTHLY is the students' journal, edited by them and devoted to their interests. Its object is, not only to chronicle our doings to the outside world and keep our Alumni in touch with their Alma Mater, but especially to encourage literary work amongst the students. Its pages are open to all and any contribution possessing a moderate degree of excellence will be accepted.

We had occasion last year to publish a letter from Congressman Glynn, '94, in which he said: "Whatever success I have achieved in journalism is due mainly to the training and experience which I had in writing while one of the editors of the MONTHLY. If the boys only appreciated the benefit accruing from the contributions which they might make to the MONTHLY from time to time, I am sure they would give it much more attention than they probably do to-day."

Doctor Butler, '84, writing in the Jubilee number of the MONTHLY, speaks to the same effect.

"To all students of St. John's, present, or to be, I say: Support the college paper with all your might and main. Let it be the ambition of each and every one of you to be connected with the MONTHLY in some way—either as member of the staff, or as a correspondent. Don't feel snubbed if you are not made an editor while still in Third Grammar, or although you are in Rhetoric; but begin from the bottom and write till you write yourself, first, into recognition, and then into an editorship."

We could cite many such testimonies to the good resulting from constant contributions to the MONTHLY, but we think the above sufficient to illustrate the fact that the best way to become a good writer later on is to *practise writing* now and to practise it often, for "Practice makes perfect."

* * *

With the present issue of the MONTHLY the new staff makes its humble bow to our readers. It shall be our endeavor to continue the good work of our predecessors and sustain the good reputation which the MONTHLY has hitherto enjoyed.

D. J. H., '01.

REV. FATHER CAMPBELL, S. J.

OF the many changes that have taken place in our Faculty since the close of the last scholastic year, the most notable is the transfer of Rev. Father Campbell, our former Rector, to the editorial Staff of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart.* That Rev. Father Campbell is eminently qualified for such a position, no one who has at all followed his literary career can for a moment doubt. His many remarkable speeches ; his various contributions to literary periodicals and several valuable historical papers have given him a reputation which is more than national.

Among Father Campbell's best known speeches may be mentioned that entitled, "The College," delivered before the Alumni Association in January, 1897 ; the remarkable address on "Christian Marriage," delivered before the Colgate Divinity School of Colgate University in May, 1898; the address on "Catholic Students in non-Catholic Colleges," delivered before the Alumni of Holy Cross College, November, 1898 ; and the address on "Jesuit Education," delivered at the Fordham Alumni Banquet last April.

Among Father Campbell's recent historical papers we may mention the one entitled, "A Point of History," read before the Reverend Faculty and students of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., in January, 1900 ; and the paper entitled, "The Beginning of the Hierarchy in the United

States," which was read last year before the New York Catholic Historical Society.

Father Campbell was twice Rector of St. John's, from 1885 to 1888, and again from 1896 to the beginning of the present scholastic year. During his first term of office the Science Hall was completed, electric lights were introduced, and Third Division was moved to its present site at St. John's Hall. During this term also the bronze statue of the Blessed Virgin in the quadrangle was unveiled and solemnly blessed, and in the following May, 1888, the custom was begun of having the May devotions around the statue, in the open air. On this occasion Rev. Father Campbell, who had just been appointed Provincial, gave his parting address to the boys.

Rev. Father Campbell's last term of office, 1896-1900, witnessed various other improvements and a material increase in the number of students. During these four years Father Campbell has won the affection of the students by the kindness and fatherly interest shown them, as also by his constantly manifested esteem and confidence in his boys.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY will miss him most. He has ever taken a most kindly interest in it, contributing to it all of his speeches and many other valuable articles on education and kindred topics.

In behalf, therefore, of our present Reverend Father Rector and the Faculty, as well as the old students of St. John's, the MONTHLY extends to Rev. Father Campbell most sincere wishes for success in his new line of work, assuring him that he ever holds a warm place in the affection of his many friends at Fordham.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

OPENING OF SCHOOLS.

SCHOOL opened on Wednesday, Sept. 12th. The majority of the old boys returned promptly and the first night found more than twice the number present on the corresponding night of last year. There were in addition a large number of new boys, so that the opening day was truly an auspicious one.

On Thursday morning, Sept. 13th, *Schola brevis* was held, after which the day was passed in recreation.

Friday morning, at 9 A. M., the Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated by Rev. Father Minister, assisted by Rev. Father Mahony, S. J., Deacon, and Mr. Boyle, S. J., Subdeacon. Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., our ex-Rector, delivered the sermon. After the Mass the morning was spent in recreation. In the afternoon classes were held from 2:30 until 3:30 P. M. On Saturday morning classes were held at the usual hours, with the exception of mathematics, which did not begin until Monday, 17th.

On Thursday, the 20th, Major Egan re-organized the cadets, forming them into three companies of over sixty men each.

The college societies, sodalities, etc., will not begin until after the Annual Retreat, which begins on October 11th. It will be given by Rev. Father Pardow, S. J.

CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.

Quite a few changes have taken place in the college Faculty since the closing of last term.

Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., has been transferred to the editorial staff of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and has been succeeded by Rev. Father Pettit, S. J., formerly Vice President and Prefect of Studies. The latter position is now occupied by Rev. Father O'Hara, S. J., who was Professor of Rhetoric here during the year 1897-98.

Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes are still taught by the Rev. Fathers Renaud, Mahony and Ziegler, respectively. The teachers of the other classes are as follows: Freshman, Mr. George J. Krim, S. J.; First Academic, Rev. Wm. Cunningham, S. J.; Second Academic, Mr. Francis R. S. Donovan, S. J.; Third Academic, Mr. Robert Tracy, S. J.; Fourth Academic, Mr. Peter A. Oates, S. J.; Special Academic, Mr. Paul R. Conniff, S. J., and Mr. Francis X. Anglim, S. J.; Rudiments, Mr. Chas. Sterling, '99, A. M. The English classes are taught by Mr. Christopher Sullivan, S. J., Mr. George A. Daly, 1900, and Mr. Harwood. Rev. Chas. Bridges, S. J., is Professor of History.

Physics and Chemistry are still taught by Rev. Father Fox, S. J., while the Post Graduate course is under the direction of Rev. Father O'Reilly, S. J. The teachers of the other branches are as follows: Rev. Father Raymond, S. J., Algebra and Physical Geography; Mr. J. I. Moakley, S. J., Lower Algebra and Botany; Mr. J. W. Linnehan, S. J., Mechanics, Astronomy, Geology, and Geometry; Mr. Terence Boyle, S. J., Geometry, His-

tory, Physiology and Hygiene. Mr. Henry Cunningham is instructor in Book-keeping and Brother John Dowdle, S. J., in Penmanship; Mr. Frederick J. Halm, A. B., is now Professor of German as well as Music; Mr. Louis F. Rondel is again Professor of French. Mr. P. Paulding Brant, '97, is teacher of Drawing. Mr. Maurice J. McCarthy, A. B., is the Physical Instructor, and Major John Egan, U. S. A, is Professor of Military Science and Tactics.

Of last year's Faculty, Rev. Father Campbell, as was said, has been transferred to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*; Rev. Father Freeman is now teaching in St. Peter's College, Jersey City; Rev. Father Collins is assisting the Master of Novices at Frederick. Md. Of the Scholastics, Messrs. O'Hare, McLoughlin and Conway have resumed their studies at the Scholasticate, Woodstock, Md., the two former pursuing the study of Theology, the latter that of Philosophy; Mr. Kreis has been transferred to Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Hughes to St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, and Mr. Kohlrieser to Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., Mr. Thos. Gaffney Taaffe, '90, has resigned his position as professor of English, and is occupying a position in the College of the City of New York.

MASS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated in the church on Friday morning, Sept. 14th, by Rev. Father Greene, S. J., assisted by Rev. Father Mahony, S. J., Deacon and Mr. Boyle, S. J., Subdeacon Rev. Thos. J. Campbell, S. J., ex-Rector of St. John's delivered the sermon.

Rev. Father Campbell spoke of the pleasure he

felt at being present once again amid the Faculty and students of St. John's, whom he had grown to esteem during his four years of residence with them. He chose as the theme of his discourse a successful college student, Dr. Recamier, the noted French physician, holding him up as a model worthy the imitation of every Catholic college boy. A man of profound faith and strong character, he had moreover the great advantage of a thorough classical training. Rev. Father Campbell sketched for us briefly the young student's career, his experience in the army and navy, his being cast ashore on his native land deprived of even the necessities of life, and his undaunted courage and determination to succeed in the midst of all his reverses. And win he did, eventually, a place among the foremost in his profession, being at the time of his death one of the first physicians of the day.

The reverend speaker cited some other instances of men holding the highest positions in their respective professions, men who had risen to the prominence they attained by means of the education they received when young—a classical education in every case.

But as education serves to enlighten the mind, so in a much higher degree does the grace of the Holy Spirit enlighten the intellect, fortify the will and set our affections aright. This light He will not refuse to those who strive to keep their hearts pure and who implore his aid, and with this grace superadded to the light of natural reason, the Catholic student should easily distance all competitors.

After the Mass, Benediction of the Holy Sacrament was given, the students assisting in the singing.

FORDHAMENSIA.

NEVER in the memory of the present generation at Fordham have so many new students been enrolled. This emphasizes more strongly than words the fact that the enviable reputation of Fordham established in the past has been heralded throughout the land. From the four corners of the United States, from Cuba, Porto Rico, Spain, Brazil, England, Germany, France, and many other countries have the young men of the rising generation flocked to Fordham. It appears that the recent attack on the "Ratio Studiorum" of the Jesuits has led many, hitherto uninterested, to investigate for themselves, and that this investigation has proved most satisfactory, can easily be seen from the above.

The following are the Officers of the Athletic Association for the year 1900-1901. President and Manager of Baseball, John J. O'Donohue, '01; Vice Pres. and Assistant Manager of Baseball, Henry A. Heide, '01; Treasurer, James Fitzpatrick, '02; Sec., Jas. S. McCormick, '03: Manager of Football (1900), Chas. Thos. Horan, '02. Charles McKenna, '01, was elected Captain of Baseball before the team disbanded in June last.

The Officers of the Billiard Association are as follows: President, Charles McKenna, '01; Vice Pres., Henry A. Heide, '01; Treas. James S. McCormick, '03; Sec., Edward Swetnam, '02; First Assistant, James P. Clark, '04.

By the time this issue of the MONTHLY appears the Football eleven will be prepared to conquer all our old rivals of the gridiron.

The men have been hard at work daily under the careful coaching of Mr. M. McCarthy, of the Dreadnaught A. C., and temporary Captain Richard V. Harrington, '01. Although there remain but a few of last year's veterans, an abundance of good material is at hand. Many men have come from other Institutions where they learned the game and as a consequence comparatively little time will be required to put the Team in shape. *All* are urged to try for the Team; the fact that you have never played football before should not make you hesitate a moment. If you don't try sometime you never will be able to play and *now* is the time to learn. Manager Horan,'02, will be prepared to publish the complete schedule in a few days.

The Officers of Senior Class are as follows: President, Dennis J. Haggerty of Pittsburg, Pa; Vice Pres., Richard V. Harrington, New York City; Sec., John. D. Sullivan, New York City; Treas. Edward Joyce, New York City.

In Junior Class the following have been elected: Pres., Edward Mitchell; Vice Pres., Edward Swetnam; Treas., Chas. Horan; Sec., John. J. McDonald; Beadle, Edward Magee.

The Annual Retreat will be given by Rev. Father Pardow, S. J., the second week in October.

JAMES S. MCCORMICK, '03.

JUNIOR HALL.

Nearly all the members of the last year's Invincible Baseball Team have returned. On

Sept. 15th, they were defeated by the Tigers in a closely contested game. The playing of the Invincibles was excellent considering the fact that they had not been together for two months. The score:

Invincibles	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Tigers	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Batteries: McLaughlin and Heiser: Spears and Brill.

The following day the Invincibles defeated the strong Bedford team. The pitching of J. Radel was the feature of the game. The score:

Invincibles	0	0	0	0	7	2	0	0	x—9
Bedfords	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Batteries: Radel, Heiser: Ettlinger, and Brown.

On Sept. 22d.—the Invincibles were defeated by the X Rays. The loss of the game was due to inability to bunch our hits. The score:

Invincibles	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
X Rays	0	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	2—7

Batteries; McLaughlin, Radel and O'Brien: Robinson and Acker.

The Invincibles defeated the Lexingtons on the following day. The playing at times was ragged on both sides. The score:

Lexingtons	0	6	0	1	0	1	1	0	9
Invincibles	0	0	0	0	4	3	1	2	10

Basketball is one of the latest features in Athletics on Second.

The officers of the Division for the first term are: Billiard room: E. O'Brien, J. Desmond, C. McMorrow and R. Cabrera; Reading Room, C. Murn, W. Hinchliffe, R. Delli Paoli and H. Ahearn; Tennis, J. Radel and C. Dady; Mail, H. Andino; Press, W. Murray; Bun Carrier, M. Linnehan; Bell Ringer, V. Heiser.

About twenty-five responded to the call for can-

didates for the Invincible Football Team. They will be coached by Mr. M. McCarthy of the Dreadnaughts. We expect to have two good elevens. Manager R. Delli Paoli has already arranged a large number of games.

The following men have been selected for the Invincible F. B. T. by Coach M. McCarthy: V. Heiser, A. Glennon, J. Teevan, E. O'Brien, J. Desmond, G. Foley, A. O'Malley, W. Hinchliffe, J. Fallon, C. Murn, E. Healy, R. Cabrera, J. McLaughlin, M. Linnehan and C. McMorrow.

CHARLES J. MURN, 1903.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

A LETTER FROM BURTON DOYLE.

45 Lambeth Road,
London, S. E.,
England.

DEAR FATHER PETTIT:

On coming into the house last night what was my surprise to find letters from Fordham waiting my arrival. I little expected to receive letters so early. Of course one was from my dear old chum Rob Vila, who has not forgotten me. I am very glad in one way to receive the news from Fordham, but when I go to bed at night thoughts of the College come to my mind and I bitterly regret coming away from the place I liked so much. Life while there seemed to me to be nothing but pleasure, but now when I see nothing but people striving to make their way in the world I feel very unhappy and wish I were back again at College on Third Division.

When I imagine those dear chums of mine coming back to resume their studies, to have their sports and plays, I wish I were there to share them with them. The day of their return all will be jolly. I can fancy them meeting one another. "Hello, old boy, how are you?" and such like. I know all the boys expect me back in September, but I am sorry to say I won't have the pleasure of coming back and seeing them again.

Mother was thinking of leaving us with you on account of the boats being full, but she found two berths left in the *Lusitania*. I wish they too had been filled; then we might have stayed with you. Only recently, when Fordham was mentioned I said I would rather stay there for five years at a stretch and never see my parents than go to an English college.

This morning papa received a catalogue from the Buckingham College and he has decided to send us there. It costs 65 guineas for each, over $325 dollars, besides extra charges for piano, dancing, horse-riding, etc. It is a fine college no doubt.

The Catholic priest on board intended to say Mass every day, but forgot to bring the vestments and other things. During the voyage Father McGrath and Percy had plenty of fun.

After the first couple of days, Percy put on that red baseball cap. By a mere chance it had the Sodality medal pinned to it. All the passengers, who were all Protestants, asked him what it was. He said: "Oh, it protects you from meeting with an accident, and also helps to save you wherever you go." They laughed at him and called him a fool and told him to take it off but he wouldn't. Well, round the Labrador coast, on a windy day, while Percy was looking over the side, the cap

blew off into the water. All the people told him to get his medal out of the sea. One of them exclaimed: "Oh, I am glad it blew off; it looked so silly on his cap." But Percy went straight into his cabin, took his large felt hat, and stuck that big medal in it that Mr. L—— gave him. When he went on deck, he said: "You see I not only keep one but am well supplied."

On the following Sunday while the service was being read, Percy sat watching the Minister speak about the Holy Bible. He also alluded to the Catholic religion, which he said was wrong, and he hoped they would turn Protestants. After the service Percy told him he was a Protestant but he believed in the Catholic religion. The Minister asked him why he went to America. Percy said: "To go to a Catholic College." Well, the finish was that the Minister told him that Papa was not at all wise to send us there, whereupon Percy said: "Oh you may think so, but I don't. Where I went was better than all the Protestant colleges put together."

On Sunday morning I went on deck about six. At seven o'clock the Minister entered the saloon, asked for some bread, wine and candles. The chief steward supplied him with these articles, the wine being claret from the bar. Then he obtained a cloth, an old orange box, and lastly two beer bottles for candlesticks. After prayers he gave them "Communion." In the evening he walked to the bar and bought two bottle of whiskey. Next morning when he appeared on deck he was totally drunk. The passengers were disgusted. If it had been an ordinary person nothing would have been said, but after him giving them "Communion" and evening service with so

much enthusiasm and piety, they ridiculed him so much for a couple of days that he was obliged to stay in his cabin and have his meals sent to him.

I see by the slip of paper that Father Minister of last year has been appointed Treasurer. The boys will like that; they say he is better than Father F——. Well I shall write and ask the boys what they think of him. Ask him if he is going to be easy with the boys. I hope he gives them plenty of money.

You might send me the FORDHAM MONTHLY for next year. I shall be very much obliged, as I still take an interest in Fordham and all next year hope to hear and know all that is going on there.

As to writing to the boys, I shall do so with pleasure. There will be a large bundle addressed to "Rob" and he can give each one his envelope, which I shall address to each boy. They must not expect my own handwriting—it would be too much to do—and besides I want to say so much to each boy. So I shall use my typewriter as I can do it much more quickly.

When class is resumed and you go down to Third at night to give them a little "advice" about their manners, please tell them I have not forgotten them and ask them to write me. I shall be pleased to receive anything from the boys. Photographs put together and some cardboard on each side would cost only 10 or 15 cents to reach me. "Rob" no doubt will send me full particulars about the baseball, plays, and such like.

The FORDHAM MONTHLY I should like very much to receive, as it gives all the information every month, and then after reading it I shall know

how you all are. Do you mind sending me a couple of medals in your next letter please?

London seemed very strange to me when I came back; the money too felt very clumsy. I was not here a week before I wanted to be back in America.

I have written some plays for the Third Division boys, because they told me that they would continue their entertainments after the vacation. I wish I were there to take part in them.

I hope that Brother Flaherty is doing well. Tell him I saw the Irish coast once more and it looks very nice.

This, I think, is all the news I have to tell you this mail, but in two weeks time I shall write you again, also Father Campbell and Father O'Carroll. When the boys come back you will hear from me very frequently.

Hoping you are quite well and that I shall hear from you shortly,

I remain,
Affectionately yours,
BURTON DOYLE.

Aug. 24, 1900.

The number of students at the Hall is unusually large this year, so much so that many of our old companions have been transferred to Second Division in order to make room for the newcomers. We now have sixty-six boys, including the Day Scholars, the largest number seen on the Division for some years.

The officers for the present term are as follows: Bun Carrier, J. Curley; Club House, E. Suarez and R. Lopez; Press Room, H. McNally and H. Dady; Mail Carrier, J. Coogan; Music Room, C. Quesada; Reading Room, S. McTague; Tennis,

J. Hinchliffe; Billiard Room, G. McNally and P. Gleises; Shop, G. McNally and V. O'Reilly.

The "Tyros" have organized for the season and are rapidly getting into shape. They have played one game so far and were defeated, but that only gave them encouragement. Jas. Sullivan has been elected Captain. The "Minims" also have reorganized and Vincent O'Reilly has been elected Captain.

The new shower-baths which are now in course of construction are nearly finished and we hope soon to be able to enjoy them.

Bishop Butler of British Guiana recently honored us by a visit. We need not say that we were glad to see him.

Rev. Father Rector has received several interesting letters from Burton Doyle, describing his trip across the ocean and safe arrival in Liverpool, He and Percy stopped for a day at St. Mary's College, Montreal, and were kindly entertained by the Fathers there. They enjoyed the ocean trip very much. Percy created a sensation on board by wearing his uniform, for which the passengers christened him "Sergeant." Owing to the kindness of Rev. Father Rector we are able to print the letter describing their journey. It will be remembered that Burton was a member of the Rudiments class last year.

Drill has begun in earnest and we hope to have soon two large companies.

"Rolly," our pet cat, died during the vacation. We mourn our loss.

GEORGE MCNALLY.

AMONG THE OLD BOYS.

WE regret to say that our news concerning the "Old Boys" is exceedingly scarce. It would be easy indeed, after the example of certain periodicals, to draw on our imagination and fill much space in telling what they *might*, *could*, *would* or *should be doing*, but as we are obliged to confine ourselves to the narrow limits of facts and tell only what they *are doing*, we must necessarily depend on the "Old Boys" themselves to keep us posted.

It is a laudable modesty of course which prevents one from giving to the world the account of his life and works, but if he does not care to write about himself, let him send us some account of his friends, or even of his enemies, if he have any. In this way alone can the MONTHLY be made of interest to our Alumni.

We have received the following account of last year's class from one of their number. If we are in error concerning the present occupation of any member of it, we shall be glad to be informed of the fact.

We understand that Tom Coady is quite ill at his home in Brooklyn, having returned little improved from a trip across the ocean. We extend to him most sincere sympathy. George Daly is taking a post-graduate course at the College and teaching one of the English classes. John Dillon has entered the post-graduate course of the Catholic University at Washington. Henry Downes,

and Ambrose Dunnigan are pursuing the study of Law in the city.

Steve McPartland is following out the advice given to the class at Commencement by Hon. John W. Corcoran and is engaged in business pursuits.

James Kilroe and Michael Larkin, "the inseparable twins," have entered the seminary, the former at Rochester, the latter at Dunwoodie, N. Y.

James Treacy is studying Marine Law ; John Toohey and Philip Reilly have also taken up the study of Law, the former at Albany, the latter at the University of Western Pennsylvania, Pittsburg. John is also engaged on the *Times Union* in Albany.

John Flannigan has entered Eastman's Business College at Poughkeepsie, and Martin Walsh, we understand, is studying electrical engineering. Frank Murphy is engaged in studying medicine.

John W. Corbett, '98, has just completed his first year of Theology at the Propaganda, Rome, Italy.

Henry Smith, '99, has entered the New York Law School.

Joseph F. Shea, '97, has been elected one of the vice-presidents of the College Men's Democratic Association.

EXCHANGES.

The *Georgetown Jounal* of July has its usual quota of interesting and well-written articles. The poem entitled, "At the Grave of John Howard Payne," has beauty and strength—two qualities hard to reconcile. Its solemn metre sounds a picturesque and fitting eulogy of the great author of the soul-stirring poem, "Home, Sweet Home."

The continued sketch of a recent tour through the Balkan Peninsula is a storehouse of interesting information which cannot but add a peculiar value to the pages of the *Journal.*

"An Excusable Error," serves its purpose admirably in lightening the task of him who reads from cover to cover. It is a brief and amusing baseball romance, light in calibre but characteristic, which affords the reader that which is often most highly prized—a slight relaxation.

It is an opinion of ours that none but recognized poets should receive license to write more than five stanzas in any one poem. Hence it is that the tired critic breathes a sigh of relief when real merit comes within his ken arrayed in the attractive garb of brevity. The *Tamarack* prints two stanzas on "A Friend," in which simplicity and deep meaning are powerfully united. This style of verse should be encouraged, especially in college journals, in which the tendency to write epics is often noticed with disgust.

Most Americans wax eloquent in discussing the great principle of liberty in government. The author of "Spirit and Philosophy of True Liberty" in the *Holy Ghost College Bulletin* is certainly no exception. He enters into the discussion with elaborate definitions of liberty as opposed to license, and shows how one has been indiscrimi-

nately confounded with the other. The essay is clear and able, and gives evidence of a well-trained mind. The only objection is the strong oratorical style of the writer. However, it must be confessed that this is often a common fault with college men, on whose minds the thundering eloquence of the Debating Society makes so deep an impression that they fall into the habit of haranguing on paper.

The Alumni number of the *Dial* is a voluminous and neatly illustrated copy of that paper. The poem entitled "The Spirit of the Deep" is quite a clever production, and despite the fact that certain indications of immaturity of style become evident upon close perusal, the general tone and rhythm deserve credit.

The *Sentinel* gives us this month two logical treatises on Catholic Literature and Catholic Education. Deep and intelligent research are manifest in both these essays. Although the topic of education, after a long long career of untiring discussion, has reached the period of senile exhaustion we can nevertheless tolerate an able expounding of its merits under various forms, and the essay in question is certainly an able one.

In the *William and Mary College Monthly* there appears a very interesting article on the growth of the magic legend of *Faust* until that mythical individual was immortalized by Goethe in his great dramatic masterpiece. Many have accused Goethe of plagiarizing, but, as the writer says, the immortal Shakespeare has been similarly accused. The development of a mole hill into a mountain can scarely be called imitation, no more can the masterpieces of Goethe and Shakespeare be called plagiarisms. *Faust* is shown in this pleasant essay to be a very interesting character despite his annoying habit of carrying a few devils about his person.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, 1901.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Received from the *Ave Maria* press: *Education and the Future of Religion*, a sermon preached in the Church of the Gesu, in Rome, for the benefit of a free night-school. By the Rt. Rev. J. L Spalding, D. D. Price. 5cents. *The Canticle of the Magnificat*, By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P. Price 5 cents, retail. *Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise*, By the Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy. Price 5 cents, retail.

Received from Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, Mass.: *Studies in Poetry*. By Thomas O'Hagan, M. A. Ph. D. Price, 50 cents.

Received from Benziger Brothers: *Catholic Home Annual*, for 1901. Price 25 cents.

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THE ANGELS.

Oft in my waking hours I think
Of Angels fair and bright,
Whose presence seems to lift me up
To God's own holy sight.

They're near to guide me when I walk,
They aid me in my work ;
And with an ever-waking eye
They watch where dangers lurk.

Nor do these spirits ever feel
The weight of earthly years ;
Nor are they troubled by the thought
Of any mortal fears.

William J. Murray, 1903.

A LESSON ON EMPIRE.

FOUR hundred years ago, on the broad breast of the Atlantic, a mighty pioneer on his ship, the *Santa Maria*, came sailing out of the East to the discovery of a new world. On the white beach of the little isle of San Salvador, while the beaming sun shone down from the placid azure of heaven, he took possession of the western world in the name of the Cross of salvation, and the crown of Castile. Let us raise the curtain of time four centuries later and behold a different scene. There, through the dim mists of the Atlantic, another *Santa Maria* can be seen rolling to and fro on the broad bosom of the ocean. It is a captured battleship, torn and rent with the shells of a hundred guns, covered all over with the blood of its gallant defenders, the last emblem of Spanish empire—a wreck deserted and helpless. Guided by an unseen hand it rolls onward through all the fury and turmoil of the ocean, until driven before the tempest, like some frightened creature before the powers of evil, it is tossed at length upon the beach of the little isle of San Salvador, and there where Columbus first raised the banner of Castile, it casts its shattered wreck to rest forever on that spot which hereafter history shall name the birthplace and the grave of Spanish dominion. *

* The *Maria Teresa*, the flagship of Admiral Cervera, was sunk off the coast of Cuba in the late war with Spain. American naval constructors having floated the ship, she was dis-

Such was the rise and such the fall of Spain's empire in America. Let us now proceed to the consideration of the policy and influence of Castile in the New World.

It is the custom with some English historians, who seek to sanctify the crimes of the English-speaking world, to malign with venomous hatred Catholic states and Catholic people. Hence comes the deep prejudice of Protestant Americans for Spain. To such people we can but say: "Turn the pages of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, and if you fail to revere the name and deeds of that hero and conqueror, Hernando Cortez, then your heart is not open to sympathy or conviction." What a contrast is drawn between the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, and the brutal extermination of the Indians by the English. The soul of Cortez was aflame with zeal for the spread of the Catholic faith, while the English of the United Colonies sought only the death of the Indian. The gallant Cortez struggled onward with his little band of heroes through a thousand perils, through incredible hardships, trials and sufferings, until, his banners waved in triumph over the palace of the Montezumas.

Who can ever contemplate without emotion that little band of heroes who burned their ships behind them, and fought desperately for the Cross of salvation against the fearless legions of the Mexican Emperor? Who can ever read without ad-

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patched to Hampton Roads. During the voyage she was deserted by her crew in a heavy gale, and after drifting about for many days, she finally cast her wreck on the isle of San Salvador, where Columbus four hundred and six years before, took possession of the New World in behalf of the Spanish Crown.

miration of that little army of five hundred knights who fought on plain and valley, on mountain-top and mountain-pass, against thousands and hundreds of thousands of pagan gladiators, fighting in defence of their demon gods, of cannibalism, and of the awful rites of human sacrifice? Can anyone suppose for a moment that against such mighty odds that little band of heroes could have ever conquered, if not inspired and strengthened by an almighty power? That the conquest was accomplished by the will of God is evident from its fruits.

Upon the overthrow of the Aztec power, civilization and the blessings of the Catholic faith were offered to the oppressed Mexicans. The barbarous yearly sacrifice of tens of thousands of wretched people to the demon gods was stopped, and the innocent blood of murdered captives ceased to call to heaven for vengeance. Wherever the Spaniards went, blessings came upon the people. Where, before, crime and oppression held their gloomy sway, now peace, prosperity, and the blessings of God sprang up, like flowers that mantle Spring when Winter's storm has passed away. The fruit of the great work of Cortez can never perish. The faith that he implanted in the breasts of the people still survives, and the chief glory of modern Mexico, with its Spanish and Aztec population, is that it stands firmly by the faith of Christ, and ever will.

The influence of Spain in South America is also manifested when we consider the fact that, despite her overthrow in that quarter of the globe, it is through her endeavors nevertheless that the Catholic Church holds spiritual sway over that entire continent.

We do not undertake to defend Spain's imperial policy. We know that her faults are many, but we are not of those hypocrites who are ever looking for the mote in their brother's eye, while they see not the beam in their own. We are not in sympathy with those bigoted historians who feign horror at the errors of Spain, while they endeavor to eulogize the dark crimes of their own countries. Whatever may be said of Spain's imperial policy, it cannot be called entirely selfish, since it has ever sought the spiritual good of all the subject people who came under the Spanish yoke.

This is not the case with certain other countries, which have always been animated in their conquests by the spirit of greed, and the love of blood and slaughter. For instance, what has become of the mighty Indian race which inhabited the New World before the advent of the English? The white bones of the hunted Indian who lay down to die on the western plain are all that remain to tell us of Anglo-Saxon methods in America.

What of their influence in India? One per cent of the Indians are Christians, and the English power is still supreme. How does this compare with the record of Spain, who though humbled in the dust has converted and preserved in the true faith one hundred per cent of all her subjects.

It is from observing the rise and fall of empires that have been and are no more, that we may learn not to yield up the good that we have for evil we know not of. If an empire like Spain's could fall from the pinnacle of glory, how can the American people, the majority of whom do not even profess Christianity, hope long to endure as

an empire? Do we not see that selfishness would be the only motive for such a policy? Within a hundred and twenty-four years our republic has from the least become one of the greatest of governments. Is it possible then that at this period of national prosperity we can be uncertain of the fate that awaits those governments which seek only selfish interests in the subjection of their fellow men? Or can it be that we have sunk so low as to be ignorant of the truth that that goverment is the best which oppresses the least, and which leaves its citizens most free to work out their salvation in peace with God and man?

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, 1901.

CAPRI.

Why do I love thee, Capri, so,
Thy cliffs and rocks and strand?
Because thou hast the emerald glow
So like my native land.

HALIFAX, '92.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Continued.*)

JULY 22d, 1861.—At 12:30 A. M. a telegram ordered us to retreat. The men walked back on the track. I with six or eight others rode in an ambulance or on horseback. We kept away from the main road for fear it should already be occupied by the enemy; but none of us was posted as to any other road. For a long time we rode at random, not knowing where we were going. In fact, for some time we were going straight towards the enemy. On several occasions our course was interrupted by felled trees. At dawn, 5 A. M., we halted before a house and inquired where we were. We were 12 miles from Alexandria. We thought ourselves safe from any pursuit, took breakfast and continued our journey towards Alexandria,

We found our regiment, together with two or three others, in Fort Ellsworth, about a mile outside of Alexandria. Rain had fallen the greater part of the morning. The men were huddled together in the mud without food or shelter. I remained there for a little while and then went to Alexandria. I found Fathers Clark and Welch, who had come from Georgetown to attend to the wounded.

July 23d—I found my regiment in the suburbs

of Alexandria, in a slave pen. We had "Pay Day" and of course drinking. Such a picture of hell I had never seen. I refused to take charge of the men's money— though I did so afterwards as it could hardly be avoided. Some one had to take the money packages to the Express Office; no one cared to do so, and the men would hardly trust another besides the Chaplain.

26th—Went to the 23d Regiment, New York, encamped a little way outside of the town. Prepared 39 for Communion, 10 of these for their First Communion. Heard confessions in one of the tents, sitting upon a knapsack. Dined with several of the officers, among others with Capt. Fish of Maryland. Returned home with Capt. Lyon of the 17th Regiment, son-in-law of Mrs. Harrison of Morrisania.

27th—My regiment moved some two miles away from Alexandria, to a place called Belleview, the residence of Powell, U. S. Navy. The whole family had moved away, leaving the home and property to the care of an Irish family.—Went to a sick call to the 3d New Jersey, some 2 or 3 miles off. The man died in the best dispositions.

28th—Sunday. Said a first Mass for my regiment and a second one for the Mozart's Regiment. Remained with them the whole day; preached at Mass and in the evening; heard confessions the whole afternoon; prepared 75 for Communion, 12 of these for their First Communion. There were among the officers, Capt. William O'Sullivan of Lawrence, Mass., for two years a student at Worcester, and Col. O'Reilly, of the Assumption Church, Brooklyn. Both received Communion.

29th—Mass at six A. M. in the Mozart's camp.

30th—Went to Washington to be mustered into the service and take the oath of allegiance. The Government paid me from that day. The pay was that of a Captain of Cavalry, about $1400 a year. I spent very little and kept no servant. I paid a trifle to one of the men to take care of my horse when I had one.

Many of the men would give me fifty cents or a dollar when intrusting me with their money for the express, saying: "This is for the Church." When any asked: "How much do you charge?" I invariably answered: "Nothing." Occasionally I received something from other regiments which I attended, but rarely, and very little.

August 2d, 1861.—Called on Col. Murphy near the Episcopal Seminary. A soldier was hanged in the afternoon near Fort Ellsworth. In his drunkenness he had abused or killed a woman in Alexandria. Several regiments had been called in to witness the hanging, which was intended to strike terror into the men. The man had been attended by Father Kroes; however, I said a few words to him. I would have addressed the crowds, but I had come, not expecting anything of the kind, too shabbily dressed to face such a large audience. Col. Murphy had been one of the judges who condemned the man and he felt a little uneasy. He had made his men pray for the condemned man, and had brought holy water to give to him when about to die.

Saw Chase, Chaplain to the 4th Maine, and Carven of Brooklyn (High Church), Chaplain to the 17th N. Y.

About this time I began to have morning and evening prayers with my men and to make use of a small bell to call them. This bell I carried in my

pocket everywhere, even on the battlefield. When I wanted to have prayers I gave my bell to the first man I met and he would ring it through the whole camp. I was thus independent of the officers when I wished to assemble the men.

3d—Went to Fort Ellsworth, about a mile from my camp, to hear the confessions of the 17th N. Y. Heard from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; prepared fifty-two for Communion. The thermometer stood at 98°. Saw Lt. Kelly of Fordham.

4th—Brought Communion to those I had prepared in Fort Ellsworth. Thermometer at 92° at 8:30 A. M. In the afternoon went to Alexandria.

5th— Went to the second Artillery, Capt. Arnold. Was called upon in the afternoon by Col. Kerrigan of the 25th N. Y. Regiment. He was at the same time a Member of Congress, and had been formerly with Walker at Nicaragua. One of his men had committed suicide and he wished me to bury him. This I could not do but promised to talk to his men. The whole regiment was assembled in a field and formed into a square. In the centre was a box from which I addressed the men.

7th.—Went to Kerrigan's regiment and prepared fifty-four for Communion. More were anxious to come. Heard them in the basement of the house which was the Colonel's headquarters. The Chaplain of the regiment was a kind of comedian. He received me very kindly and gave me my dinner. Most of the men and some of the officers were Catholics. Kerrigan was anxious to keep me in his regiment. Young Tierney belonged to this regiment, also Captains Johnson and Maxwell. Visit from F. Gillen of Notre Dame du Lac.

8th—Gave Communion to the fifty-four of Ker-

rigan's regiment. They were brought to my camp by two officers, the distance being short. They heard Mass around my tent.

I had now been over six weeks from home and was anxious to see our people. I mentioned the subject to Col. McCunn. "All right," he said, "you may go to New York when you like." It was easy then to obtain a furlough but it was very different afterwards.

23d—Left New York at 6 P. M. to return to my regiment. Was at Philadelphia at 11 P. M.

24th—Reached Baltimore at 5 A. M., Washington at 7 : 15 A. M. Said Mass and took the boat for Alexandria; in the afternoon went to Camp Belleview. My regiment was gone. They had removed some days previously to camp Albany, some two miles from the Virginia end of Long Bridge. I stopped over night at Alexandria.

25th—Early in the morning (Sunday) I drove to Camp Albany. Said Mass for my men amidst great rejoicing.

26th—Visited the 2d and 3d Michigan regiments, and had a long talk with Dr. Cummings, Chaplain of the 3d Michigan.

27th—Went to Washington; called on Burnside. He was brigading the regiments. I wanted him to put my regiment in the same brigade with other Catholic regiments, but either it was too late or it could not be done conveniently. We were brigaded with three Michigan regiments, the 2d, 3d, and 5th. Our brigadier-general was Richardson, of the regular army, a rough but good natured man, very fond of the 37th regiment, which he preferred to the other regiments of his brigade.

28th—Went to Washington on foot. Heavy rain all day.

30th.—Dined at Georgetown. Came back on foot.

Sept. 1st. 1861.—Sunday. Said an early Mass in my camp, and a second one at Kerrigan's, where I preached. In the afternoon visited the 39th regiment, Garibaldi Guard, also the 27th regiment, in which there was an Irish Company under Capt. Kelly.

4th—Called on Father Scully, a secular priest from Boston, Chaplain to the 9th Mass., a large regiment, mostly Catholics. Visited the 14th N. Y., Col. McQuade; Adjt. John Mc Quade, a Fordham graduate. In the afternoon a movement was expected but did not take place. Heard confessions until 11:15 P. M.

13th—Whilst I was waiting for some one at the corner of Williard's Hotel, a country gentleman, Mr. Slatter from Carroll Island, Md., approached me and saluted me. "What makes you take me for a priest?" I asked, "my dress is not clerical." "But your countenance is," he replied.

19th—Visited the 22d Regiment, New York.

21st—Visited several camps around Washington with Father Wiget, S. J.

22d—Said Mass in front of the Colonel's tent. In the afternoon heard the confessions of the 5th Michigan, mostly of the company of Captain Sherlock.

26th—Pay Day. Paymaster was Major Whitney, who had known some of our Fathers among the Indians and thought the world of them.

27th—Went to Fort Washington, 8 miles below Alexandria. Maj. Haskin commanding, Rev. Harris, Chaplain; Storrows, Surgeon. Was treated very kindly; took my meals with the commanding

officer. The Chaplain insisted that I should occupy his room for the night. I had a soft bed and enjoyed a sound sleep.

My regiment, without as yet breaking camp, occupied Munson's hill. It was at about this time that we got a new Colonel, Capt. S. B. Hayman, who had mustered the regiment. McCunn was a good-hearted man and an excellent politician, but knew nothing about military matters; he could not drill the regiment. The Lt. Colonel, Burke, did everything as well as he could. He himself was not a military man. McCunn was frequently away from the regiment, which was to some extent going to ruin.

When McClellan came to power, after *Bull Run*, he determined to strengthen discipline. Many of the officers were constantly loafing in Washington, loitering about the hotels. McClellan instructed the Washington Provost Marshall to arrest any officer who would not have leave to be away from his regiment. One day McCunn, standing in front of Williard's hotel, was asked his pass by the Provost Marshall. As an answer, he sent the Provost Marshall to a hot place. This was not considered a sufficient answer and McCunn was arrested, tried and reprimanded. The reprimand was to be read to all the regiments at parade time.

McCunn did not think he should brook this tamely. What could he do? Resign? But he did not want to leave the army. He saw Cameron, the Minister of War. They agreed that he would tender his resignation but that it would not be accepted. Unfortunately the resignation reached McClellan first instead of Cameron, as was intended. McClellan at once accepted the resignation and poor McCunn was ousted against his will.

He remained for some time in Washington, often crossing over into Virginia to see his regiment. His presence was more or less a cause of disorder. He would make speeches and breed mischief. This came to the knowledge of McClellan, by whose order a file of soldiers arrested McCunn at midnight, took him to the depot, saw him leave for New York, and warned him not to be seen again in Washington or he would soon find himself in the lock-up. His horse and luggage were sent after him. Such was the end of McCunn's military career.

As soon as Hayman made his appearance amongst us, the regiment began to look different. There were a few worthless officers of whom he got rid in a very nice way. At his suggestion a board of examiners was established with power to send for any officers they wished and dismiss them, or recommend that they should be dismissed, if found incompetent. He thus got rid of all the officers he did not want. Four were dismissed and better men appointed in their places.

(*To be continued.*)

RECOLLECTION.

How often in the blessed month of Mary,
We gather nightly round her statue fair
To offer up a hymn of praise and gladness,
Or murmur at her feet a fervent prayer.

Ah ! Mother, as we silent kneel around thee,
And lay our cares and troubles at thy feet,
A holy peace from Heaven steals upon us
That makes thy tender love seem e'en more sweet.

How often when our hearts are torn with anguish,
When every hope lies buried in despair ;
We'll think of these bright days of youth and promise
So full of gladness and so free from care.

Oh ! may our hearts be ever young and sinless,
As when we knelt upon the dew-kissed sod ;
Make us, O Mother, still to feel thy kindness,
And offer up for us thy prayers to God.

WHITNEY ECKERT, 1903.

SOME GREAT HUMORISTS.

IF science and the arts, with their many triumphs, if man's wonderful ingenuity, which seems to have reached almost as high a perfection as it can possibly attain, have done so much to increase our comfort and pleasure in this work-a-day world, yet have they largely deprived us of something more cheering and conducive to happiness than anything they have given. In this material age of ours, when each man's whole heart and soul and mind are bent on making money, when the rich think of nothing but gold, gold, gold, and the poor, ever becoming poorer through the rich man's greed, are struggling impotently to better their unenviable condition, there is very little time to give to mirth and laughter.

Mirth is a wonderful thing. Laughter and humor will cheer a man's heart far more than any mighty mass of gold he may have gained ; far more than satisfied vanity ; far more than any worldly thing, save the knowledge of having done right. If a man is dispirited and cast down, there in no better tonic for him than the mirth and laughter of a friend, or a page from the writings of some great humorist. We are sometimes affected by woes too deep and heavy for aught save time to cure or lighten. Yet the cares of every day life, which, if not banished from the mind, will grow and rankle, until we become querulous and sullen, can be easily spirited away by the genial

good humor of writers, past and present. Of course there are some, so misanthropic and envious of others' cheerfulness, that they prefer their own sad thoughts to any cure for them. Concerning these the great poet Shakespeare has well said, that such men are dangerous and not to be trusted. Man is a creature of moods and changes; why should he, not then, be merry when he may?

It is not my intention to speak at length of all the great English-writing humorists who have made so many generations of men laugh and forget their cares. We boast too many of them; and, besides, some have rendered their names so famous in the field of literature by their other achievements as poets and authors, that it would scarcely be just to call them humorists.

To be a great humorist, a writer must thoroughly understand the human heart, with all its foibles and vanities; must know the longing most men entertain for fame, rank, wealth and homage from others. He must study the peculiarities of eccentric people; and knowing all these things, must, in describing them, make use of his own sparkling humor.

Shakespeare has depicted many most laughable characters. Who having been once introduced to that immortal coward, the tremendously fat braggart, *Falstaff*, will ever forget him? Yet the great Bard of Avon has attached such undying fame to his name as a tragic poet that one would scarcely dare call him a humorist.

Thackeray was a satirist rather than a humorist. There is a vast difference between the bitter sting of satire, which almost always wounds him against whom it is aimed, and the good natured jest of the writer who laughs at the vanity of all mankind.

But the writer who, in the opinion of many,

ranks second only to Shakespeare in his knowledge of the human heart, and perhaps the greatest humorist of them all, is Charles Dickens. It is extremely doubtful whether this famous novelist could have endeared himself to so many lovers of good literature if he were lacking in that splendid laughter-provoking humor that is to be found on almost every page of his many great works. People are more pleased to have depicted for them the happiness of life rather than its trials and misery. Dickens knew this full well, and although he often described with pathos the wants of the wretched, in order that he might better their condition, yet he always relieved these sad pictures with others indescribably funny. Most humorists receive their inspirations from imaginary scenes, generally quite improbable. Dickens, on the contrary, saw in real life nearly all the incidents he so quaintly depicts. His humorous characters are people he met or knew, with their amusing habits sometimes slightly exaggerated.

If people grow fat through laughter, it would almost be dangerous for any corpulent person to read the "Pickwick Papers," for that is undoubtedly Dicken's most amusing work. The adventures and mishaps of the "Pickwick Club" would make a hangman smile. There is old Mr. Pickwick, the soul of kindness and good-nature, yet withal so extremely gullible that he believes all sorts of nonsense, and gets himself into the most awful plights, much to his surprised indignation. There are his followers, the poetic Snodgrass, who is quite as innocent as Mr. Pickwick; the amorous Tupman, and Mr. Winkle, the sportsman, who in his first and last attempt to ride a horse is gotten rid of by his spirited steed, after being jolted

black in the face ; who goes shooting, and hits his friend Tupman in the arm ; and who finally, in attempting to skate, makes a frantic effort to cast his feet in the air, and having succeeded in this manoeuvre, nearly breaks the ice with the back of his head. There is also Mr. Pickwick's servant, the redoubtable Sam Weller, whose metaphors and comparisons, not always the most comprehensible, have made him so famous a character ; and his father, Tony Weller, who being afflicted with a shrew for a wife, tells his son frequently she's too good a "creetur" for him—he fears he don't deserve her. What a splendid array of humorous characters and incidents for those who love to laugh !

One of the first witty writers that our own country produced was Charles F. Browne, who wrote under the pseudonym of Artemus Ward. As he died at the early age of twenty-six, he contributed comparatively little to literature. It is mainly on this account that he is almost forgotten at the present day. Unlike Dickens, he was more of a public jester than a writer. From California to London he delivered most delightful lectures. Wherever he went he was greeted with open arms ; wherever he spoke he kept his audience laughing hysterically. He wrote short sketches of all he saw and heard. His spelling was that of an uneducated Yankee farmer, a splendid setting to his many quips and jests ; while his grammar was only a trifle better. "Yet," says Artemus, "he who don't no how to spel and rite grammarily better stop riting altogether." Artemus Ward's lectures and sketches of Mormon life were once familiar to everyone. Most of the pretty girls in Utah marry Young," he de-

clared ; and this was almost the truth. He was, as I have said, a great jester, kind, merry, and exceedingly humorous. When he died he was lamented both in this country and England as a gentle, good-hearted man, who had done more to make people merry than anyone who lived in his day.

Samuel Clemens, or to give him the name he is best known by, "Mark Twain," was at one time a protege of Artemus Ward. It was at the suggestion of the latter that Clemens assumed his title of Mark Twain, and chose the profession of a humorist. Although he has, in the course of his long career, earned the reputation of being an exceedingly witty man, yet he cannot lay claim to being entirely original, in some of his writings at least. For instance, if we take his two books, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," we find him a close student and admirer of Artemus Ward's peculiar style, insomuch that he has somewhat aped the latter's amusing orthography, and his jokes frequently bear a strong resemblance to those of "the famous showman." Moreover, his lectures were not nearly as successful as Ward's. However, his jests are very refreshing, his style interesting, and his humorous descriptions, in which lie his special strength, are almost above criticism. The great fault of this writer is his utter lack of reverence. Nothing is sacred or holy in his estimation. He may consider it funny to jest on matters which should only be spoken of with respect, yet in this regard no Catholic can agree with him.

If we except Jerome K. Jerome and F. P. Dunne, who writes under the well known title of "Mr. Dooley," we are forced to the painful con-

clusion that there are to-day no English-writing humorists. There are, it is true, a vast number of men who are guilty of producing thousands of small pamphlets, brimful of jokes so worn out by old age that George Washington's grandfather would call them antiquated. Such people as these scarcely know the necessary qualifications of a humorist. If we look for men possessing an original style, somewhat conversant with human nature, capable of funny descriptions, we find, with the above exceptions, there is absolutely none.

"Mr. Dooley" produced a wonderful impression on the American public when his views concerning peace and war were published. At first we were inclined merely to laugh at the sarcastic remarks of the genial Irishman. Soon, however, it was discovered that there was much sound philosophy and common sense in the opinions he expressed to his friend Hennessy. When he discusses political questions, no matter whether the Republicans or Democrats are wrong, Mr. Dooley has the happy knack of always being right. The following is his description of the famous hero: "Yonder might be seen that young joynt iv pathreetism, Tiddy Rosenfelt, gallantly biting his way through the crowd." Hennessy is ever anxious to understand the current topics of the day, and Mr. Dooley, as a sort of cicerone, explains them to him with a mixture of brogue, humor, good-natured sarcasm, and common sense which is simply irresistible.

It is generally admitted that Jerome K. Jerome is the funniest man in England to-day. So much is said concerning the slowness of Englishmen to see a joke, that it has almost become a proverb.

Yet they have produced so many famous humorists that this proverbial slowness must be taken with a grain of salt. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*, and his *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, have earned for him a most enviable reputation. *Three Men in a Boat*—not including the dog—is a mirthful little book, filled with laughable descriptions, and breezy, happy thoughts and conversation. It possesses one rare quality—entire orignality. The author's narrative is frequently interrupted by short side stories that give him a splendid opportunity to display his droll humor to its full extent. It may safely be said that his descriptions of his uncle hanging up a picture, of his friend Harris singing a comic song and endeavoring to get out of a maize, of putting up a tent in rainy weather, and his story of a strong-scented cheese, have made thousands of readers laugh until they hurt themselves.

The cheerful brotherhood of humorists seems to be fast dying out. This is a great pity, and cannot be sufficiently lamented. It is an old belief that one who loves to be merry cannot but be an honest man. Since nearly every great author and poet has brightened his works with a few sunbeams of sparkling humor, this great dearth of humorists must augur ill for literature. And n proof of this, there are not a few who claim that good classical literature is a thing of the past; that the reputation of the men who have at present earned considerable fame through their pens, is merely ephemeral and cannot stand the test of time. If this is true, then must we bid a sad farewell to all hope of seeing the future produce such writers as Dickens, Artemus Ward, or Jerome K. Jerome. But perhaps it is better to

take a more cheerful view of the matter. The present scarcity of humorists is in all probability merely temporary. Since mirth has never done harm to any man, let us hope that many more great humorists will soon appear, who will succeed, fully as well as their famous predecessors, in making men "laugh and be merry."

SELDEN B. MCLAUGHLIN, '02.

THE NEGRO QUESTION.

THE recent race riots in which the negro has been hunted and shot down without trial and without justice, both here in this great Metropolis and in the South, are a source of deep humilation to all fair-minded Americans. This feeling comes, not from the fact that we are shamed by the scathing criticism which these degrading acts have raised abroad—though that in itself would be sufficient—but because we stand and have always stood upon that fundamental principle of equality, which is the basis of our existence as a nation, namely, that "all men are created free and equal." But even while the Nation proclaims this great truth and grants to all its members freedom, there are millions of people in the South and thousands in the North and West crying out that the negro is not the white man's equal, and that he should not and shall not have equal rights.

On the other hand, by far the majority of our citizens claim for the negro every right and privilege expressed in the *Constitution.* Let us consider the reasons why this condition of affairs should exist. There are those who claim that the negro's savagery is instinctive, that his laziness is incurable, and that his sensuality is far in excess of that of any other race. They point for proof of this, not to Africa, his native land, where the negro still roams a naked, slothful, savage, but to our own Southern States, where

the indolent black man perpetrates almost daily the most savage and repulsive crimes. And if one but glance at the statistics he will find that of all the crimes against morality the negro commits about 95%, and yet he is but $\frac{1}{9}$ of the whole population. It is said by this class also that the negro may rise in the scale of civilization to a certain fixed point, that he cannot go beyond that point and would not even reach it but for the influence of the white man. Facts certainly bear out these charges to a certain extent. No real negro has ever risen to high eminence among mankind. Not only has there been no negro philosopher, or writer, or artist, or statesman ; but there has been no negro conqueror or general, unless we class Toussaint l'Ouverture as such, beyond the rank of a guerilla chief. And since Africa is as fertile as either Asia or Europe and is pierced by large and navigable rivers, there seems to be no reason why the negro has remained so low in the scale of civilization. Many answer to this that the negro has been secluded, as it were in the "Dark Continent," far from the light of civilization. But this is not true. For he came in contact with the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Roman, the most progressive and enlightened nations of antiquity. And since this country's infancy, he has known the civilization of the English-speaking race. True, he has been a slave here, but why should he be contented with, or at least offer no great resistance to, this condition of servitude, which no other race, no matter of what color, will put up with?

To all these charges our answer is that the negro had not the knowledge of God, the source of all enlightenment, as other nations had. And so there are millions friendly to the negro who claim

that he has never had the white man's chance, that he has not even had the privileges extended to the Indian savage or the pagan. They maintain that the negro is endowed with the same passions, the same ambitions, the same powers of mind as the white man ; that he is of a docile disposition, easily forgetful of injury, and though not bright and clever, yet he is ready to receive instruction, and that his education may be carried in some cases to any point attainable by the white man. They deny that his previous condition has any weight in the present issue of the question; they affirm that his present low and degrading state of morality is due to oppression and lack of education ; that many instances can be pointed out where the negro has risen to that degree of proficiency attained by the white man, in Law and Medicine, in the Sciences, in Politics, and in Business. And so this great debate goes on, one party strongly maintaining, the other as vehemently denying the rights of the negro among men.

But this we may say with assurance, that Christianity alone can solve the question. For if we examine the causes of the advancement of the negro in any particular case where he has risen above the ordinary degree attained by his race, we shall find that his progress is due to Christianity and the laws based upon it. Therefore, teach the negro to embrace Christianity—I mean Christianity in its true form and not the conflicting doctrines of this or that man—and he will receive the key to civilization, the incentive for leading a truer and nobler life, the basis of all education, and the social qualities of a good and honest citizen.

E. J. MITCHELL, 1902.

CAVA DEI TIRRENI.

Were I a bird, 'tis here I'd rest,
Mid Cava's boughs I'd build my nest;
From here I'd see the blue, blue sea,
And oh! how sweet 'twould be for me
To feel the salt and cooling breeze
Come to my nest amid the trees.
Oh! here no grief, no tears, no sighs:
I'd be a bird in Paradise.

HALIFAX, '92.

A NOTABLE BIOGRAPHY AND ITS CRITICS. *

WE are always interested in the criticisms of a book which we have read and appreciated. They not only reflect the judgments of others on the book itself, but challenge the justness and truth of the opinions we ourselves have formed of it. If a criticism agrees with our own, we are bound to its author by the ties of kindred tastes and common sympathies; if the critic differs from us—provided his convictions are the result of a fair and reasonable examination—we not only respect but even profit by his decision. For opposition of opinion, if met squarely and answered, strengthens our intellectual muscles.

But a criticism which shows no sympathy for the author or the subject, which ignores the substantial merits of a book and peevishly picks out flaws and minor defects, and emphasizes them; which, moreover, adds abuse to condemnation,—such a criticism we are inclined to receive with the same disposition of mind with which it was offered—a disposition of supreme contempt.

We are glad to see that, with one exception—the New York *Evening Post*—the book before us has been very favorably received by the Reviews. Few books of the year have received so much appreci-

* MATTHEW LYON, THE HAMPDEN OF CONGRESS. A Biography. By J. Fairfax McLaughlin, LL.D. New York: Wynkoop-Hallenbeck-Crawford Company. Price, $ 2.50.

ative attention. *The New York Herald*, *The Louisville Courier Journal*, *The New York Times Review The Sunday-Times Herald*, (Chicago), *The Sunday Herald*, (Boston), *The Vergennes Enterprise*, (Vermont), etc.,– all have words of praise for the *Biography of Matthew Lyon.* Richard Henry Stoddard, in the *Mail and Express*, says: " Mr. McLaughlin's book is more than a biography ; it is a well-written page of early American history, based upon an immense amount of research, thoroughly digested and independently interpreted." *The Vergennes Enterprise*, Vermont, the State in which Lyon passed the most memorable portion of his life, states: "'Matthew Lyon' ought to be in every public library in Vermont. It ought to be owned by every historian. It details, in a manner not elsewhere duplicated, the troublous conditions of the times, and its sidelights upon the history and part of Vermont in national policies, are in themselves invaluable."

In the face of this mass of testimony in favor of Mr. McLaughlin's book, representing as it does so many reviews and newspapers from different parts of the country, a circumstance which reduces the chances of prejudice, or favor, or interest, to a minimum, it is difficult to understand the disparaging if not abusive, character of the criticism of the *Evening Post.* There is not the slightest warrant in the book, implicit or explicit, for its assertion, " the new book seeks pardon for being born."

Again, the worthy critic says: " Lyon was born in Ireland, and so English oppressions are traced to Cromwell and further through the ages." We are quite confident that genuine English-made criticism itself would be fairer in its treatment of

this portion of Mr. McLaughlin's book than its American-made English imitation. "Oppressions are not traced," because Lyon was born in Ireland. Many born in that little island in Lyon's time fed fat on the rich harvest gleaned from oppressions. But they are traced because Lyon's father was put to death by a hostile government, and the son was forced into exile by the goad of persecution. Mention is made of the "suppressed lines of a letter," an assertion which is false in insinuation and false in fact.

It is interesting to note that, for what the critic of the *Post* calls "irrelevant digressions, un-called-for expansions and cumbersome padding," the critic of the *New York Times* gives the author great praise. The latter writes: "for the side-lights that he throws on his hero, and that are in themselves matters of deep historical interest, the author deserves great praise. His work is not only biography, it is a picture of the times. And here, too, men are painted just as they were. Careful study, much sifting of conflicting materials, and individual conclusions and opinions mark the book. It carries on itsface the appearance of trustworthiness and intrinsic value."

Further on our esteemed critic of the *Post* writes: "but its new sources of information are a beggarly account of letters and newpapers." The epithet "beggarly" of course is only a fitful expression of peevishness. It would be well if all historians were honest beggars of the *facts* of history, and surely letters and newspapers may be valuable sources of historical information. It is quite possible that a future book on "Literary Criticism" may quote a review of the *Evening Post* as a striking example of a prejudiced *critique*.

B. L.

THE WINNOWER TO THE WINDS.

(After *Du Bellay.*)

I hold with outstretched hand
A tender offering
To you, O merry band.

This many-flowered strand
Take thou on lightest wing—
I hold with outstretched hand.

From hill and wooded land
They now their perfumes bring
To you, O merry band.

Do not with cruel hand
These varied flowers fling,
I hold with outstreched hand.

Amid the grain I stand,
This roundelay I sing
To you, O merry band.

As you blow 'cross the land,
Accept this little thing
I hold with outstreched hand
To you, O merry band.

JOSEPH S. TAAFFE, 1903.

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SANCTUM.

THE Annual Retreat has now passed into history, but we trust that its good effects will last as long as the memory of it, for it was certainly a memorable event in our lives. In Rev. Father Pardow we had an earnest, thoughtful and able instructor, and it is safe to say that his instruc-

tions have left an indelible impression on the minds of all of us. From an experience of many years with boys he has become thoroughly conversant with boy-life—its faults and foibles—and consequently knows just how to appeal to a boy's mind and how best to influence him towards good. His "Talks," as he called them, were delivered in simple, clear and forcible language, and were such as to be easily understood and appreciated by the youngest of our number. He made use of many comparisons and figures in order to illustrate his meaning by events of common occurrence, and in this way brought vividly before our minds many of the truths and mysteries of our religion. He showed us the difference between a "Revival" and a Retreat. In a "Revival," the imagination and feelings of the hearers are worked upon and they are exhorted "to come forth and love the Lord;" whereas in a Retreat the reason is appealed to and mere *feeling* left out of the question.

All in all, we must pronounce the Retreat one of the most successful in the memory of any of our number—further back than this, naturally, we cannot go. We sincerely hope that the seed implanted in our hearts during those three days of prayer and meditation will flourish as the years pass and influence the lives of one and all towards good.

***

Most of the college Societies have reorganized since the close of Retreat, and it is quite gratifying to note the large enrolment of new members in most of them. This is as it should be, for we cannot overestimate the value of such societies. They serve to draw us closer together by promoting our common interests, and foster amongst us a

spirit of good-fellowship. Many of the pleasantest memories of college life cluster around them, and they furnish the source of numberless tales told of days "when I was a boy." We do not refer to the so-called $\Pi\ B\ \Phi$ societies and all others from Alpha to Omega, which are noted for their exclusiveness and painful initiations, for they are the bane of most colleges. Happily, Fordham is free from these; we have none of the so-called "fraternities" that teach their members to aspire later to affiliation with forbidden secret societies.

We should, therefore, take an interest in our societies, and see that no spirit of dissension enters into them but rather that they be characterized by by a spirit of union and true Catholic charity.

***

Again we appeal to our fellow-students for contributions to the MONTHLY. We often find it hard to procure suitable matter for our issues, and this is due to the lack of interest which some of the students take in their college journal. The editors do their part, but it must be remembered that they are not automatic machines, warranted to produce a certain amount of copy every month, nor yet possessed of such phenominal intellectual powers as to be able to rattle off an essay or poem at so many lines a minute. Some seem to fear that their articles will be rejected. We would ask these to kindly give the editors an opportunity at least to see what they have written. for we are only too anxious to display our benevolence in this respect. And even should the article be rejected, it would certainly not be the first time that men have failed to mount to the pinnacle of success by one gigantic leap. Let them not be discouraged but

persevere, and we can assure them of complete success in the end.

Others offer that threadbare difficulty which has done service for so long a time:—"There is nothing to write about." If those who take refuge behind this very weak defence would only notice the events which are taking place around them both in the college and in the outside world, and investigate their nature and causes, they would find an endless number of subjects to write about. As to the manner in which an article should be written, we append a recipe, which if rigidly followed, will give the desired result:—Take several interesting incidents; pare, cleanse and reduce to a uniform whole; cover the mass thus formed with a thick pastry of relative matter obtained from magazines and library books; add French phrases or Latin proverbs to suit the taste, together with a strong dash of originality. Cook this preparation over a quick fire of imagination and serve on essay paper. The result will be found to be very satisfactory. Try it!

Again, one of the principal reasons for which all college journals are instituted seems at times to be entirely lost sight of, namely, to strengthen the bond between our Alumni and their Alma Mater. Of course we are aware of the fact that their minds are engrossed by business cares, etc., but they can surely spare a few moments of their time, say every two or three months, to "drop us a line." It matters not though to whom they may address their letter, whether to a member of the Faculty or to one of the Staff. We shall be too pleased to hear of them from any source to find fault with any shortcomings in this respect.

D. J. H., 1901.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY LIBRARY NEW YORK, N. Y.

LIEUTENANT HERBERT G. SQUIERS.

THE events which have transpired recently in China and the important services rendered to the European and American Legations by Mr. Herbert G. Squiers, First Secretary of the United States Legation at Pekin, have brought into prominence one who was already well known to many of the old students of St. John's. Lieutenant Squiers was the first army officer detailed by the Government as Instructor of Military Science at Fordham. He reported for duty at the College on the 10th of October, 1885, in compliance with special orders from the War Department, and held the position until relieved in November, 1890.

By appointment from civil life, Mr. Squiers became Second Lieutenant in the First Infantry and was transferred to the Seventh Cavalry, August 1st, 1880. After having served with his regiment at various posts in Dakota from Nov. 12th, 1877, to May 1st, 1880, he was detailed to the United States Artillery School, Fortress Monroe, Va., where he served from May 1st, 1880, to date of graduation two years later. After the completion of the Artillery course he was with the Seventh Cavalry on the frontier till Oct. 10th, 1882, when he was ordered on duty at Division Headquarters, Chicago, Ill. On May 16th, 1883, he rejoined his regiment in Dakota and served until the 10th of October, 1885, the date of his detail at St. John's College.

On his arrival Lieutenant Squiers immediately organized the cadets. As a nucleus, he formed a

squad of twelve recruits whom he drilled daily in the manual of arms. These numbers gradually increased until in 1890, the year of Lieut. Squiers' relief, the cadet battalion numbered two hundred. The condition of the cadets at this time may be gathered from the following extract taken from the report of the Colonel-Inspector General, R. P. Hughes, which was sent to the Inspector General at Washington in May, 1890, a few months before Lieutenant Squiers' departure: "The battalion was on drill when I arrived at the College and was formed at once for review and inspection. It is a battalion of which the officer in charge, the Principal of the School, and the College itself may well be proud. The younger boys of the Preparatory Department were formed separately. The College has provided light rifles for them and the little fellows show great pride and zeal in their military exercises. I have seen the order relieving the officer now here, and have noted that no one is provided to take his duties. I think it is to be regretted that Lieut. Squiers is to quit the institution just at this juncture."

When the Indian trouble broke out in 1890, Lieut. Squiers, anticipating that his company would be called into action, insisted with the authorities on being ordered to the front. Finding however that he was not needed for active service, on Nov. 28, 1891, he resigned his commission in the Army to satisfy fondness for foreign travel and was three years later appointed by President Cleveland Second Secretary of the American Embassy at Berlin, succeeding Chapman Coleman. After a little more than a year's stay at Berlin, he retired from the diplomatic service and spent some time travelling in Europe. On Jan.

10th, 1898, he again entered the U. S. foreign service, being appointed Secretary of the Legation at Pekin, nine days before Conger's appointment. Lieut. Squiers took an active part in social life at Pekin and was very popular. We learn from the newspaper accounts that his military experience and energy were of the greatest value throughout the recent trouble in the Chinese capital.

Lieutenant Squiers has ever been a most generous friend of the College. During several years he maintained two scholarships, giving a free education to two boarding students. He also donated a medal yearly during his detail here, and contributed valuable works to the Library. Every year he was accustomed to invite the cadets to his home, on which occasions they received a royal welcome from both Mr. and Mrs. Squiers. In appreciation of his many kindnesses in this respect, the Company in 1887 presented him with a handsome sabre and knot.

Last May Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., received from Lieut. Squiers a beautifully bound volume of translations from the Chinese classics, made by a Jesuit missioner. A generous check also accompanied the letter, which contained the following words: "Yes, I am a Catholic. The seeds sown by the good Fathers at Fordham have at last borne fruit."

The letter then went on to state that his children were attending Catholic Schools in Paris, whither he had sent them to be thoroughly trained in the Catholic faith.

Such is the man who first instituted our cadets—a man of whom every Fordham boy may well feel proud. We hope to show in some future articles that his successors were also men of noble charac-

ter, worthy to continue the work begun by Lieut. Squiers, and capable like him of setting before us an example of the soldier and the Christian.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE RETREAT.

THE Annual Retreat began Wednesday evening Oct. 10th, and ended on Sunday, the 14th. It was conducted by Rev. Father Pardow, S. J., of Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C. Four sermons were delivered daily in the chapel, the evening one being followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Moreover, the Stations of the Cross were made daily and the beads recited every evening. No classes were held during the Retreat, the Billiard and Reading Rooms were closed, no letters could be sent or delivered and only spiritual books might be read. Thus the time was spent in such a manner as to interfere as little as possible with the effect of the Retreat.

Rev. Father Pardow produced a very favorable impression upon us all. His remarks were always instructive and to the point. In order to make his meaning clear and bring the great truths of our Faith clearly and vividly before our minds, he made use of various comparisons and illustrations drawn from the common incidents of life and from our very sports and games. These little examples served not only to make clear his meaning, but also to entertain us and relieve the tediousness which so many sermons would otherwise entail.

That Rev. Father Pardow in turn appreciated our good attention was evinced by the fact of his complimenting us more than once on our good behavior.

On Sunday, Oct. 14th, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Church by Rev. Father O'Hara, S. J., assisted by Rev. Father Renaud, S. J., Deacon and Mr. Krim, S. J., Sub Deacon. The closing sermon of the Retreat was delivered Sunday evening, after which Rev. Father Pardow blessed our Beads and invested several new members with the Scapular. This ceremony was followed by solemn Benediction, Rev. Father Pardow officiating, assisted by Rev. Father Raymond, S. J., and Mr. Conniff, S. J.

Thus ended the Retreat of 1900. Its good effects, however, are still in evidence and will not, we trust, soon pass away. They are manifested by an increased respect shown in the chapel, by a greater spirit of study and the general tone of good-will and contentment which prevails amongst us. God grant that this good spirit may ever flourish and increase!

ATHLETIC MEET.

A DUAL Athletic Meet was held here on Thursday, Oct. 18, between the Academic Dept. of St. John's College and that of St. Francis Xavier's College. One of the principal features of the day's games was an exhibition by Dennis Horgan, the Champion Shot-putter of England, Ireland and America. His farthest throw was 46 feet, 9 inches, which falls 1 foot, 5 inches short of the world's record,—held by himself—which is 48 feet, 2 inches. As it was quite cool, the day was not favorable for record-breaking.

Although the events were a little one-sided, Fordham Prep. winning everything but the 440 Yds. Dash, yet they were well contested. The summaries are as follows:

100 YARDS DASH. (Junior).—Won by J. Murray, Fordham Prep.; H. Andino, Fordham Prep. second; G. Wall, Fordham Prep., third. Time, 12$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

100 YARDS DASH. (Senior).—Won by J. Fallon, Fordham Prep.; E. O'Connor, Fordham Prep., second; W. Rainey, St. Francis Xavier's Prep., third. Time, 11$\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

440 YARDS DASH.—Won by J. Scannel, St. Francis Xavier's Prep., W. Dillon, Fordham Prep. second; J. Teevan, Fordham Prep., third. Time, 1 minute.

220 YARDS DASH—Won by J. Fallon, Fordham Prep.; E. O'Connor, Fordham Prep., second; W. Sullivan, St. Francis Xavier's Prep., third. Time, 25$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

1 MILE BICYCLE RACE.—Won by R. Cabrera, Fordham Prep.; R. Murray, Fordham Prep., second; J. Foley, Fordham Prep., third.

The Mile Relay Race was forfeited to Fordham Prep. The team from St. Francis Xavier's Prep. refused to run, and the race was awarded to Fordham Prep. by the Judges. The score of points was, Fordham Prep., 22; St. Francis Xavier's, 5. The Judges were Mr. Murburg, Mr. Mattigan, both of the Pastime A. C., and Mr. Sheehy of Fordham College. Timers, Mr. Dieges and Mr Boyle of the Pastime A. C. Starter, Mr. McCarthy.

V. OLDSHUE, ENG., '02.

OUR VISITORS.

During the past month we have had some distinguished visitors in our midst. Rt. Rev. Bishop Butler of Demerara, British Guiana, was our guest for several days while making his retreat. Very Rev. Edward I. Purbrick, S. J., Provincial of the Society of Jesus, also visited us with the intention of making his retreat, but on account of ill-health was obliged to postpone it. Very Rev. Father Provincial set sail for England on board the *Lucania* on Saturday, Oct. 20th. Among his fellow passengers was Rt. Rev. John Monaghan, Bishop of Wilmington, Del. Amongst those present to witness their departure were Very Rev. John A. Lyons, Vicar General of the Wilmington Diocese the Reverend Presidents of St. Francis Xavier's and St. John's College, and Rev. Thos. J. Gannon S. J., now acting as Provincial in the absence of Rev. Father Purbrick, S. J.

Amongst our other visitors were Rev. Father Pardow, S. J., who gave the students their Annual Retreat; Rev. Thos. E. Murphy, S. J., formerly. President of St. Francis Xavier's College, now Prefect of Studies at Holy Cross College; and Rev. Rufus Duff, S. J., from the Church of the Gesu, Philadelphia, a former teacher at Fordham, We have also been visited by a number of old students whose names will be found in another column.

We were also visited during the month by Rev. John F. Mullaney of Syracuse, N. Y. a brother of the late Brother Azarias, who is so well known for his literary works. Rev. Father Mullaney was accompanied on his visit to Fordham by his sister, Miss Mary Mullaney.

FORDHAMENSIA.

THE Dramatic Association reorganized Friday evening, Oct. 19th, Mr. Donovan, S. J., presiding. The following officers were elected to serve the ensuing term: Pres. Richard V. Harrington, '01; Vice Pres., Edward J. Mitchell, '02; Sec., Edward T. Swetnam, '02; Treas., James S. McCormick, '03. After the election of officers fifteen new members were admitted after complying with the usual initiation requirements. Many of the new members were wholly unprepared for such a cordial reception as was tendered them and were loath to consent to the wishes of the Association. After a little gentle persuasion, however, they yielded to the rules and fulfilled all the conditions of admission. The Reverend Moderator announced the Play to be presented Thanksgiving eve as *Richelieu*, a masterly production from the pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. *Richelieu* was given with great success by the Association five years ago. We confidently hope to surpass this year even that grand production.

A new Tennis Association was formed recently with E. J. Joyce as President; R. V. Harrington Vice Pres.; E. T. Swetnam., Treas; and E. J. Mitchell, Sec. A fine Court has been laid out in the "Quad" and we may soon look for a Tenni Tournament.

The Library Association was reorganized on Tuesday evening, Oct. 9th. Rev. Father Ziegler, S. J.

again has the Library under his supervision. The officers for the first term of 1900 follow : President, D. J. Haggerty, '01 ; Vice Pres., E. J. Mitchell, '02 ; First Treas., Henry A. Heide, '01 ; Second Treas., John D. Sullivan, '01 ; First Sec., James S. McCormick, '03 ; Second Sec., William McEniry '03.

The following new members were admitted : James Fitzpatrick,'02 ; Charles T. Horan, '02 ; William J. Murray, '03 ; James Clark, '04 ; Matthew Linnehan, '04 ; Henry Toohey, '04 ; Valentine Oldshue '02.

Rev. Father Ziegler has compiled a new catalogue which is complete in every detail and is now on sale at the Library. Every student should have a copy of this catalogue so as to determine before coming to the Library what book he desires, thus greatly facilitating the work of the Librarians. Many new books have been added during the summer, greatly increasing the benefits to be derived from the use of the Library. All students have the privilege of using the Library and are urged to do so.

The following were elected officers of the Senior Debating Society, Sunday Evening, Oct. 21st. Vice Pres., D. J. Haggerty, '01 ; Corresponding Sec., E, J. Joyce, '01 ; Recording Sec., J. Fitzpatrick, '02 ; Treas., C. T. Horan, '02 ; Librarian, Richard V. Harrington, '01.

Great excitement prevailed on the handbal courts recently. The classes of Senior and Junior were contesting for supremacy in this popular sport, and the student body at large was greatly interested in the games. The respective classes cheered their men constantly and at all times the excitement was intense.

The fine playing of Heide, '01, and Swetnam '02, at critical moments, brought forth round after round of well deserved applause. In the first series Junior captured the first and second games, but after that seemed to tire and were cleverly defeated by the men representing Senior Class. The Juniors came forth for the second series with Horan in Walsh's place, the latter having been slightly injured, and seemed determined to win. The Seniors however were not to be beaten, winning the second, fourth, and fifth games. The following men represented their respective classes: Senior: Heide (Capt.), McKenna, Joyce and Macmanus; Junior: Swetnam (Capt.), Mitchell, Walsh, (Horan), Scanlon, (Ewald). We are anxiously looking forward to the next contest between these two classes, which is promised in the near future.

By the time this issue of the MONTHLY appears the candidates for the Track Team will be actively at work preparing for the indoor games which begin this month. The best men on the Academic team of last year are now eligible for a position on our representative team, and these together with the men of last year and the yet unknown material among the new students, should send a team from old Fordham which will plant our colors where they belong—at the top. The new students are especially urged to try for the Team as we rely greatly on them. The fact that you have never run before should not daunt you; just put on your running suit and trot around the track, and no matter how poorly you may think yourself doing, stick to it; for it is the staying powers that make the athlete. A few words to those who cannot run should not be deemed out of

place. We want you to support the movement, to attend the practice, and urge the men to greater efforts, for you and they are working with one aim in view—to achieve fame and glory for our Alma Mater.

When William Jennings Bryan recently spoke in the city, the members of Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes were accorded the privilege of going to hear him. All, regardless of political belief, acknowledge that Mr. Bryan is one of the greatest orators before the American public to-day.

The line-up of our Football team has now been definitely decided upon and when this number of the MONTHLY appears we trust that the men will have played several important games. The management has not asked the student-body for any financial aid but they do most earnestly request the moral support of all. Without this the men can do very little, and it is your duty to support the team.

A meeting of the Alumni Athletic Committee was held at the College, Sunday, Oct. 21st, to discuss ways and means to secure funds for our Baseball Team of 1901. Baseball has always been the *paramount* issue in Fordham Athletics, and, we are happy to say, will continue so. No definite action was taken by the Association other than appointing a committee to suggest plans whereby the necessary funds may be raised, the committee to report in a few weeks, when another meeting will be held at the College.

The work on the Senior dormitory is progressing and soon it will have been converted into a number of very comfortable rooms. The former occupants of the dormitory are quartered at present in the Manor building.

The Day Scholars' Sodality reorganized on Saturday, Oct. 20th. The following Officers were elected: Prefect, Arthur Kane; 1st Assistant, Robert McLaughlin; 2d Assistant, William Curley; Secretary, Selden McLaughlin; Consultors: John O'Rourke, Emmett Rogers, Whitney Eckert, Joseph Taaffe; Sacristans, John O'Hara and Francis Donnelly; Organist, Beverley McLaughlin.

At the solemn dedication of the new St. Jerome's Church, Alexander Ave. and 138th St., on Sunday Oct. 28th, Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., our ex-Rector, delivered the sermon at the Pontifical High Mass which followed the dedication. Rt. Rev. John M. Farley celebrated the Mass. The ceremonies were attended by Rev. Father Rector and Rev. Father Minister. The Pastor of this beautiful church is the Rev. Patrick W. Tandy.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Sidney Woollett will continue his readings this year. His first recitation will be on Wednesday, Nov. 14th, at 3 : 45 P. M. Subject, *Henry V.*

A few more copies of the "Fordham Glees" are still unsold and may be obtained at the book-store. Price $1.00.

JAMES. S. MCCORMICK, '03.

JUNIOR HALL.

The Invincibles opened the Football season with the Terrace A. C. on Oct. 6. In the first half the Invincibles scored one touch-down and a goal. The Terraces were unable to score in either half although they were twice on the Invincibles fifteen-yard line. Score: Invincibles, 6; Terrace A. C., 0.

The following day the Invincibles defeated the Monica A. A. by a score of 11 to 0.

On Oct. 10, the Invincibles met their first defeat from the Montclair H. S., at Montclair, N. J. The defeat was due to the greater weight of their opponents. Score: Invincibles, 0; Montclair, 24.

Port Richmond H. S. was the next team defeated by the Invincibles, at Fordham. Score: Invincibles, 11; Port Richmond H. S., 0.

The line up of the Invincibles in the above games was: A. Glennon, C.; J. Teevan, L. G.; E. O'Brien, R. G.; J.Desmond, L. T.; W. Hardy, R. T.; G. Foley, L. E.; A. O'Malley, R. E.; W. Hinchliffe, Q. B.; J. Fallon, L. H. B.; E. Healy, F. B.; C. Murn, R. H. B.; J. McLaughlin, L, T.; R. Cabrera, L. H. B.; M. Linnehan, R. G. J. Fallon was unanimously elected Captain of the team.

The Actives have a very strong team this year. They have played two games and won both. J. Murray is captain of the team. The first game was on Sept. 30, with the Crescents. Only one

touch-down was made during the game, the Crescents being unable to score although they easily outweighed the Actives. Score: Actives, 5; Crescents, 0.

On Oct. 14, the Actives defeated the Columbia F. C. by a score of 6 to 0.

The Goblins have been very successful in their games so far, and have played more games than any other team on the Division. H. Dallmeyr is Captain.

The following is their record:

Oct. 3.—	Goblins,	45;	Woodlawn, 0.
" 6.—	"	0;	Callamet, 0.
" 9.—	"	24;	St. Francis Xavier's, 0.
" 15.—	"	5;	Tremont, 5.
" 18.—	"	16;	St. Francis Xavier's, 0.
" 20.—	"	11;	Tremont, 6.

J. Desmond was elected Manager, and J. Murray Asst. Manager of the Track Team. An account of the Dual Meet with St. Francis Xavier's will be found in another part of the Monthly.

Charles J. Murn, 1903.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

Two Cadet Companies have been formed on the Division and the following officers have been appointed:—

Company C: Captain, Paul Gleises; Adjutant, Alfred Lombard; 1st Lieutenant, Daniel Corcoran; 2d Lieutenant, Stephen McTague; 1st Sergeant, Edmund Kraft; 2d Sergeant, Henry Hewes; 3d Sergeant, Edward Suarez; 4th Ser-

geant, John De Ona; 5th Sergeant, Lawrence Curley; Corporals, Nestor Lattard, Thomas Morrin, Adolph Aschenbrand, Thomas Conlin, J. Suarez. Number of privates, 38.

Company D: Captain, George McNally; 1st Lieutenant, Dennis Dowd; 2d Lieutenant, Hubert McNally; 1st Sergeant, Joseph Coogan; 2d Sergeant, Harold Dady; 3d Sergeant, Vincent O'Reilly; 4th Sergeant, Charles Hoyt; 5th Sergeant, Leo Murray; Corporals, John Curley, Cajetano Quesada, Oscar Vila, Arthur Egan. Privates, 34.

Valentine Oldshue, '02, is coaching the Tyro Football Team, and in selecting him we have made a very good choice. He has made up the following team: End, Coogan and Cella; Tackles, Dowd and De Ona; Guards, Lattard and Curley; Centre-rush, McTague; Quarter-back, Gleises; Half-backs, J. Hinchliffe and E. Suarez; Full-back, W. McGovern.

The first game was played on Saturday, Oct. 13, with the Chesterhills of Mount Vernon, and the Tyros were the victors by the score of 7 to 6.

The first-half finished with the score 6 to 2 in favor of the Chesterhills, but we won by good playing in the second-half on the part of J. Hinchliffe, who, after hitting the centre three times in rapid succession, succeeded in pushing the ball across the goal. He was aided in these plays by P. Gleises, Quarter-back and Captain.

The number of new students is rapidly increasing and we have been obliged to open a new dormitory.

On Thursday morning, October 18th, a scrub game took place between the "Tigers" and the "Bears" for a handsome prize presented by Mr. Sterling, viz., two volumes of Irving's "Life Of Washington." After a hard fought game the "Tigers" won by a score of 11 to 0. The books were won by Paul Gleises, Quarter-back and Captain of the Tyros.

Our Sodality reorganized on October 22d. The officers are as follows: Prefect, Vincent O'Reilly; First Assistant, Alfred Lombard; Second Assistant, Lawrence Curley; Secretary, Edward Suarez; Consultors, Paul Gleises, Edmund Kraft, Stephen McTague and Leo Murray; Sacristans, George McNally and Charles Hoyt.

GEORGE V. MCNALLY.

HON. JOHN T. McDONOUGH.

HIS LABOR AND PUBLIC RECORD.

JOHN T. McDonough, the Republican candidate for Secretary of State, is a graduate of St. John's College, Fordham, and Columbia College, New York, and has always sympathized with the toiling masses. As a lawyer his services were sought by them, and his best efforts were made in their behalf, not only as individuals, but as organizations. Never a member of a trade union, he was untrammeled and as free to serve organizations connected with the Knights of Labor as those connected with the American Federation of Labor. Since 1880 he has given up much of his time to professional work of this nature, and has brought about good results.

In 1890, during the great strike on the Central Railroad, he counselled the men at Albany to keep the peace, and he defended nine cases in court. Considering the great provocation of the men, with Pinkertons firing from trains passing through the yards, and others marching about in companies armed with rifles, it is a remarkable fact that, owing to his good counsel, the strikers so behaved themselves that the charges against them were trifling —the most serious being that of throwing a stone at a freight car. He prosecuted one of the Pinkerton detectives and had him held for assault with intent to kill, for shooting a citizen.

At the earnest request of the car drivers and conductors he took up the fight, a few years

earlier, for the strikers on the Atlantic Avenue Railroad of Brooklyn. The men then demanded the enforcement of the Ten Hour Law, for less hours of work, and went out when their request was refused. The company failed to run its cars for ten days or more and Mr. McDonough contended that, by reason of the failure of the company to operate its road, it had forfeited its charter. He appeared in an application made to the Attorney-General to bring an action to declare the charter forfeited. After a long hearing the Attorney-General decided to begin the action. This action Mr. McDonough-at the request of the Attorney-General, carried to the Court of Appeals, which court decided that a railroad company does not forfeit its charter, in this State, for failing to operate its road, unless the failure continues a whole year.

Mr. McDonough was elected by the Republican party as delegate-at-large to the late Constitutional Convention, and was Chairman of the Prison Committee. He introduced the amend ment relating to prison labor [now section 29 of Article III. of the Constitution] and, after a hard struggle in the convention, it was submitted to a vote of the people by the narrow margin of two votes more than necessary. It is to-day a great success, notwithstanding the predictions of failure made by the prision authorities and the so-called penologists in the State. In that convention, as a member of the Education Committee, he labored hard for schools in orphan asylums, in order that the poor children committed to these institutions should, in addition to food and clothing, receive some education. The convention listened to his plea for the parentless children, and made provision for their education in those institutions.

As Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, he not only attended to the statistics of his office, but gave up a great deal of his time to counselling wageworkers, advising them about their bills and drafting bills for them. He drew and worked for the passage of the Stationery Engineers' Bill, under which ten thousand engineers in New York city are protected against competition with men who are unskilled and non-citizens, and for these services, at a great meeting held by engineers in Cooper Union in 1897, he was publicly thanked.

He was consulted from time to time about the revision of the labor laws in 1897, and many valuable changes were made in the same at his suggestion.

His promotion to the office of Secretary of State has not changed his views on labor questions. Workmen are always welcome visitors in his office where he meets them, counsels with them, and looks after their legislative bills, as he did when in the Labor Bureau. Governor Roosevelt stated to the Republican Convention, held lately in Saratoga, that Mr. McDonough's advice and services in regard to labor legislation had been most valuable.

Mr. McDonough is the workingmen's guide, philosopher and friend. The time and services that he has given to them were bestowed as a matter of conscience, and through sympathy with those that were under in the fight of and for life. He seeks in all affairs to know the right, and his conduct is piloted by his knowledge. He is a

friend who does not know how to falter, a counsellor that gives to those who seek his advice his truest thoughts and a guide who leads along solid paths. Of the people and for the people, the people are with him.

AMONG THE OLD BOYS.

The following letter, will be of interest to many of the Old Boys.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER RECTOR:

I have been delegated from over the seas by my old and dear classmate, Andres Crosas, to present to the President of Saint John's College a trophy won by American valor from the battlements of Spain.

I consider it superfluous to voice the unspoken sentiments actuating my class-mate in this instance, because effects must follow their cause and in him I appreciate accurately the outcome of all the devoted efforts of our second parents in our Alma Mater: my friend has a responsive nature, and I hasten to place in your keeping this memento and earnest of his love and gratitude.

According to Andres, this flag is from the Santa Barbara Artillery Park upon the fortifications of San Juan, Puerto Rico, and did duty in waving towards the sea Spain's brave but useless defiance during the bombardment of Sampson's fleet on May the twelfth in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-eight.

I await your pleasure, Reverend Father Rector, and have ready for your acceptance the parting gift of one of Fordham's most loyal sons.

Meanwhile may I voice the pleasure and honor

which I feel in being the agent of transfer and subscribe myself most sincerely and respectfully,

Your servant to command,

PHILIP PAULDING BRANT, '97.

October 13th, 1900.

We print the following letter as a mere reminder, a model, as it were, worthy of imitation.

EDITOR OF THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

Dear Sir :—

I beg to acknowledge the receipt this morning of the October number of the FORDHAM MONTHLY. Although you did not enclose a bill, I send you you herewith $1.00, subscription for the ensuing year, believing that, "He gives twice who gives quickly."

Very truly yours,

J. A D.

We noticed among recent visitors, Mr. M. J. A. McCaffery, '61, and Mr. Michael J. Sweeney, '89.

Mr. Andres B. Crosas, '97, departed for Puerto Rico on the sixth of October. A member of his class has kindly given us the following details concerning his departure:

"A host of assembled friends and classmates surrounded their parting favorite and after presenting an elaborately embossed and engraved loving-cup of precious material drank a hearty toast with the beverage traditional to such occasions.

"Nothing was left undone that would insure a memorable, pleasant, and auspicious farewell for the seafarer and class cheer following college yell went over the waters until the boat was far down midstream. It may be well to add that Mr. Crosas

is gone to a clime where his name is high in the records of the land and where a well determined field of assured success and prosperity awaits him."

At a meeting of the Alumni Athletic Committee held at the College on Oct. 21st, the following members were present: Rev. Father O'Dwyer, '84; Rev. Father McEvoy, '77; Dr. Butler, '84; Dr. Dunn, '84; Mr. Arthur McAleenan; Mr. John Dempsey, '81; Mr. George B. Hayes, '97; Mr. Gerald Barry, '98; Mr. Charles Vion, '99. The student body was represented by Mr. John Donohue, 1900, Manager of the Baseball Association.

Rt. Rev. James S. M. Lynch,' 67, LL. D. of St John's Church, Utica, N. Y., has lately been made a domestic prelate of the Pope's household and now bears the title of Monsignor.

Thos. J. Coady, '99, has been obliged to give up the study of Medicine this year owing to ill-health

Brother Hallohan, S. J., so well known to the Old Boys as "Brother Hooley," has returned to the shop from his year's exile in Jersey City.

EXCHANGES.

Six stanzas of verse entitled the "Death of Summer," brighten the pages of the *Xavier* this month. The subject is appropriate, and the metre runs pleasantly; however, the style is somewhat immature. Too many adjectives ought not to be marshalled together, no matter what be the requirements of the verse. For instance, "The distant, mournful, tinkling, cattle-bell," is a bell too profusely described.

"A Plea for Metaphysics" on the part of one of the young philosophers is certainly promising, and augurs well for the medal. Our only fear is that the professor will be compelled to do some of the pleading before the year is out. The essay is appropriate and able, and demonstrates the great necessity of clearer ideas on the great principles of Philosophy.

The opening number of the *Tamarack* is filled with a host of bright and interesting essays and poems. The article entitled "The Policy of Expansion" breathes such a spirit of eloquence and patriotism that we would suggest that the writer take the stump, and do some good work in the cause of the republic. The policy of expansion is ably discussed from first to last, and every true American whatever be his convictions, could not but indorse the sound and patriotic sentiments of the writer.

In the *Sacred Heart Collegian* are published three

or four really pretty little poems abounding in beautiful figures and comparisons. It is to be regretted that they were not given more prominence in the paper, as they are certainly better than some of the essays. The poems entitled "Memories," "The Rose Bush," are particularly good.

St. Vincent's Journal publishes a very timely article on the Oriental troubles, entitled "Chinese Missionaries." For all such evangelical labors Protestants endeavor to take the lion's share of credit, whereas all the real success achieved in that quarter of the globe is due to the efforts of the Catholic missionaries. The great complaint against Catholics is that they obtain official authority over their flock through the medium of the French government. The strength of this objection is not so apparent, especially when the great success of the Catholic missionaries is taken into account. The great trouble with Protestant evangelists is shown to be their worldly and selfish desires. They engage in business enterprises and try to make their spiritual labors subservient to their personal prosperity. St. Paul says: "No man being a soldier of God entangleth himself with secular business, that he may please Him to Whom he hath engaged himself." The writer of the article in question goes on to say that it is a matter of extreme doubt whether St. Paul would have been the successful missionary he was if he were a successful merchant in Corinth, in Lystra and in Derbe, and the other regions that he evangelized.

The poem entitled "The Three Ages," in the opening number of the *Dial* is full of deep mean-

ing. The seasons are pictured as they come and go, leaving behind only the shadows of their glory, and this inevitable and constant change of all things earthly is likened to the hopes of youth that come and go like the seasons.

Football prospects engross the readers of *The Lafayette* during this month of October, which is the first devoted to that ennobling and intellectual sport. From the enthusiasm occasioned by this exciting game, and the prominence given it in this paper, we suppose that great things may be expected from the Lafayette eleven when it appears on the gridiron, where ribs are roasted, and many a joint is done to a turn.

"Familiarty breeds contempt," is an adage true as it is old. Far greater is the number of those who have labored with dead languages to discover the beauty of Homer and Virgil, than those who have ever read the great English epic, "Paradise Lost." An essay on this subject in the *Sentinel* shows that Milton's epic is second only to the Iliad of Homer. The theme of this masterpiece is mighty and sublime. It comprehends the creation, the fall of the angels, and the birth of mankind. Hence from many standpoints it is the greatest epic that ever was composed. Samuel Johnson says, "Paradise Lost is a poem which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance, the second, among the productions of the human mind."

Quite a comprehensive "Glance at Our Wars in the Nineteenth Century' .appears in *St. Mary's Chimes*. The essay while highly interesting may well be said to be too optimistic. The war of

1812 was not nearly so glorious as the writer seems to consider. The invasion of Canada by the American army was most unsuccessful and disastrous. It is true that the navy was invincible, and defeated the British in nearly every sea fight, but we cannot ignore the fact that there were defeats as well as victories in the war of 1812. There is no fault to find with the review of the Mexican, the Civil, and the late Spanish War, although it is doubtful whether the fruits of the last struggle are as glorious as might be desired.

A clever article entitled, "Pre-Columbian Discoveries of America," adds interest and value to the pages of the *Bee*. The writer claims that four centuries before the time of Christ, Plato said that the Egyptians gave the name of Atlantis to a great country far west of Gibraltar. If this be true, light is thrown on the origin of the Aztec race, which, it is said, greatly resembles the Egyptian. The writer also tells of an Irish tradition which claims that as early as the fifth century a certain Celtic monk crossed the Atlantic to convert the benighted natives of America, and furthermore, it is stated, that Columbus made use of the good monk's maps when setting out for the New World. Even if these traditions were true the writer must remember that a discoverer is one who discovers something to the world in general and not to himself alone, and hence the glory of Columbus must still remain untarnished.

ROBERT J. McLAUGHLIN, 1901.

BOOK REVIEWS.

We have received from Messrs. Benziger Brothers a copy of Father Finn's new book entitled, "His First and Last Appearance." As it came to hand a little too late for an extended notice in our present issue we shall review it more at length in our next number.

Received from M. H. Wiltzius & Co., the October number of the *Catholic Directory*, containing the complete list of the Catholic clergy in the United States and Canada.

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Second Military Instructor at St. John's College,

1891-1893.

The Fordham Monthly
Edited by the Students of St. John's College Fordham N.Y.

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DECEMBER.

Now the golden leaves are going, and the wintry winds are
blowing
O'er the fields where once were growing the bright harvests
far and near;
Where the scattered leaves are lying, there the breeze is
mourning, sighing,
For the king that now is dying—hoary old departing year.

In the woodland birds are calling, and the silent snow is falling,
All the frozen earth enthralling with a spotless, fleecy vail.
Winter reigns. No more in hiding is this monarch now
abiding.
But across the land is riding on the fierce tempestuous gale.

In each cottage lights are beaming, on the hearth-stones
fires are gleaming,
Up their crimson flames are streaming, for the days are cold
and drear;
On the roads the sleigh bells ringing, far their metal notes
are flinging,
And the moaning breeze is singing dirges for the dying year.

Hail, stern king! we gladly meet thee, as upon thy throne we
seat thee,
For 'tis long since we did greet thee, and not long didst thou
abide.
Though thy breath is cold and stinging, yet the joyous bells are
ringing,
For thy reign to us is bringing happy, blessed Christmas-tide!

SELDEN B. MCLAUGHLIN, '02.

THE BEAUTY OF GREEK ART.

IT has been said, and truly, that the study of the beautiful is highly beneficial to man. The benefits accruing from such a study may be considered twofold,—first, as a refining process exerted upon the rude and unschooled mind; and secondly, as a high moral stamp impressed upon the human act. The perception of beauty is moreover a source of the highest intellectual enjoyment, and the cultivation of the esthetic taste should be one of the primary aims of true education. Now, that there is a certain perfection in ideal beauty which is capable of attracting the mind's eye and thereby exciting in the intellect a peculiar pleasure and admiration, cannot be gainsaid; and the man who successfully sets up in any of the arts a standard of perfection or beauty based on scientific principles, which show how, by the following of certain laws of harmonious proportions, such perfection is to be attained with almost absolute certainty, and who makes evident the cause or causes of such perfection or beauty,—such a one not only enhances for others this intellectual enjoyment, but also establishes a criterion or standard by which all artistic productions may be judged and their true worth brought to light. Although the subject has not been made entirely clear, still much has been done by men of patient and diligent research to simplify and to explain the principles of this beauty.

In order that we may more clearly understand our subject, let us define the word "beauty," so

that knowing its real meaning, we may be better enabled to seek and study its causes. The study of the beautiful is called "Esthetics," from a Greek verb meaning *to feel*—because it is cultivated by the senses, and is really therefore a *sensitive* appreciation of perfection. Many are the definitions apposite for illustration, but none can vie with that of the ancients, crystallized in Plato's dictum, "Splendor veri," which may be lamely translated, "The sheen of truth."

All men have numerous desires and aspirations to attain certain objects. These desires are at first rude and ungoverned, and in order to be trained and perfected must undergo the refining process of the mind, the mentor and educator of the heart, which is the repository of all these desires and aspirations. So it was with the Greeks. They had many different desires and aspirations which had to be moulded into shape by the minds of the great teachers of that age, and by acting in obedience to the laws set down by those teachers. We shall now endeavor to trace the causes which led to the high perfection of Greek Art.

We might of course dwell on, and criticise at length the many famous masterpieces in the different branches of this art; for instance, in architecture, the different columns, capitals, friezes, pediments and ornamentations. Then, in painting, we might describe the numerous beautiful paintings which decorated the interior walls of the Parthenon, a building which in architectural grandeur and magnificence has never yet been equalled. In sculpture, we might eulogize for hours the wonderful masterpieces that crowned with fame and glory the Periclean Age. But time and space would not permit. So let us take a subject

which, besides being the most universally known and admired, comes under each of the three branches of the art, namely, the "Greek Head."

Doubtless every student has at some time or other seen a picture or a marble reproduction of this particular head, and no doubt he has noticed, too, the angular outlines which give to it a peculiarity entirely its own. At first sight he is somewhat pleased; and as he studies it more attentively the pleasure gradually increases. Now it is asked: Why does it please? Can a satisfactory reason be given for the pleasing effect produced upon the mind? There seems to be a certain perfection or beauty in the subject. Can we analyze the method by which this perfection or beauty has been attained? Did it, as some have said, proceed from a superior mental and physical development of the Greeks? Was it, as others maintain, the result of a choice selection and combination of features and parts, or was it caused, as has been asserted by many, by an inborn perception of beauty in the minds of the artists, superior to those forms generally found in nature? These opinions, however, have all been repudiated, and many eminent men who have studied the subject carefully have asserted that this perfection was attained merely by an adherence to geometric rule, and that the effect was produced because the proportions in this or that great work of art were the proportions agreed upon as being the standards of perfection in geometry, which as a rule have a pleasing effect upon the mind. And why should this not be true? Should not the arts which are addressed to the eye be subject to rule as well as those which are addressed to the ear? For example, of two pianists, which is preferred—the one who plays according to note,

according to rule, therefore; or the one whose fingering and time is governed by the recalling of intonations stored up only in the memory? Surely the former is preferred.

Here some will put forth an objection and say that such rules are fetters, that they handicap the attempts and designs of genius. To this objection we offer as an answer the statement Sir Joshua Reynolds made in a lecture before the Royal Art Society, viz.: "Every opportunity should be taken to discountenance the false and vulgar opinion that rules are the fetters of genius." Perhaps then it is because the truth here enunciated has been lost sight of, that among the works of our modern painters and sculptors, although there is much that is original in design and excellent in execution, we can find many cases wherein the laws of harmonious proportions have been violated.

We are, however, still dissatisfied with regard to the cause of the pleasing effect produced in the mind by the contemplation of the perfection in the subject under consideration. We have mentioned above that the minds of the Greeks were governed by certain rules pre-established by wise teachers, among whom Plato is the most worthy of note. And as Greek Art seems to have attained its greatest perfection during the time of Plato, we may quite safely conclude that it was owing in great part to his efforts and teachings that Greek Art attained, if not all, at least a goodly portion of its perfection and fame.

To produce this particular "head," Plato taught that by working on certain angles, namely, sixty and forty-five degrees, the best outline could be produced,—that is, the proper bone structure of the head could be attained, which, when clothed

with flesh and muscle, would produce for the artist that particular design known as the "Greek Head." Of course peculiarity of expression and feature will always vary, as they depend upon the peculiar style and genius of the artist. It will be seen that in Greek statuary or in figures in relief, on either the friezes or pediments, although the heads of the subjects have a peculiarly sharp outline, yet there is always a lively and truthful imitation of nature, but a nature of an ideal and high stamp. It makes no difference whether the subject is male or female, god or goddess. In the male subjects, there will be portrayed noble dignity and repose, and in the female subjects the wonted graces of female beauty are delicately and truthfully set forth. In expression, too, however much we find them differing, still there is to be found in each a certain unity. Grief and despair are portrayed without distortion. The pathos in physical suffering is shown without the least sign of theatrical air or straining for effect. There is always an antique simplicity united with grace and elegance in the outline, and it is in the outline especially that we find this peculiar beauty or perfection. Hence we have throughout unity with variety, conformable to the true definition of beauty.

Here some one may ask: "Whence did Plato deduce the theory, that by working on such angles these outlines could be obtained?" We cannot say definitely that he drew it from a study of the heads of the Greeks, for we cannot justly suppose that their heads were more remarkable than those of modern nations, or that they were of better formation. Then again, the types in nature on which their temples, columns, capitals, and ornamentations are based, were in no way superior

to the primitive types found in other countries.

What then can we infer? We may justly conclude that the "Greek Head" was an ideal one—a pure mental production of the artists and teachers of those times. We see that its outlines were produced by adhering to certain angles. We know that it was something purely Greek; it had a certain perfection or beauty, a unity with variety resulting from the working according to the dictates of certain laws. May we not also justly conclude from this one subject, that in all their great works, both architectural, pictorial, and sculptural, Grecian artists worked according to the same harmonious laws, which necessarily produced accuracy, perfection and beauty?

GEORGE A. DALY, 1900.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HISTORY is so profuse in examples of men who have handed down their names to posterity in virtue of their marvellous achievements, that at the present day one scarce knows whom to call his hero, whom to discriminate as his ideal man, amid this vast concourse of eminent personages. But if, regardless of national prejudices, we peruse the lives of those men who have been conspicuous for their personal qualities, and who, fired by the promptings of ambition, though deprived of the ordinary opportunities of education, have risen from oblivion to authority and influence, there are few names which more excite our esteem and demand our admiration than that of Abraham Lincoln.

From an ignorant, untutored, back-woods youth, devoid of every pretense of culture, training and the simplest principles of education, Lincoln developed into one of the most skilled lawyers and most eloquent orators of modern times, and finally, as the crowning point of his labors, he exalted himself to the highest pinnacle of success and attained the most enviable position of President of the United States. A career such as his, is one that any man might justly be proud of, and is at the same time one which proves beyond doubt that even those of the humblest walks in life may aspire to wealth, honor and distinction. True, there have been other noted men born in environments like Lincoln's, and similarly circumstanced as regards their opportunities for education, who have in later

life attained a high degree of fame. But Lincoln's case is somewhat different from the ordinary. His conditions and surroundings, his neighbors and companions were, as himself, totally uneducated and uncultured. He had no one to instruct him, no one to set him an example nor to urge him on in the path of success; but alone and unaided he lifted himself from his lowly condition, attained no little degree of culture and refinement, and became the man as we know him to-day.

One may easily imagine the state of affairs in Lincoln's early days. Great and numerous obstacles were to be overcome—obstacles which demanded extraordinary will-power and intellectual ability. Even to the age of twenty Lincoln's sphere of knowledge comprised practically nothing. During this period of his life he worked on a farm and devoted every leisure moment to reading, but he acquired most of his learning in after years through his application and hard study.

This love for books proved a great source of help and information to him regarding subjects which he could not otherwise have learned. Thus he became proficient in surveying, and frequently had occasion to demonstrate his skill. People began to wonder and look up to him as one superior to themselves, and showed great respect for his mental powers. He was likewise famous for his ready wit and humor, and at the village store he always had a delighted crowd of listeners whenever he began to talk. Sometimes he would indulge in stump speeches, and invariably met with great applause. Lincoln's speeches were all extemporaneous, and these sudden bursts of oratory gave him a freedom and ease in speaking which aided him greatly in after years.

Leaving the simple village scene, we follow Lincoln, now a young man of twenty-three years of age, through the Black Hawk War, in which he served as captain and distinguished himself by his courage and sagacity. The following year, 1833, Lincoln was sent to the Legislature and re-elected for three succeeding terms. Previous to this he had entered politics. Now he became a staunch supporter of the Whig party and immediately proved to be one of the most prominent and influential politicians in the State of Illinois. During his legislative period he removed to Springfield, Illinois, the new capital of the state, and began practicing law, which for some time he had been busily engaged in studying.

The prospects for success in his law-office at Springfield were not great, but he managed to get along with a considerable degree of prosperity. But as a politician his hopes ran high. He was scarcely twenty-five years of age, and yet he had a position in the Legislature; he was an experienced public speaker, and, above all, the favorite of the people. He had been elected to the Legislature by an overwhelming majority, quite surpassing all expectations. The path of prosperity lay before him.

From a poor country lad he had risen to statesmanship. His very first public speech awoke all to the recognition of his merits. Immediately his powers of eloquence were proclaimed and heralded broadcast through the state. But still he was not yet free from all impediment; for in the person of Stephen Douglas, Lincoln had a most formidable rival, a man of shrewdness, activity and influence as well as a noted speaker,—a man, in a word, whom he might expect to find an obstinate and powerful adversary.

Throughout Lincoln's long and interesting career, Douglas, his bitterest political enemy, is always in evidence, and the keen, closely-contested rivalry carried on by two men of such repute presents a most exciting record. The elections for Congress in 1846 were hotly contested. The Texas annexation question was a principal issue in these elections, and although opposed to President Polk and the Democratic party, Lincoln succeeded in being elected to the lower house of Congress. He had spent much time in making a circuit of the state, delivering stump speeches and winning over many to his side, and he was well repaid for his labors.

The slavery question was deeply agitating the country about this time, and the Northerners were determined to prevent the introduction of slavery into the new territories specified in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. In 1858 Lincoln was a candidate for the Senate, and his adversary was his old rival Douglas. But the latter was defeated. Shortly after, seeking to confound Lincoln and thus bring popular favor against him, by a public debate, or rather a series of questions in relation to his political views, Douglas summoned Lincoln to answer publicly the questions submitted to him. They were apparently simple, though intricate, and calculated to ruin Lincoln ; but he, always shrewd and wary, by an ingenious answer brought about a state of affairs directly opposed to the expectations of his rival. Lincoln in turn submitted questions to Douglas and his response was his downfall. Douglas assumed a position obnoxious to both parties, and thus lost many votes which would otherwise have been cast in his favor.

About this time Lincoln delivered a masterly

speech at Savannah on the slavery question which made a profound impression. It was a speech which he hesitated long to deliver, especially as it was almost against his own party, but he voiced in truly noble expressions his own private convictions on this matter, and despite the warnings and protestations of his friends, even hinted at abolition.

Thus we have a fair view of Lincoln in his private life and his political career preceding his inauguration.

His career as President of the United States is almost too well known to need mention. It will suffice to say that he had to cope with one of the most difficult problems that ever devolved upon a President, with a most trying and apparently insurmountable obstacle. But he boldly overcame his difficulties, put down the mighty rebellion of the South by force of arms, and accomplished the desire of his heart and the aim of his life in the emancipation of the slaves.

Then in the midst of all the rejoicing and victory came the sad news of his assassination, which spread terror and sadness throughout the land. Lincoln, "Honest Abe," the love and idol of the people, was dead at the hands of an assassin. True, after an eventful capture, the hand of the law administered justice to the perpetrators of the deed, but nothing could remove the gloom which enveloped the people; nothing could atone for such a heinous crime. At times hatred for the foul deed so boiled up in the hearts of Lincoln's partisans that they were on the point of causing a panic. Lincoln's funeral was an affair of pomp and grandeur—one of the greatest the city of Washington has ever seen, and it was attended

by every manifestation of sorrow and regret.

Thus this mighty hero passed away, unable to reap the fruits of his labors, or taste of the sweetness of peace and concord which followed the Civil War; but Lincoln had conferred a priceless boon on the people, and merited their lasting love, esteem and admiration.

W. Henry Hoyt, '02.

THE POET.

His heart desires to seek the lowly glade,
  His eyes to gaze upon its wild array,
His feet to wander 'mid its haunts unstayed,
  His pen to sing its never ceasing lay.

Each blade of grass, each tiny little flower,
  And sighing wind that lingers in the trees;
A dew-kissed buttercup, a passing shower,
  Speak louder to his heart than earth's decrees.

He knows full well the mockery of fame,
  The fleeting pomp, the emptiness of pride,
The mimic void that worldlings call a name,
  And shattered hopes that glory cannot hide.

WHITNEY ECKERT, '03.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Continued.*)

OCT., 1861. *4th*—Bought a horse. Paid $135 for it. Blanket, $2 ; saddle, $30.

5th—Went to Munson's Hill late in the afternoon. Heard confessions in the ditch ; slept in an ambulance.

6th—Sunday. Said Mass and preached on the very top of the hill.

8th—Visited the 19th Regiment, Indiana,—Col. Meredith. Heard confessions.

11th—Left Camp Albany for good and encamped by the side of Munson's Hill.

12th—Left our new camp at Munson's Hill and moved to Camp Lyons, near Fort Lyons, on the brow of the hill rising above Hunting Creek, about two miles from Alexandria.

17th—Visited 63d Reg., Pa.,—Major Wallace, Capt. Reid, Capt. Ryan, brother of Rev. Father Ryan, Lazarist, pastor at Niagara Falls. Visited also 32d Reg., Pa.,—Col., Lugeans, a hot Garibaldian. "I am going to hell," he said to me ; "all gentlemen go to hell. Nobody goes to heaven but priests and old women, if we can trust your pictures. I know but one text of the Scriptures, 'Cain murdered Abel' ; go do likewise." He seemed to have some military education, but was odd and was much disliked by his regiment, who got rid of him

shortly after. A few of the officers were Catholics, among others, Lt. Doyle, a most excellent Christian.

18th—Heard confessions in the 63d Pa. Was introduced to the Colonel of the regiment, Col. Hayes.

19th—Heard confessions in 32d Pa. Prepared 57 for Communion. One man who made his First Communion was 45 years old.

20th—Said an early Mass in my camp and a second one in Col. Lugeans' camp. The Colonel brought all his men. The 63d Pa. Regiment, being encamped near, also came. I officiated under a tree. When about to begin I told them that Mass being Catholic worship, those who were not Catholics might withdraw, but none did so. At 2 P. M. Col. Lugeans gave a grand dinner to the officers of his regiment and to the staff officers of the 61st and 63d Pa. Many speeches were made.

Visited 61st Regiment, Pa., Col. Ripey's. Several of the officers were Catholics, among others Capt. Gerard from Philadelphia.

23d—Went to Georgetown; was introduced in the evening recreation to Capt. Whipple of the Regular Army, a convert and a most excellent man. I met him frequently afterwards. He was made General and was shot at Chancellorsville. He survived long enough to be brought to Washington. His last words to his wife were: "I have but one ungratified desire: that you and my children become Catholics." He had two bright boys and, I believe, one daughter, who was being educated at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown.

27th—Sunday. In the afternoon, rode with Surgeon O'Meagher, Col. Hayman and some others to Mount Vernon, Washington's place. It is a

beautiful place, full of mementos of the great man.

28th—Baptised the Drum Major.

Nov., 1861, 2d—Awful storm. Rain and wind the whole night and following day. Expected every moment to have my tent blown away from above my head.

4th—Visited Wand's farm, about four or five miles from my camp. Wand was a Catholic and had a son in the Southern Army. He himself lived in Baltimore.

9th—Heard confessions in the 38th Reg., N. Y., —Col. Ward.

11th—Dined at Washington with Fathers McElroy and Surin. From this time or a little before, no one was allowed to cross the Potomac unless provided with a pass. This, however, could easily be obtained, as the Colonel had the power to give it.

12th—Sudden death of poor Joe. This was a lad of 16 or 17, a great favorite with the regiment. He had been a newsboy. I had talked with him several times and was about to instruct him for his First Communion. On this day all the men went out with loaded muskets, about five or six miles from camp. It was feared that they might have a brush with the enemy. On coming back they put their muskets in a wagon which they had brought with them. They returned to camp at about dark. Joe was helping to take the muskets out of the wagon when one went off and wounded him fatally. One sharp cry and all was over! Although near him, all I could do was to give him conditional absolution. I felt great grief for poor Joe. He was a good-natured, clever, cheerful lad, whom everybody liked.

13th—Heard confessions of 22 sailors in Fort Ellsworth, Capt. Wainwright.

20th—Grand review of the whole army at Bailey's Cross Roads, not far from Munson's Hill. The wholeof Washington wasout to see the sight. My regiment, of course, had to go, but I felt no curiosity to accompany them. I went to Washington, where I learned that Father Ouellet had come that very day with the 69th Regiment and was encamped some two or three miles west of Washington. I found him very tired and very chilly. He did not relish much the idea of spending the night in a cold tent, so I took him to Georgetown, where we slept over night.

24th, Sunday—Had a long talk with Lt.-Col. Stevens of the 3d Mich., formerly from Watertown. He was well acquainted with Mrs. Eugene Kelly, niece of Archbishop Hughes.

27th—Obtained a furlough, not without considerable difficulty.

Dec., 1861, 21st—I made my retreat at Fordham and on Saturday evening, Dec. 21st, took the cars for Washington.

22d—Reached the Capital at 6 A. M. Attended High Mass at St. Aloysius'. In the afternoon had a long talk with Mr. Soteldo, the father of one of our students—a learned man.

24th—Walked to the camp of the 69th Regiment, which was nearer than mine. During my absence my regiment had moved to Camp Michigan, some two miles further from Alexandria than Camp Lyons. I borrowed a horse from Father Dillon, chaplain of the 63d Reg., N. Y., of the same brigade as the 69th. Upon reaching my camp I found that my tent was not up. Everything was so cheerless! I rode back to spend the night

in Alexandria. Said the first Mass at 4 A. M. and preached. I was about to start for my regiment to say a late Mass for my men, when one of them just coming from the camp, brought me word that all the men had gone on picket duty. I therefore remained in Alexandria and said the last Mass at 10:30.

During the whole time of the war a few good Catholic men and women said aloud in the church before Mass the Office of the Immaculate Conception. They did not pray in vain, for they saved their church. While every other church in Alexandria was taken possession of by the government for hospital purposes, the little Catholic church was not molested. Several attempts were made to use it, but were always defeated.

Jan., 1862—26th— Kept no regular diary up to this day. Was in my camp nearly all the time. Once every week, however, I paid a visit to my friend Father Kroes, in order to go to confession. I had no nearer neighbor. The distance was well on 5 miles and the roads generally detestable. There was no Catholic regiment in my immediate vicinity, but I had plenty to do in my own regiment. First, I built a church. The great difficulty for a Catholic chaplain is to find a proper place to say Mass. The government makes no provision for this, gives him a tent only for his personal use. He may say Mass in this, but only about a dozen can be inside. He may sometimes get a large hospital tent, some 25 feet long by 12 or 15 feet wide, but if he gets one it is only through favor. He may say Mass in the open air, but if the wind blows this is hardly possible. I often used one of the government wagons, the altar being inside of the wagon, at the rear end, and I standing outside on a box or platform.

As we were likely to stay some time in Camp Michigan, I tried to have everything arranged as well as possible. I obtained a new tent for my use, had a bed made in it, and procured a mattress, also a small stove and a table for writing. In front of my tent I put up my old tent, which was tolerably good yet. I divided it into two parts: a narrow passage to get into my tent, and the rest of the space, which was about three-fourths of the tent, was turned into a private chapel where I kept the Blessed Sacrament in a wooden tabernacle made by one of my men. There were benches to accommodate about ten or twelve persons. A candle was kept constantly burning before our Lord, day and night. The men supplied me with candles. One candle would last six hours. I made it a point not to leave the Blessed Sacrament without a light even during the night. I generally woke up at about the time when it was necessary to light a fresh candle. It was a great consolation thus to have our Lord near me at all times, day and night. On some occasions later on, when we were campaigning, I carried the Blessed Sacrament about me for several days. But instead of being a consolation it was a martyrdom. I felt that I was not treating our Lord properly. I was necessarily engaged the greater part of the time with things which had no reference to Him.

In front of the tent where I kept the Blessed Sacrament I put up my church. It was 36 by 30 feet, and was inclosed by a palisade some ten or twelve feet high. The roof was covered over with the canvas of old tents, but the part above the altar was covered with boards, thus securing it from the rain. The altar platform was about three feet from the ground. The Quartermaster at Alex-

andria had given me as a favor a load of planks.

It was during January that I established the Altar Society. The rules were as follows:

1. Spend every week one hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament.

2. Go to Confession and, if allowed, to Communion once every month at least.

3. Hear Mass and attend evening prayer daily, unless prevented by duty.

4. Refrain from drunkenness, profane language, and improper conversations.

After one week the Society numbered 223; it hardly increased after. I tried to have some singing at Mass on Sundays, for I had some good singers. They sang once or twice and then gave it up.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DECLINE OF ORATORY.

IT is a pleasant and interesting occupation in these days of advancement and progress to study the arts of our own and former times and to compare the power they had in an earlier period with the influence they exert now. Thus we may see whether we have improved on them or have cast them aside to make way for our more progressive methods.

We must, of course, in forming our opinion consider the state of society and the conditions under which men lived at the period in which the art flourished, and compare them with those of our own time. Literature in general, and especially poetry, have, we fear, fallen far below the standard of excellence reached by the bards and writers of a century ago. We have not at present, nor have had since the death of Tennyson and Longfellow, a single poet whose writings could claim the respect and appreciation time has for the works of the great.

This falling off in literature is accounted for by the fact that the world to-day seeks what contributes most to its pleasure and by the least outlay of mental energy or exertion. A half century ago man labored after knowledge and acquired it only by ceaseless toil. He did not possess the artificial means and methods in use to-day to facilitate learning; but he achieved his end through the medium of his own power and skill, working out his destiny on the principle that "Knowledge is power," while to-day the maxim is, "Wealth is power."

Now the question has arisen, is the art of oratory which has flourished from the time of Demosthenes to that of our last great orator, Daniel Webster,—is it also on the decline? Has it now lost its power and influence in forming public opinion—yielding to the printing press the once great sway it held over the minds of men? We think that it has and look with sorrow upon the falling ruins of the magnificent structure which the genius of Demosthenes and Cicero and of the followers of those great masters have by their life-work raised as a tribute to oratory. Up to the death of Daniel Webster there can be no question but that oratory was a most potent and overwhelming factor in forming public opinion. We need but cite a few instances in the history of our own country to make the fact more clear. Was it not the eloquence of Patrick Henry that roused the colonists to action when his stirring words, "Give me liberty or give me death," rang throughout the country! Calhoun in the Senate defending the rights of the South—rights he thought inviolable—so completely swayed the minds of that part of the nation that they threw themselves into the great war of the rebellion. On the other hand, Webster can justly claim the glory of having preserved by the eloquence and power of his oratory the "Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

We do not confine the influence of oratory to its immediate and proximate effect upon an assemblage, but extend the scope of its power to those who are in any way influenced by reading the speech of the orator as delivered. And against oratory we oppose pamphlets, newspapers, and all printed matter commenting on, in anyway whatsoever, any public events. These writings, essays

and criticisms, we hold, have now supplanted oratory and are crushing beneath their gigantic weight one of the noblest of human arts,—an art which has helped to raise Greece, Rome, England, and America to that pre-eminence among nations which they hold at the present day. Society to-day, surrounded by all that caters to its pleasure, does not wish to trouble itself with the intellectual. Moreover, the world to-day is too deeply concerned with its business ventures and interests to take the time to listen to the bursts of pathos and feeling. Men sit in their homes, and there in comfort and quiet glance over the arguments written in pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers. Let us examine the ordinary political pamphlet of to-day. It is attractive to the eye, neat and small. Within are printed all the arguments pro and con. The most clear and concise style is employed, so that the reader sees at a glance with very little thought or reasoning the line of action that is to his interests to follow and adopt. Thus it is that oratory has lost its great weight with the general public. It seems to be the opinion prevalent among even our political leaders that oratory is at the best of little help to the man who wishes to rise in public life. And if we but glance over the names of our great statesmen we shall find that the great majority of them have not, nor profess to have, any claim to oratory. They express their opinions when called upon in public in short, logical, sentences without any ornamentation, without amplifying their thoughts, without eloquence. It may be said that we have no truly great orators at the present day, but if a Webster or a Clay should appear among us they would achieve and gain for themselves that transcendent

power over man which was formerly exerted by the orator.

That oratory is an art of the past, and will remain so, we do not affirm, but certain it is that the *printed* rather than the *spoken* word seems to have most influence over men's minds to-day.

E. J. MITCHELL, '02.

SCHOLASTIC METHODS, THEIR ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES.*

THE article before us discusses the advantages and disadvantages of the scholastic method of study which is universally followed in the philosophical and theological courses in Catholic seminaries and colleges. Apart from the importance of the study of "methods" in general, and of the scholastic method in particular, the discussion of the present subject, before so distinguished an audience as was gathered at Overbrook, cannot fail to excite in the mind of the Catholic student a new interest in the claims of Scholasticism. It is this interest, united with a desire of gaining clearer ideas on a living and important subject, rather than any spirit of criticism, that inspires the present paper.

The reverend author begins by defining his idea of Method. He says:

"Method may be defined as the process of mental formation, by which the pupil—in our case the Seminarian,—is trained."

It is always a difficult task to formulate a good definition. Very often a definition compresses into a few words the laborious researches of years. It is the test of exact knowledge. "That which befogs argument, arises," as the distinguished author of the paper under discussion says, "from the misunderstanding of terms." We should expect

* Paper read at the Overbrook Conference of Seminary Directors by the Very Rev. J. R. Slattery, St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, and published in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*.

therefore that his definition of the term "Method" should be able to stand the logical tests of a good definition. Besides, those who profess to be masters in Scholasticism, should, above all others, be precise in their definitions. To quote once more from the author's paper, "the leading features of the Scholastic Methods are definition and distinction," and yet the definition of method quoted above does not seem to be exact, and though the learned author professes to treat of Scholastic Methods, it is rather surprising that he never once hints at the received definitions of that important term, which are given by all the approved writers of that system.

It is wanting in exactness, because, as it is a definition from the enumeration of effects, it violates, as such definitions commonly do, the simple rule that a good definition must be co-extensive with, not wider or narrower than the subject defined. There are many other "processes of mental formation by which the pupil is trained" besides "Method." Any rational exercise of the mind, for example, the writing of verse, will result in "mental formation." Besides it is not "Method" precisely, but the reiterated use and practice of method that results in "mental formation."

Method, from its Greek origin, primarily and directly suggests a *way*, a *path* along which the mind must run in the attainment of truth, while it only secondarily and indirectly looks to "mental formation." In this primary sense all scholastic authors agree substantially in defining Method as "a system of right procedure in the attainment of truth." When the author defines "the meaning of Scholastic Methods *in se* as methods which look for and labor to find the rational foundation of Christian Faith," apart from the unusual terms employed, he gives a definition of "System" rather than "Method."

B. L.

(*To be continued.*)

"HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE." *

AS all the stories from the prolific pen of Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J., have been very successful and have received most unqualified praise from his many readers, it is rather difficult to say anything more in regard to the reverend author's charming works.

"His First and Last Appearance" is the latest of Father Finn's books, written in the delightful style of "Tom Playfair," "Percy Wynne" and "Claude Lightfoot," stories which have earned for their author a reputation that cannot be shaken by adverse criticism. In "His First and Last Appearance" we are again introduced to real living boys and girls, and this is the great charm of the little story. We cannot but wonder at the astonishing insight manifested of boyish character; at the natural way in which the heroes and heroines talk and act; and lastly, at the easy, flowing, yet vigorous style of this popular Catholic writer.

The hero of the story is Philip Lachance, a lad of ten, who is gifted with a marvellous soprano voice. Philip, though a musical genius, is nevertheless as natural and unaffected a youngster as one could well imagine. He sings, not for applause or through any vanity, but because he loves to sing; and when singing he gives to the lovely notes that flow from his lips a pathos and meaning

* *His First and Last Appearance.* By Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York. Price, $1.00.

that entrance his hearers. That the descriptions we have here of the beautiful Christmas hymn, "Noel," as sung by little Philip, of the flood of emotions, memories and Christmas joys and gladness that are excited by such a song, come only from an author who is passionately fond of music, and who thoroughly appreciates the boundless happiness attached to the most glorious of all days, we cannot for an instant doubt. Music is the emotion of the soul expressed in sweet sounds. It echoes forth in melody the joys and woes that are contained within the human heart. What music should express is little considered in these latter days, and consequently it is a rarely experienced luxury to meet with an author who not only loves music in its truest sense, but who also possesses the power of putting into words the emotions it arouses.

Professor Henry Himmelstein is a kind-hearted, comical old German, who trains the "angel voice," as he calls it, of Philip. On the professor and his little pupil hang the whole plot of the story. The laughable eccentricities, the German dialect and the lovable disposition of the good old professor are splendidly brought out by Father Finn. This is one of the first attempts, so far as we know, of the author's sustaining a dialect throughout a whole story. It has been done successfully. It is not the unnatural burlesque of German dialect we frequently see, but from beginning to end is the true dialect of the German who understands English, but has never quite mastered its idiom.

Some few people have been heard to say that Father Finn's later productions are not quite up to the high standard he set for himself when he wrote "Tom Playfair." But this criticism can

be easily refuted by pointing to the fact that his thousands of readers, young and old alike, greet with no less enthusiasm and pleasure each of his new productions than they did his former works.

Other harsher critics declare that his heroes and heroines are so eminently good and pious, that the villain has but little, if any, chance to show his ugly countenance. But to be told that honest piety is unnatural in the Catholic youth of America and should not be portrayed in the most glowing colors, is, to say the least, rather painful. Besides, this criticism is neither just nor true. Father Finn's villains are just as wicked and villainous as his heroes are honest and good. In fact, there are in his writings enough of adventure and excitement to suit the most vivid imagination among his youthful readers. There is but one particular in which his later stories might compare unfavorably with his previous ones, and that is, that his plots are now not as elaborate and long as in former works, so that when we reach the end, like "Oliver Twist," "we want some more."

"His First and Last Appearance" will more firmly establish Rev. Father Finn as the most justly popular Catholic writer in America to-day. This story might be elaborated to double its length, and would be read with just as much interest. Although the author might now rest on the laurels he has achieved, yet it is our earnest hope that he will continue in the noble work he has so long and so successfully carried on—of teaching American boys and girls that the secret of true happiness is virtue, and that their highest ambition should be to obey the will of God.

SELDEN B. MCLAUGHLIN, '02.

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SANCTUM.

IN a late edition of the *Army and Navy Register* there appeared an editorial which attracted our attention, and we think that a few words of comment will not be out of place. It is a criticism in general of those colleges to which military instructors have been assigned by the

government, and as Fordham is included in this number the question naturally concerns us.

If any complaint were thought necessary in this line, it might naturally come from the military instructor himself, or from the inspecting officer who presides on review day. Every military instructor who has been detailed at Fordham has expressed himself as highly pleased with the manner in which drill has been conducted and has had nothing but words of praise for the manner in which both the faculty and the students have co-operated with his efforts. The college authorities have always united with the instructor of military science and tactics in order to procure perfect discipline. However, it has never been found necessary to resort to stringent means, for the student body has always closely observed whatever orders have been issued to secure the best results from drill.

In the report sent to the inspector-general of the army a few years ago by the reviewing officer, we find the following :—" The military instructor is a member of the faculty and is thoroughly supported in his work by the faculty." The inspector who reviewed during Lieutenant Squiers' time also wrote : —" The battalion is one of which the officer in charge, the Principal of the school and the College itself may well be proud."

Major General Merrit, who reviewed the cadets in June, '97, also expressed himself as highly pleased with the manner in which drill was conducted. Such has also been the opinion of Captains Edwards and Edmunds, who were assigned to Fordham before the present military instructor.

Major Egan, who has charge of the cadets at present, did not find it necessary to inflict a single

punishment during all of last year, nor has he found it necessary this year so far. The Major tells us that every army officer to whom he has mentioned this fact has marvelled at the discipline of the students, and it is to be hoped that they in their turn will uphold their good reputation, and thus assist in keeping Fordham out of that list of colleges, "from which," according to the *Army and Navy Register*, "the recognition and valuable assistance of the War Department should be withdrawn."

* * *

It has been remarked that the conduct of our students since the annual retreat is worthy of high praise. One would naturally expect that the students of Catholic colleges, where virtue is considered to be of the highest moment, should be conspicuous for their exemplary manners. For the Catholic student, if he be worthy of the name, has constantly before his eyes the example of the perfect Man, who united in Himself all that is worthy of love and imitation. From Him he learns the two virtues which must ever characterize the true gentleman,—meekness and humility.

Politeness which springs from any other motive than the supernatural one of charity may prove an excellent counterfeit and deceive the unwary, but sooner or later its motives will fail and it will fall to pieces, like the house built upon the sand. But for one who sees in his fellow-student a child of God like himself, destined for the same happiness hereafter,—such a one has higher motives for his actions than the mere esteem of his fellow-men.

* * *

In the *Saturday Evening Post* of November 17th,

a very able article appeared under the heading: "How Business Success will be Won in the Twentieth Century." The writer says: "The specialist will be the dominating force in the business world of the twentieth century. Let the young man who starts out in life to-day or to-morrow concentrate on one thing, and he has the golden key to success."

As the writer holds a very high position in the business world of to-day, and as his remarks are the result of many years of experience in actual business life, it were well for the "coming" business man to ponder deeply over what he says.

Students of Catholic colleges, and especially those like our own, should recognize the fact that an education such as they are receiving is the best possible foundation for success in any honest manner of life. It is a system of education which trains each and every one of the faculties, thus enabling the student to cope with the manifold difficulties he will meet, no matter what special line of business he may choose to adopt.

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The students of the Jesuit colleges situated in the Central States have introduced a custom which their brother-students of the East would do well to imitate. They have adopted a college pin, on one half of which is their college color, and on the other half a specified color and monogram which tells at a glance that they are Jesuit students of the Central province.

There exists, and always has existed, a common bond between the students of Jesuit colleges. Time and again have the words, "I am a Jesuit student," served as the prelude of a life-long friendship. A pin or button, such as has been adopted

in the Central province, would serve to strengthen this bond, and if the custom of wearing it were faithfully adhered to, would prove in after life a fruitful source of good feeling and friendship.

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We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of an invitation sent us by the Sisters of Notre Dame to be present at the solemn dedication of Trinity College, Washington, D. C., on November the twenty-second. We could not very well avail ourselves of this pleasure; nevertheless we greatly appreciate the kindness which prompted the invitation, and we wish the devoted Sisters all success in their efforts for the "higher education" of women.

D. J. H., '01.

COLONEL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS.

Second Military Instructor at St. John's College, 1891-1893.

THE last issue of the MONTHLY contained some account of the organization of our Cadets and their subsequent progress under Lieut. Squiers, first Military Instructor at the College. As stated in that article, Lieut. Squiers was relieved in Nov., 1890, on the occasion of the Indian outbreak in Dakota. He was succeeded by Clarence R. Edwards, 2d Lieutenant 23d Infantry, who reported for duty in Jan., 1891, holding the position of Military Instructor until relieved in Oct., 1893. Since that time he has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, the commission which he now holds.

Clarence R. Edwards entered West Point Military Academy in July, 1879, and was graduated in the class of '83, being commissioned a second lieutenant in the 23d Infantry. His first service was in New Mexico and from there he was transferred to Buffalo, and for two years had charge of the tomb of President Garfield at Cleveland. He then came to Fordham as Military Instructor, and from here was called to Washington, where he rendered the government valuable service in connection with the Bureau of Military Information. While at Fordham he was promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant 1st U. S. Infantry, Feb., 1891 ; but in July of the same year he was again transferred to his old regiment, the 23d U. S. Infantry.

He was serving with this regiment at Fort Clark, Texas, when the Spanish war broke out. Receiving a commission as major and assistant adjutant-general of volunteers, he became chief-of-staff to Major-General J. J. Coppinger, and served in this capacity with distinction at New Orleans, Tampa, Fernandina and Huntsville.

When Major-General Lawton was ordered to the Philippines, at his request Major Edwards accompanied him as his chief-of-staff, sailing from New York on the transport *Grant*. He was with General Lawton on the Island of Luzon during the season of 1899, and was assigned by Lawton to command the centre of General King's brigade when that officer fell ill. For his services in this campaign Major Edwards was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the 47th Infantry in August, 1899. In addition to being his chief-of-staff, Colonel Edwards was an intimate personal friend to General Lawton. When the latter met his untimely fate and laid down his life in pursuit of his duty, Colonel Edwards was selected to bring his body back to this country. Upon his arrival in Washington the Administration decided that he could render more valuable service in his own country for the time being than in the Philippines, and he was made Chief of the Insular Bureau, the position which he now occupies.

During his detail at Fordham, Lieut. Edwards introduced many new features into the military practice. His first step was to deprive the Cadets of their arms, and to put them through a course of setting-up exercises. He also instituted guard duty, thus giving the Cadets some idea of the practical side of a soldier's life. Guard was mounted on Sundays at 10:15 A. M. and continued

to 5:45 P. M. All persons entering the College grounds were stopped and questioned. If they had no business with either the faculty or the students, they were made to turn back. The full-dress uniform was also adopted during Lieut. Edward's detail. Another military feature introduced at his suggestion was the marching to and from the Chapel and Refectory, under the command of non-commissioned officers.

The Cadets made a very favorable impression and won much praise by their appearance in the Decoration Day parades, 1891–92, and especially in the Columbus parade, which occurred on Oct. 10th, 1892. During this year also Lieut. Edwards introduced the skirmish drill, by which the companies were drilled in skirmishing and scouting until every man knew how to make the best use of all the cover available. Bronx Park proved especially serviceable for skirmishing tactics.

One of the most notable events in the history of the Cadets was their visit to Dunwoodie on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new Seminary, in May, 1891. They had been invited to act as body-guard to His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan. Owing to the great crowds of people who flocked to the Seminary, and the inadequate railroad accommodations, the Cadets were obliged to wait at King's Bridge for two hours, and again at the Junction for another hour. When they arrived at Dunwoodie, their line of march was blocked on all sides by vehicles and people. The Cadets did much to bring things to some state of order, and succeeded in keeping the crowds from the line of march. The St. John's Hall boys on one occasion charged bayonets, and the throng good-naturedly retreated before them.

At 5:30 P. M., after six hours of hard service, three of which were spent in struggling with the multitude, the Cadets accompanied His Grace, who had just arrived, through the mass of people up the hill and to the spot where the ceremony was to take place. After a wait here of an hour and a half, the battalion was called to attention and the return march began. It was found necessary to march to Mt. Vernon, two miles distant. The account of that wearisome march may best be gathered from the description given in the MONTHLY at the time. We here quote it: "It seemed so hard to think of asking the boys to undertake that tramp after such a wearisome day that Rev. Father Rector hired an omnibus for the use of the Cadets who might be tired or ill. But not a Cadet would get into the 'bus.' Surely, it was thought, the contingent from St. John's Hall will leap at the idea of a ride, no matter how jog-along, in preference to a foot-sore journey on a dusty road. No! No! such is not the stuff that these high-bred little lads are made of. They might shout for a ride at the College gate as they see the Brother going off to Market, or beg to be taken by some kind Prefect to behold the wonderful things in the Central Park, or scramble for seats on the grand stand when the Fordhams are going to play a right-down old-time game of baseball; they might do anything at home that would tend to their comfort and enjoyment,—but here in the ranks with their helmets on and their cross-belts, and their bayonets glistening in the mellow light of the setting sun; here under the floating Stars and Stripes, these youthful heroes held their ground and marched forward, keeping the same long step of the taller boys, undaunted and undismayed.

What a glorious march that was on the turnpike that led to Mt. Vernon, five miles from Fordham! 'Five miles to Fordham,' is the watchword passed along to Rev. Fr. Rector. 'Five miles!'

"Then came appeals from old and young to be allowed to march home. But that would be too much, so we awaited the special train, which was delayed by the stupidity of an official at White Plains. The Cadets boarded the train at 9 P. M. and arrived at Fordham at 9:30. At home a very welcome and generous lunch was prepared for the weary wayfarers by Father Minister and Father Halpin. The appearance of the Lieutenant in the refectory of the College after our return was the signal for a long continued applause from the Cadets, whom he so ably managed and who were so proud of him on that day. And indeed they had reason to be proud of our amiable Commandant. He did handsomely throughout the entire parade, and he looked superb in his really magnificent uniform. His coolness at Dunwoodie saved many lives. The Archbishop expressed to Rev. Father Rector his deep gratitude for the services of Lieut. Edwards."

During his stay at the College, Lieut. Edwards gained, by his many admirable qualities, the esteem of both faculty and students. On the parade grounds he was stern, and quick to detect even the slighest error. He had an excellent faculty of imparting to those under his command a vast knowledge of military tactics, and his instructions, coming after those of Lieut. Squiers, placed the Fordham Cadets among the very first of college cadet corps.

When the recall sounded at the end of drill on Saturday, Oct. 28th, 1893, the last at which the

Lieutenant was in command, the battalion was formed in the rectangle, and Cadet Capt. Ferguson stepped forward and presented to Lieut. Edwards, on behalf of the corps, a pair of silver spurs and a handsome silver-mounted meerschaum pipe. Lieutenant Edwards thanked the corps in a few words, and with some parting advice resigned the command to his successor, Lieutenant Granger Adams.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

THE "Apostleship of Prayer," which once flourished so vigorously at Fordham, has been revived since the Retreat and a new impetus given to the devotion of the Sacred Heart. During the Annual Retreat Rev. Father Pardow gave a short explanation of the meaning of the "Apostleship" and the method of conducting it. Shortly after, the "League of the Sacred Heart" was formally organized and all the students enrolled. Rev. Father Bridges, the Director of the League at the College, takes occasion on the first Sunday of each month to explain the General Intention and suggest some practical means of honoring the Sacred Heart. The "Morning Offering" is recited daily at the beginning of Mass, and we hope soon to have a suitable "Intention Box" and shrine placed in the chapel. Meantime the League bands have been established and the following Promoters appointed: Senior Hall—Charles H. McKenna, Dennis J. Haggerty, Alphonse J. Edebohls, James P. Clark, Robert C. Maher, Charles J. Seitz; Junior Hall—Charles J. Murn, William J. Murray, Jerome B. Kelly, Matthew Linnehan, J. Oswald Lombard; St. John's Hall—Joseph Belden, Edward Suarez, John Hinchliffe, George V. McNally, Thomas J. Morrin. Promoters of day students: Senior Hall—Robert J. McLaughlin, Emmett F. Rogers; Junior Hall—James B. McLoughlin, Thomas D. Wadelton, Armin J. Sibbel, Charles J. Mullen; St. John's Hall—Edward O'Toole.

MR. WOOLLETT'S RECITAL.

Mr. Sidney Woollett's rendition of *Henry V.*, on the afternoon of Wednesday, Nov. 14th, attracted to the College Hall the largest audience that ever assembled there to hear the reciter's clever impersonations. Among the auditors were several visiting clergymen, notably, Rev. Father O'Farrell of Tremont, Rev. Father Powers of Larchmont, Rev. Father Beecher, chaplain of the Ursuline Convent, New Rochelle, N. Y.; also Rev. Isidore Meister of Mamaroneck, and Rev. Thos. McLoughlin, the veteran pastor of the New York Archdiocese, who has recently completed the erection of the beautiful Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Father McLoughlin was a classmate of Rev. P. Dealy, S. J., at St. John's College, Fordham. He began his classical studies here under the Presidency of Rev. John Harley, and was for many years a resident student during Father Thebaud's administration.

Feast of All Saints. On Thursday, Nov. 1st, Feast of All Saints, Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the church at 9 A. M. by Rev. Father Ziegler, S. J., assisted by Rev. Father O'Carroll, S. J., Deacon, and Mr. Moakley, S. J., Subdeacon. In the evening Solemn Benediction was given, Rev. Father Mahoney, S. J., officiating, assisted by Rev. Father Cunningham, S. J., Deacon, and Mr. Conniff, S. J., Subdeacon.

Visitors.

During the past month we have had some distinguished visitors. Very Rev. Father Gannon, S. J., Vice Provincial of the Society of Jesus, and formerly Rector of St. John's, made his annual Retreat at Fordham, finishing on Sunday, Nov. 4th. We were next visited by two distinguished astronomers, Fathers Algue, S. J., and Hagan, S. J., each of whom spent a day with us. Father Algue, who is stationed at the astronomical observatory at Manila, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, will be remembered for his refutation of the charges made by Bishop Potter of New York against the Catholic Church in the Philippines. Father Hagan, who has more than a national reputation amongst astronomers, was returning from a meeting of scientists held at Paris during the Exposition. Rev. John F. Lehy, S. J., Rector of Holy Cross College, made his annual Retreat here during the month. Rev. Father Lehy reports a very prosperous year at Holy Cross. Prosit!

Amongst our other visitors were Rev. J. F. X. Coleman, S. J., pastor of St. John's Church at Frederick, Md. Father Coleman was a prefect at St. John's Hall during the years 1879-1881, and taught Sophomore Class in the year 1886-7. We were also visited by Rev. Father Mandalari, S. J., Professor of Philosophy at St. Peter's College, Jersey City. Mr. Wm. F. O'Hare, S. J., and Mr. Wm. J. Conway, S. J., gave us a call on their way south, the former to Woodstock, the latter to Georgetown. Mr. O'Hare, who had been called home because of his mother's illness, reports all of our friends at Woodstock to be well.

Rev. Father Scully, S. J., a former Rector of

St. John's, and now superior of St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, was our guest on Thanksgiving Day. It was Father Scully who erected the present Faculty Building and Junior Hall, occupied by the Academic students.

Election Day.

November the sixth, Election Day, was a full holiday. The weather for some days preceding had been cloudy and threatening, so on this morning, as a precautionary measure, the *Magnificat* was sung at Mass, with the usual result. The day turned out to be clear and cool, and the game of football in the afternoon with St. Francis Xavier's drew a large crowd of spectators, among them many of the "Old Boys." The Fordham boys won by a score of 16–0 In the evening, recreation was extended until 8:30. A large bonfire was lighted, patriotic speeches were made, and refreshments were served in the gymnasium. On Second and Third Divisions the "banquet" was held in the open air. See the Infirmarian for details.

The Play.

On Thanksgiving Eve the Dramatic Association presented Bulwer Lytton's play, *Richelieu*, before an audience that quite filled Armory Hall. The play was most successful, and reflects much credit on all those concerned with it. Amongst those present were, Rev. Thos. F. Myhan, Secretary to Archbishop Corrigan; the Rev. Fathers Brady, Duffy and Fitzsimmons from Dunwoodie Seminary; Rev. Michael J. McEvoy, '77, and his assistant, Rev. Fr. Holden; also the

Rev. Fathers Halpin, Daugherty and Jones, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's College; Rev. Father Gillespie, S. J., from St. Peter's College, Jersey City; and Mr. Jas. A. Taaffe, S. J., from St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. A full account of the play will appear next month.

Father Campbell's Address.

Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., ex-Rector of St. John's, delivered an address entitled: "The Higher Education of Woman," on the occasion of the centenary of the foundation of the Society of the Sacred Heart, Nov. 21st, 1900. The address, which was delivered at the Manhattanville Convent of the Sacred Heart, aroused considerable attention and was extensively quoted by the Catholic papers.

Condolence.

The MONTHLY extends to John R. Desmond, '04, sincere condolence on the occasion of his brother's death, which occurred last month. Rev. Father Rector, with a delegation from Freshman Class, was present at the funeral services, which were celebrated in the Cathedral on Saturday, Nov. 3d.

Thanksgiving Holidays.

The Thanksgiving holidays began at 3:30 Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 28th, and continued until Sunday evening, Dec. 2d. Many of the boys were present at the play Thanksgiving Eve, but Thursday found the College pretty well deserted. About twenty-five boys remained during the holidays.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE FRESHMAN CLASS, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

WHEREAS: God, our Father, in the merciful designs of His providence, has been pleased to call unto Himself the brother of our esteemed friend and classmate, John R. Desmond, and

WHEREAS: Whilst we humbly bow to the will of God, knowing that He disposes all things for our good; we realize, however, that great sorrow has fallen upon the family of our dear friend and classmate; hence, be it

Resolved: That we extend to him and to his family our most sincere sympathy in this their hour of affliction; and be it further

Resolved: That the members of Freshman Class receive Holy Communion in a body for the repose of the deceased; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that the same be published in the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

ARMIN J. SIBBEL
MATTHEW LINNEHAN } *Committee.*
CHARLES P. MCMORROW

FORDHAMENSIA.

HALLOW E'en has always been the occasion of gay festivities at Fordham, and this year was no exception. An entertainment was given, followed by dancing and refreshments. The affair, the first of its kind conducted under the auspices of the *Upsilon Sigma Upsilon* Fraternity, was a grand success in every way. The orchestra, under the efficient direction of Professor Halm, upheld the enviable reputation it has established in the past. The single and double quartettes rendered their selections in a most credible manner, and the solos of Messrs. Clark, '04, and Sullivan, '02, were greatly appreciated by all. The Phonograph Concert was one of the most pleasing features on the programme.

On Election night the students were most pleasantly reminded of the Hallow E'en festivities by a barbacue held on the campus round a giant bonfire. Addresses were made on the question of the day by Messrs. Harrington, '01, Blauvelt, '03, Donohue, '01, Sullivan, '01, Walsh, '02, Mitchell, '02, Clark, '04, and Town, '04. After the feasting, Mr. Robert Maloney, '02, was elected manager of the Hockey team, with Mr. Valentine Oldshue, '02, as assistant manager.

The Sophomores held a class meeting Oct. 26th to elect officers for the ensuing year, with the following result: Pres., William P. McEniry; Vice-Pres., William J. Murray; Beadle, Charles J. Murn;

Sec., William J. Hinchliffe; Treas., R. Delli Paoli; Historian, J. S. McCormick.

The officers of the Parthenian Sodality are as follows: Prefect, Henry Heide, Jr.; First Assistant, Ed. J. Joyce; Second Assistant, Ed. J. Mitchell; First Lector, John J. Donohue; Second Lector, Thomas Macmanus; Sec., J. S. McCormick; Sacristan, D. O'Reilly; Organist, D. J. Haggerty.

Arthur M. A. Kane, '01, was elected to membership in the Library Association at the regular monthly meeting held the first Friday in November.

The Varsity football team deserves great praise for its fine work this season. It has been an uphill fight from start to finish, and the success of the team reflects great credit on all connected with it.

In the games with St. Joseph's College at Philadelphia and with St. Francis Xavier's at Fordham, especially, good work was done; to single out one man, however, and heap honors on him would indeed be a difficult task; for the men worked together, and in this lies their success. Every team Fordham met on the gridiron this year averaged much heavier in weight, but the fine team-work and puzzling trick plays were lacking in our opponents.

We have now laid a firm foundation for football at Fordham, and in future years our friends may expect to see the warriors of the gridiron on an equal footing with their brothers of the diamond.

J. S. McCormick, '03.

JUNIOR HALL.

A number of the 'big' boys have been transferred from Junior to Senior Hall. We hope that they now enjoy their cigarettes in peace.

Although the Invincibles have a better team this year than they have had in some years, they have not been very successful in their games. On Oct. 20th they played Betts Academy at Stamford, Conn., but were unable to do anything on account of the greater weight of their opponents. Score: Invincibles, 0; Betts Academy, 28.

On Oct. 27th the Invincibles were defeated by the Oreos at Asbury Park, N. J. In the first half the Invincibles played well, but in the second half the weight of the Oreos told upon them. Score: Invincibles, 0; Oreos, 26.

The Invincibles easily defeated the Hamilton Institute F. B. T. on Nov. 7th. Score: Invincibles, 24; Hamilton Institute, 5.

On Nov. 11th the Invincibles played the Sts. Peter and Paul's Lyceum. Neither side scored until in the second half, with two minutes to play, the Lyceum scored on a double pass. Score: Invincibles, 0; Lyceum, 5.

On Oct. 18th the Invincibles played a tie game with the Fordham F. C. Neither side was able to score, though the Invincibles had the ball in their opponents' territory most of the time.

W. J. Murray is now acting manager of the Actives.

On Oct. 18th the Actives defeated the Tremont School. Score: Actives, 5; Tremont, 0.

The game between the Actives and the St. Francis Xavier's was closely contested throughout, though the Actives were by far the lighter of the two teams. Score: Actives, 0; St. Francis Xavier's, 0.

On Nov. 17th the Actives defeated St. Cecilia's. It was in this game that F. Smith made his famous sixty-five-yard run and scored a touchdown. Score: Actives, 13; St. Cecilia's, 0.

The Goblins still continue their successful career. On Nov. 4th they defeated the St. Cecilia's by a score of 12–0. On the same day they also defeated the Madison A. C. from Jersey City, by the score of 15–0.

The following week the Goblins again defeated the Madison A. C. Score: Goblins, 12; Madison A. C., 0.

The line up of the Goblins is as follows:

Rivero, C.; Fallon, L. G.; Keville, R. G.; Fitch, L. T.; N. Murray, R. T.; Burke, L. E.; Haffey, R. E.; Le Maire, Q. B.; Heide, L. H. B.; Rodriguez, R. H. B.; Dallmeyr, F. B.

CHAS. J. MURN, '03.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

On Nov. 10th the Tyros played an excellent game against a team that was much their superior in point of weight. They were assisted, however, by four players of Second Div.—J. Murray, M. Rodriguez, G. Le Maire and H. Dallmeyr, whose football tactics made many fine points throughout the game, although at the end the odds were against the Tyros, the score being 11 to 5.

The capt. and the quarterback played a very good game, but the capt. was forced to retire because of an injury received during the game. Stephen McTague merited the praise of the team for his touchdown, which brought the Tyros the only points they scored.

Football will soon be ousted from the field to make way for the very popular game of "Basket Ball." Second Div. would never have parted with the goal posts had they known the amount of fun that lies between them.

Because of its popularity, two match games were proposed, and a prize put up. The first game was played on Sunday, Nov. 18th, between the "Woodchucks" and the "Fairies." The "Woodchucks" were the winners, and Rev. Fr. Finn's latest book, "His First and Last Appearance," was the coveted prize, and won by José Rivero. The playing of Joe Coogan and John de Ona was very clever, the ball being basketed three times by the former and twice by the latter. Both captains worked hard for the success of their respective sides.

The names of the winners who drew for the prize are as follows: Capt., A. Lombard, J. Suarez, W. McGovern, J. Coogan, D. Dowd, J. de Ona, N. Lattard, T. Morrin, J. Rivero, L. Brown, J. Keller.

On November 19th, the election for the post of color-bearer of the battalion took place. The Commissioned Officers, although not eligible to this honor, were, however, allowed to cast their vote. The honor was conferred on Thos. J. Morrin.

The shower-baths in the old Bowling Alley are completed, and we now enjoy the luxury of a bath without any inconvenience other than walking downstairs.

We celebrated St. Stanislaus' feast on Sunday, Nov. 18th. All the Sodalists went to Holy Communion at the 7 o'clock Mass, which was said by Rev. Fr. O'Reilly, S. J. There were some pretty floral decorations, thanks to the good taste of Messrs. Devlin, D. O'Reilly, P. Gleises, and L. Curley.

In the evening we had a literary entertainment in honor of our patron. It was held in the Reading Room of St. John's Hall. Sweet music was furnished by Messrs. Quesada and Dowd, and three papers were read on leading events in the life of St. Stanislaus.

The first paper was read by James Fitzgibbon, treating of the boyhood of St. Stanislaus. A second one, prepared by Joseph Belden, was read by V. O'Reilly, in which the virtues of St. Stanislaus were set forth. The third paper, by Thomas Morrin, treated of the saint's last illness and death. J. Safford and L. Brown helped to arrange the Reading Room in a tasty manner.

Hallow E'en was celebrated with old time festivities on Third. A new feature was introduced, at which the customs of former Hallow E'ens might stand aghast. A modern "Cake Walk" was much enjoyed by the walkers as well as by the spectators. Members of the faculty did not fail to honor the occasion by their presence, and encouraged the general mirth and merriment by acting as judges.

Messrs. Paul Gleises and Harold Dady were presented with a cake garnished with the baker's fancy paper and surmounted by the Stars and Stripes. The presentation was greeted with applause. Paul Gleises was then called on to exhibit some heel and toe movements, which he did with right good grace. John Hinchliffe and Nestor Lattard received some dates and a cocoanut for their superb walking. Later on the whole company was treated to a shower of chestnuts with peanuts thrown in by way of a "tiger."

The old time ducking for pippins and baldwins was more than laughable, and was entered into by the boys from S. America as well as by our own citizens. Señor Enrique Berenguer was saved from drowning by calling out: "Mister, no more apples for me."

As we have already gone beyond the limits allowed us for Third Division jottings, we shall leave more to be imagined than described of the potato race. Owing to the large number of applicants, this race took-in several heats. Such a scurrying for potatoes was never seen. To make a long story short, the winners, John Hinchliffe and Fred. Cella, were presented with a package of dates from Persia, and a box of figs from Syria.

HUBERT MCNALLY.

AMONG THE OLD BOYS.

HEREAFTER the official record of those "Old Boys" who return to pay an occasional visit to their Alma Mater will be kept by Brother Hallahan. All "Old Boys" are asked, therefore, not to forget to register in the "shop," which small service no doubt will be generously requited by Brother H———. He informed us lately that a certain alumnus—we won't mention his name—had attended a game here and left the grounds without calling on old friends. Such conduct was most unbecoming, but the good Brother excused it on the ground that the offender probably did not know who is keeping "shop" now.

Following are the faithful ones, as recorded in Brother Hallahan's register: Dr. Gleises, '72; Dr. J. J. Walsh, '84; Rev. Thos. J. Reilly, '88; Thos. Gaffney Taaffe, '90; Wm. Ferguson, '94; Wm. Fleming; Wm. Barr; John P. Joyce, '97; George B. Hayes, '97; Gerald Barry, '98; Chas. J. Vion, '99; Stephen McPartland, '00.

In the "Bulletin of Free Lectures to the People," published by the Department of Education for the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, we notice the name of Mr. Thos. Gaffney Taaffe, '90, as one of the lecturers.

The subjects of Mr. Taaffe's lectures were: "Oliver Goldsmith: A Review of His Life and Work," illustrated by selections; and "Richard Brinsley Sheridan," a description of the dramatist's life, also illustrated by selections.

One way of showing loyalty to Alma Mater is by subscribing to the MONTHLY, the connecting link, so to speak, between the Alumni and the College. Amongst last year's class the following have shown their loyalty in this respect: Thos. J. Coady, John A. Dillon, Jas. Kilroe and Stephen McPartland. Where are the others?

During the illness of Mr. McPartland, of the firm of "McPartland and O'Flaherty," the business has been ably managed by our genial friend "Steve," who during his few months administration has infused new energy into this great establishment.

Hon. John T. McDonough, a Fordham man, has again been elected to the position of Secretary of State, having polled a vote far in advance of his ticket. The people like an honest man, no matter to what party he belongs.

Thos. J. Coady, '00, is attending the Long Island Medical College, being in better health than we have lately represented him. Success to Tom!

Wm. Fleming was married during the past month by Rev. John J. Barrington, '94.

ATHLETICS.

ON October 27th the Varsity played its first game of the season at Philadelphia with St. Joseph's College. The game was full of interest from beginning to end, neither side being able to score. The feature of the game was a run of fifty yards by McKenna of the Varsity.

Election Day the Varsity played the first game of the series with St. Francis Xavier's College. The score seemed prophetic of Bryan's victory, but the necessary *one* was lacking. Fogarty of the Varsity played an exceptionally fine game at left half-back, making all three touchdowns and doing some splendid tackling. McKenna made several long runs and also kicked a very difficult goal, but failed at the other two. St. Francis Xavier's College were unable to make any gains through the strong line of the Varsity and repeatedly lost the ball on downs. Seitz, at fullback, played a strong game and also gave a splendid exhibition of punting. The line-up was as follows:

FORDHAM, 16.		ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, 0.
HARRINGTON (CAPT.)	*Left End*	J. JORDAN
MITCHELL	*Left Tackle*	WALLACE
DEMPSEY	*Left Guard*	CARROLL
MCCORMICK	*Centre*	EARLY
WHITE	*Right Guard*	MURPHY
MALONEY	*Right Tackle*	WALSH
MCKENNA	*Right End*	RYAN
FALLON	*Quarterback*	O'CONNOR (CAPT.)
CURLEY	*Right Half-back*	MONAHAN
FOGARTY	*Left Half-back*	LAWRENCE
SEITZ	*Fullback*	MCADAMS

Touchdowns: Fogarty, 3. Goals: McKenna, 1. Time of halves, twenty and fifteen minutes. Umpire, M. McCarthy; Referee, M. O'Connor.

On Nov. 17th the second game of the series between St. Francis Xavier's College and Fordham was played and resulted in a victory for the Varsity. On account of the lateness in starting, only one twenty-minute half was played, but it was long enough to enable the Varsity to roll up twenty-two points against St. Francis Xavier's five. Sheehy of Fordham caught the ball on the kick-off and carried it down the field for twenty-five yards, and through good gains by Fogarty and Curley the ball was brought to within ten yards of St. Francis Xavier's goal, when Mitchell was sent through tackle for the first touchdown. Swetnam failed to kick the goal. After the next kick-off McKenna fumbled the ball on a delayed pass, but regained it, and was thrown back for a loss of fifteen yards. Sheehy's punt was blocked, and Monahan of the St. Francis Xavier's carried the ball over the line for their only touchdown. After this touchdown the Varsity's goal was never in danger, and Harrington, Curley and Fogarty each crossed the line for a touchdown. Swetnam failed to kick two of the goals, the final score being 22 to 5.

Thanksgiving Day the Varsity played their last game of a very successful season at Scranton, and met their first defeat at the hands of the St. Thomas College team. Manager Horan and Capt. Harrington deserve great credit for developing such a successful team from material composed mostly of new men, only three of last year's Varsity being on the team. Although our men were fairly outweighed, they played a strong, hard

game, their opponents only scoring their two touchdowns by the hardest kind of work. McKenna and Harrington, as usual, played a star game, McKenna making the largest gain of the game, a forty-yard run, while Harrington distinguished himself by his tackling and breaking up of interference. Swetnam saved the Varsity from a shut-out by making a neat field-kick from the twenty-yard line in the second half. This article from the *Scranton Truth* gives the game in detail.

"The football enthusiast was in his element yesterday afternoon, and turkey was allowed to grow cold while the Fordham and St. Thomas College elevens fought the final football battle of the season at Athletic Park in the presence of the largest and most fashionable gathering of the season, and which terminated in an important victory for St. Thomas College by the score of 10 to 5. It was Fordham's last game; her first defeat. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch all day, and the colors of the colleges were conspicuously displayed—purple and white for St. Thomas College, maroon and white for Fordham. The Fordham eleven arrived in the city at 1:55. A blast of tin horns accompanied by college yells greeted the players, who were escorted to the Lackawana House, where they made final preparations for the contest. The game started at three o'clock, Capt. O'Hora winning the toss and taking the kick-off. He kicked the ball into Fordham's territory, where McKenna snapped it up and was downed on the thirty-yard line. In subsequent manœuvres St. Thomas' were guilty of an offside play and they

promptly lost ten yards, Fordham bringing the ball down the field. St. Thomas then fought Fordham to a standstill; first Haggerty broke through the line, pushing Fogarty back five yards, after which McKenna met the same fate, the ball going to St. Thomas on downs. Fogarty forced W. O'Hora back for a loss and Swetnam tackled Hadgens on the twenty-yard line. St. Thomas then lost the ball on a fumble, but it was soon in their possession, and the phenomenal work of Thomas, who went through centre six or seven consecutive times for gains of from five to fifteen yards, aided by W. O'Hora, Langan and Kelleher, pushed the oval to Fordham's five-yard line and McAndrews went over the line for a touchdown.

"J. O'Hora failed at goal. Score, 5–0. The ball was put in play, and after several good gains Thomas scored the second touchdown. The first half ended with the score: St. Thomas, 10; Fordham College, 0. Fordham started in the second half as if they expected to win out in face of odds. She took a wonderful brace, and the way her warriors rushed their opponents was not particularly gratifying to those wearing the Purple and White. Fordham was soon on St. Thomas' twenty-five-yard line. 'Watch Swetnam drop a goal from the field,' remarked Maloney to a *Truth* reporter. Later events saw the prediction verified, for Swetnam caught the ball and dropped a pretty goal, sending the oval over the bar like a shot. The half then ended with the ball in Fordham's territory. Score: St. Thomas, 10; Fordham, 5.

"The teams lined up as follows:

ST. THOMAS COLLEGE		FORDHAM COLLEGE
MANLEY	*Right End*	MCKENNA
KELLEHER	*Right Tackle*	MALONEY
THOMAS	*Left Tackle*	MITCHELL
FARRELL	*Centre*	MCCORMICK
LANGAN	*Right Guard*	WHITE
HAGGERTY	*Left Guard*	DEMPSEY
VAUGHAN	*Left End*	HARRINGTON (CAPT.)
MCANDREWS	*Left Half-back*	FOGARTY
HADGENS	*Right Half-back*	CURLEY
W. O'HORA	*Fullback*	MCCARTHY
J. O'HORA (CAPT.)	*Quarterback*	SWETNAM

"Score: St. Thomas' College, 10; Fordham College, 5. Referee, Beamish; Umpire, Thayer; Linesmen, Ewald and Gallagher; Time-keepers, Horan and Cusick."

After the game, at the dinner given the team, Swetnam, '02, was unanimously elected Captain for next year.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

The *Scranton Republican* of Nov. 30th said that "By good running of the Fordham boys and slow work on the part of St. Thomas, Fordham scored what was considered a touchdown, but which was not allowed by Referee Beamish (coach of the St. Thomas' team), who held that McCarthy ran out of bounds, notwithstanding the spectators' assurances to the contrary."

In comparing the two teams, the *Scranton Republican* said: "The local team presented by far the most athletic appearance, being fully thirty pounds a man heavier. The Fordham boys were a lively

lot of youngsters, and excelled the St. Thomas boys in interference and tackling, but could not withstand the line-bucking of the brawny lads from this city."

On Nov. 6th a meeting of the Senior Division was held for the purpose of organizing a Hockey team and also to elect a manager. The result was that R. F. Maloney was elected manager. The prospects for a successful team are bright, and games will be secured with some of the leading teams and colleges.

The Relay Race between the Academic Depts. of Fordham College and St. Francis Xavier College, which had been postponed from Oct 18th, took place Nov. 22d, at the Twelfth Regt. Armory, and resulted in a victory for Fordham. The race, which was a half-mile relay, was close from start to finish, and O'Connor of Fordham, who ran the last relay, crossed the tape barely eighteen inches ahead of his opponent. The teams were:

Fordham Prep., Fallon, Murray, Hardy, O'Connor; St. Francis Xavier Prep., Sullivan, Scanlon, Cale, Rainey. Time, 1:50.

V. OLDSHUE, ENG., '02.

EXCHANGES.

IT is commonly known that the three scourges which have operated most successfully to the unhappiness and misery of mankind, are famine, pestilence and war. In an able article on "Universal Peace," in the *Stylus*, the writer shows that famine and pestilence have, through the mighty strides of civilization and science, ceased to menace the world, while war, on the contrary, still holds its gloomy sway. However, the hopes for universal peace are by no means fanciful. Twenty million men under arms, and burdening fair Europe almost to the point of financial and commercial prostration,—are an argument most potent for peace. To the ordinary human being war seems glorious and honorable when its triumphs and victories thrill the heart of the patriot, but when all is peace, and when crushing taxes take the place of the glamours of war, the absurdity, the uselessness, and the bad policy of war and its practices come home to every sensible man. For this very potent reason it is hoped that universal peace may become more practical in the future. The Crimean War and the Franco-Prussian War are still well remembered by the rulers of Europe, and a very earnest desire to avoid the grim sceptre of war has manifested itself in a most satisfactory manner during the closing decades of this century. It is this wholesome dread of a devastating recourse to arms that constitutes the foundation of the hope for universal peace.

A very timely article entitled, "Attention Essential to Success," is published this month in *St. Mary's Lily of the Valley*. How many of us can say *mea culpa* to the fault of inattention? Regularity and punctuality refer to the physical or bodily presence, but attention is the presence of

the mind, the soul and the will, and hence a regular, punctual and attentive scholar is present, body and soul. We should endeavor with all the power of the will to overcome the deplorable habit of "wool-gathering," otherwise nothing serious in life can ever be successfully accomplished. It is most necessary to overcome this fault in youth, or it will cling to us when years have matured our lives. Swift has said, "I never knew a man cured of inattention." In defining genius, it has been remarked by some one, that it is "the faculty of taking infinite pains;" in other words, of paying attention.

The *Georgetown Journal* of October presents to its readers a very correct discussion on "The Ethics of Party Voting." The evil of making conscience subservient to party loyalty is today so serious a menace to republican institutions, and to conservative policy, that its dangerous possibilities cannot be overestimated. An example of this dishonorable and coercive statecraft is cited in the discussion of the unconstitutional Porto Rican Tariff Bill. For many long days of earnest debate certain Senators thundered against the injustice and infamy of the proposed tax. They clearly proved it to be unconstitutional, un-American and despotic, and stoutly maintained their opposition up to the moment of voting, when they joined their party in favoring it. If such servility, or unholy devotion to party, is not checked and abandoned, we must indeed confess that republican liberty and freedom of thought have become, from a sober reality, a vain pretense and a hollow boast.

The November number of the *Dial* is peculiarly rich in its poems. Indeed, they rise above the ordinary, being stamped with the easy grace of powerful style. "A Reverie" is tender in pathos, and ripe with thought, and well worthy of the opening page. "To a Rose Dead on the Altar-Steps" is as beautiful a stanza as a college journal

could desire to print. The flight of a soul to its Maker is likened to the dead rose which breathed forth its fragrant spirit on the altar step.

The *Tamarack* is also well favored by the poetic muse. The poem entitled "In Summer Woods" is no idle composition. There is nothing fictitious or artificial in its thought. Indeed, the great voice of the forest seems speaking in the verse to the reader. The picture drawn of a summer wood is real and vivid, and the landscape of a pleasant drowsy forest rises before the mind's eye, while above "for miles and miles, like snow-clad isles the clouds are drifting free." Pessimists in this material age are constantly mourning the great "dirth of poets." If they would search carefully some of the hidden fields of literature they might chance upon "many a flower born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The *Mount* publishes this month an interesting article on "Conversation." The subject is novel, and the ideas clever and bright. The art of conversation, the writer claims, is lost to us busy Americans. It is true, we talk and chat, but we do not converse; we are too much in a hurry, too absorbed in business and politics to allow the art of conversation to flourish. There is a flavor in this art, as there is in reading; to enjoy both we must have leisure, and when we read we should do so slowly and weigh carefully. In conversing we should avoid all discordant topics, for the great obstacle to good conversation is the lack of harmony either in sentiment or thought. Good listening is also rapidly becoming a lost art. It requires modesty, patience and amiability—three rare qualities.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, '01.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A General History of the Christian Era. For Catholic Colleges and Reading Circles, and for self-instruction. By A. Guggenberger, S. J. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price, $1.50, retail. Vol. I. The Papacy and the Empire.

The third volume of this History has already appeared, so that only the second volume is needed to complete it. The aim and spirit of the work is outlined on page seventeen: "As Jesus Christ, the God incarnate, is the centre of all history, so the divine institution of the Primacy of the Holy See and the independence of the Catholic Church is the centre of the history of the Christian Era." In accordance with this aim, the author sketches on the same page the constitution of the Church, and adds: "Thus history has not created the Supremacy of the Pope but found it est blished by Christ and has witnessed to the gradual external development of those powers, which Christ has granted to St. Peter." A proof of this proposition runs through the volume. In it the relations between the Church and State, and the controlling influence of the Holy See, the great central power of the Church, are distinctly pointed out in the formation and growth of nations. The legislation of the Church, it is shown, was the pattern on which the young nations based their just enactments, while the authority of the Popes was the great bond that held Christendom together.

These principles the author develops with great breadth of view and wealth of erudition, making authentic historical facts to be the refutation of the many errors and calumnies with which history has been overlaid, and which in schools, colleges and universities have been instilled into the minds of youth for generation after generation. On its secular side the author examines in detail the history of the period before him. By the breaking up of the old Pagan system, society was reduced to a choatic condition. How, in the circumstances, the Church introduced order and created the Christian state, he traces with much precision, and again, when rulers, abusing their power, would trample on popular rights and liberties, the author shows that it was the Popes who stood up in defence of justice against tyranny and oppression. It was the Bull of Boniface VIII., "*Clericis Laicos*," forbidding rulers to tax the clergy without the consent of the Holy See, which under Archbishop Winchelsey led to the adoption of the principle that "For all taxation the consent of the nation represented in Parliament must be asked by the king....This act foreshadowed the principles upon which at a later period the American colonies were to sever their union with England."

One special feature of this volume are the "Tables, which furnish a general framework of the chief historical events" of the period. Another good feature of the volume are the "Book Lists" at the end of sections or chapters. In those lists "the private student will find ample references to enlarge his reading on any historical question of importance."

As a general history of the Christian Era the

volume is a most useful one. In reading it the Catholic student will be encouraged and ennobled by the thought that back of his faith and wound up with it is the Christian history of nineteen centuries.

Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed. By Sara T. Smith. Benziger Bros. Price, 40 cents.

This is a very pleasing little tale for young boys, well-written, interesting and throughout a most natural story. The authoress manifests an intimate knowledge of the customs and characteristics of the South, and especially Southern youngsters. This is certainly refreshing, for those acquainted with the beauties of that lovely, sunny clime, the unstinted hospitality and true nobility of Southerners, also realize that there is a wealth of circumstances and interest for the novelist in all these things, which has, however, been but sparingly used in the past. "Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed" is, moreover, in both its tone and its moral, thoroughly Catholic. This is, we think, as high a meed of praise as can be given to any book.

The Mysterious Doorway. By Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Bros. Price, 40 cents.

The writer of this short story for children has certainly given it a fitting title. It is filled with mystery, and excites the reader's curiosity to a high pitch until the explanation of the "Mysterious Doorway" is reached. Some might criticise the little narrative as highly improbable. Perhaps so. But that is what the young folk most desire. The "Arabian Nights" have in our childhood held us breathless under their magic spell. This is the great charm of the "Mysterious Doorway." It is written in the spirit of the "Arabian Nights,"

and possesses the additional charm of a very ingenious plot.

We have also received from Messrs. Benziger Bros., two other little stories of the same series as the above, entitled "The Queen's Page," by Katherine Tynon Hinkson; and "Little Missy," by Mary T. Waggaman. These are some of the set of new story books by the best Catholic writers, published in neat little volumes by Messrs. Benziger Bros., and sold at the uniform price of 40 cents each. The volumes are prettily bound, with a Frontispiece, and are nicely suited for Christmas presents.

Little Lives of the Saints for Children. Benziger Bros. Price, 75 cents retail.

Nothing could be more suitable for a Christmas present to a child than this little volume. It contains many full-page illustrations, and the "Lives" themselves cannot fail to be a source of pleasure and edification to the child-reader. We earnestly recommend it to Catholic parents.

A Catholic Catechism for the Parochial and Sunday Schools of the United States. By Rev. Jas. Groenings, S. J. Benziger Bros. Price, 25 cents.

A Troubled Heart and how it was Comforted at Last. By Charles Warren Stoddard. *Ave Maria* Press. We shall review this little volume in our next issue.

CHECKER FOOT BALL.*

By Ernest Green Dodge.

This new game of skill, which has become popular among the author's personal friends. is presented to the student public in the hope that it may find favor both on account of its intrinsic merit and because of its suggestions of the glorious football field. Its relation to that game, like the resemblance of chess to military movements, is of a general character, slavish imitation being impossible.

The outfit required is simply a chess or checker board, with twelve colored checker men for each player. A single disk is called a "runner" and a pile of two disks is styled a "back." If the two disks are of the same color, it is a "fullback." If of opposite colors, it is a "half-back," and belongs to the player whose disk is on top.

Each player begins the game with four fullbacks and four runners. Two fullbacks are stationed on the two centermost squares of the transverse row nearest home, and the others directly in front on the two centermost squares of the second row. The runners are placed in wider line. in front of the fullbacks, on the four centermost squares of the third row.

No piece is ever removed from the field, but the object of the game is to advance your runners toward your "goal row" (your opponent's home row) at the same time hindering his advance. No piece can jump over a man which stands in its way.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PIECES.

1. Runners move ONE square at a time, and always FORWARDS—either directly forward or obliquely.

2. When one runner is less advanced than any other runner of the same color, it may, if the player choose, move TWO squares instead of one. This is called "punting."

3. Full and half-backs move in any direction—forward, backward, sideways, or obliquely, to front or rear. They stop always on the nearest square of the same color with the one previously occupied, thus moving ONE square at a time when traveling obliquely; in other directions TWO squares at a time, no more, no less.

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* The above game has been invented by Mr. Ernest Green Dodge, Professor of Mathematics in Parker College, Minn. We publish it with the hope that it may prove of interest to those of our students interested in football.—Ed.

CROSS PLAYS.

1. Besides the above moves, the owner of a full or half-back may play it by taking off its upper component disk (the lower disk remaining in place and becoming a runner) and putting it on top of any runner which may stand in the same open row, directly to right or left.

2. Between a fullback and a runner of the same color such a cross play is termed a "toss." Between a fullback and an opponent's runner it is a "tackle." Between a half-back and a runner belonging to the same player it is a "fumble." Between half-back and opposing runner it is a "counter-toss." All forms of cross play are occasionally advantageous, but should be used with caution.

3. No runner, except when putting, can move on to a square where it will expose itself to the possibility of being tackled. Hence your fullbacks are of the greatest possible use in blocking your opponent's advance. Both kinds of backs also act as "interference," to shield the advance of your own runners.

SCORING.

1. To win the game you must first procure a "touchdown" by getting one of your runners into the goal row and then "kick the goal" by moving one of your backs ANY DISTANCE along ANY STRAIGHT LINE and setting it, three stories high, upon the said runner. Intervening men are in this case no impediment. Goal kicking here as elsewhere, is a mid air performance.

2. The decisiveness of your victory depends on the position of your opponent's men at the close. If he could kick a goal at the very next move, your score is 1-0. If he has a touchdown on the board but no back able to kick the goal immediately, it is 2-0. If he has no touchdown but could secure one at the next move, it is 3-0. If his most advanced runner is a single step from the goal row, but incapable of immediate advance, it is 4-0. Likewise the score is 5-0 or 6-0 if his foremost runner is two steps from the goal row, and 7-0 or 8-0 if three steps.

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To the

Students and Alumni

of

Old St. John's

A Holy and Happy

New Year.

ONE OUT OF MANY.

IT is Christmas eve. Darkness has cast its sable mantle over the great metropolis and gradually the noise and din of the day are succeeded by the peace and tranquillity of night,—unbroken, save where late revellers are holding Christmas cheer, or where in the homes of opulence and fashion the ruddy wine is flowing, and the air, laden with the perfumes of ferns and roses and lilies, reverberates with sweet strains of soft melodious music. Now and again one may see in the window of some imposing mansion a single face glance for an instant through the crystal pane and then turn away and vanish.

Oh! vain and selfish hearts, where is your pity and compassion for the wretched? Why, in your own ease and luxury, so thoughtless of the bitter cold, the whirling wind and frost, which find such easy access to the hovels of the poor—why are you so careless and indifferent to the want and hunger, suffering and sickness, which, like the black death angel, hover on this stormy night about the lonely hearths of destitution?

Now is the time when the belated traveller, toiling wearily homeward through the blinding storm, with a heart brimming over with joyful anticipation, thinks of the gladsome faces of friends who await his coming; but he does not think of the helpless ones out in the cold, unprotected by their scanty rags from the wind which blows its cutting blast down through the streets and by-ways of the city, bringing great clouds of snow from every

roof and house-top. Along the almost deserted streets the lamps throw their flickering light on the falling snow, borne to and fro by the eddying gust like a mimic tempest, ever falling, settling in drifts that enshroud the lonely ways.

Let us imagine ourselves in one of those narrow, dirty streets of London known as Whitechapel. Opposite us looms an old frame house, erected somewhat back from the sidewalk, while on either side rise up the perpendicular walls of adjoining buildings. Neglected and time-worn, this one appears to have been erected many, many years back, when old men of the neighborhood were young. Here and there we discover a broken shutter swinging in the wind, and presently, through one of the upper windows, is seen a glimmering light, the only spark that breaks through the pitchy darkness from within. At present the place is kept as a newsboys' boarding-house by an old man, who, for the paltry sum of a few pence, affords them the nightly shelter of his roof.

Entering unseen, we come upon the master of this lowly mansion seated upon an overturned rum cask in a dirty ill-smelling room, poorly lit up by a single tallow dip. At his side stands a boy who seems to be about fourteen years old. His hair, golden and curly, but tangled and dishevelled, falls on the shivering shoulders that his thin worn rags scarce cover. The appearance of the old man shows that he is advanced in vice as well as in years. His bent form, his wrinkled chin resting upon his hands, his long thin nose and shallow steel gray eyes that glare from under the shaggy heavy brows, and, in fact, his whole appearance bespeak him as one of those creatures from whose loathsome presence every man wishes himself free

whose very sins and meanness of soul are depicted on their countenances. A heartless man on all occasions, he was more exacting of his miserable two-pence than the Jew of Venice was of his pound of flesh. When the starving little fellows had not the money to pay him, his weazened-up face and angry eyes rolled in rage at being thus cheated of his gain. His heart was of flint, for on the darkest night this cruel man would shut his door upon the weak, emaciated figure of a child. Even to-night, the eve of Christmas, he cherished no feelings of love or emotions of charity. What cared he for the hour; what cared he for the weather; what cared he for the tear-stained face that now upturned to his in the dim light of the sputtering tallow-dip pleaded its silent cause in vain? The child spoke earnestly and entreatingly to the man, who, with a surly, dogged look upon his face, gazed unconcernedly into the tiny candle flame.

Suddenly recollecting himself, he turned to the child and his only answer was the same sneering smile that so often played upon his pallid, faded cheeks. The little fellow looked, first at the harsh brutal features of the man, then through the open blinds at the storm that raged without; then with a last despairing spark of hope, he asked, in a tremulous voice: "Will you not trust me until to-morrow? It will be Christmas, and papers always sell well then."

"No, boy, my policy is cash and if you have no money, why, that settles it; you cannot sleep beneath this roof to-night."

Baffled and downcast, the child, in a fit of utter despair, turned his back on the old man, fled from the wretched house, and faced the storm. The

creaking door has slammed, and he makes his way toward the street, pausing for but an instant in the light of the dim street lamp.

How sorrowful are the pale thin cheeks, how weary the tearful eyes, and yet, how beautiful the boyish face, wreathed in its golden locks, where the snow-flakes have settled and glisten like diamonds.

He pauses in the light, seemingly undecided what to do and where to go. Then he starts off again at a rapid pace, as rapid as the ever-deepening snow will allow. Thus, for blocks and blocks, through the long weary hours of the night, he travels on, passing brilliantly illuminated houses and now and then catching glimpses, through their silken curtains, of gay people, dancing and making merry. The sight sickens the poor child's lonely heart and he feels a cold grasp like the grip of death come upon him, and he realizes now in his misery what it is to have no home where he may fly the storm, nor even a pillow on which to lay his tired little head.

Thus he toils along, hardly conscious of the objects that surround him, with but the single thought to escape from the presence of the man who had treated him so unmercifully. Suddenly, on the cold, crisp air, he hears the full, clear peals of the cathedral chimes. Knowing, poor child, their message, "Peace on earth to men of good will," he wonders, in his simple way, if they mean aught to him, and slowly in his little soul there awakes an influence which seems to impel him toward the temple where He dwells, whose heart is open to all, but more especially to the poor, whose souls are more precious to Him than all the jewels of earth.

Following the faithful, the lad finds himself at last beneath the portals of the sacred edifice. Within, all is light, for every altar is blazing with candles and soon on the air, burdened with the sweet fragrance of flowers and incense, there burst the clear youthful voices of the choir chanting the beautiful "*Adeste Fideles.*" As the imposing vision breaks upon him, he feels, deep down in his heart, a joyful peace, for in this sacred temple of the Lord he has put off his load of earthly sorrow.

He kneels in the shadow of one of the great columns which support the massive dome that towers overhead. Presently the ceremony begins; from the sacristy the long line of white-robed acolytes moves slowly toward the main altar, followed by the sacred ministers. Then, as the Mass opens, fresh strains of sacred music fill the air.

The little lad near the column bends his tired form in prayer and when he rises at the Gospel hangs his head in a vain attempt to conceal the burning tears that course down over his cheeks despite his efforts to suppress them and bury, as he oft had done before, within his heart's depths that heavy load of suffering.

After the Mass is over the congregation slowly depart and the candles are one by one extinguished, till nought remains but here and there a tiny lamp burning before the picture of some saint.

He stills kneels in prayer, but now, emboldened by the gloom and solitude, not in the rear of the church, but at the very altar-rail. Long and fervently he prays, pouring forth his soul to his Maker and seeming in the holy place to imbibe an angelic bliss which casts into obscurity his former trials and sorrows.

Slowly the hours wear on and gradually through the great stained glass windows, the first rays of the Christmas sun fall, slanting down upon the kneeling form. Later, when the sexton comes he finds the boy still prostrate at the rail. He strives to arouse the sleeper, but in vain. The pure, young soul had left the tired body and gone from the hard, cruel world to celebrate Christmas in heaven.

WHITNEY ECKERT, '03.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF NAZARETH.

A STUDY FOR CHRISTMASTIDE.

THE recurrence of the joyous festival of Christmas brings once more to the mind of the devout Christian the birth of the Redeemer of the world in a stable at Bethlehem, when the angels of God sang the glad pæan, "Glory to God in the Highest," and the shepherds, hastening from their midnight watch, paid the new-born Babe the homage of their hearts. In the same manner, under the guidance of the star, came the Wise Men of the East with their rich gifts; then followed the flight into Egypt, and in the fulness of time came the return from the land of the Pharaohs to the city of Nazareth in Galilee, where, as the inspired Evangelist tells us, "The child grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom: and the grace of God was in Him."

The annual commemoration of Christmas is so beautifully carried out by the Catholic Church that there is ample opportunity afforded for a generous participation in the religious joy which the holy season should bring to every Christian home. It recalls the first visible step taken in the wonderful work of man's redemption by his Almighty Creator, and in the consideration of the preparation for that greater work, the teaching of the people and the final sacrifice on Calvary by our Divine Lord. The life practised in the holy House of Nazareth, according to our conception of what it must have been, is a subject well worthy our contemplation and imitation. We can bring

before our mental vision the picture of the Divine Child, His Blessed Mother, and the patriarchal Joseph, and we can almost imagine now—

> "The holy cautions that he gave,—
> The prayers he breathed, the tears he wept;
> All linger still, though in his grave
> Through many a year the saint has slept."

From such considerations the mind naturally reverts to the fact that the odor of sanctity, with which the Holy House must have been invested, has in a miraculous manner tended to preserve it from the ravages of Time the Destroyer. According to tradition, it no longer occupies the site on which it stood during the early life of our Divine Lord, but now stands at Loretto in Italy, whither it had been miraculously translated in the thirteenth century.

It was in 1291 that the angels, according to Catholic tradition, took the *Santa Casa*, or "Holy House," from off its foundations at Nazareth and bore it through the air to the coast of Dalmatia, lest the Saracens, who threatened to overrun the country, should subject it to desecration. Three years later the angels again took up their precious burden, and bearing it across the Adriatic, set it upon the hill whereon it now rests, on the property belonging to a devout widow named Laureta, from whose name that of Loretto has been derived. A singular fact is that the *Santa Casa*, or "Holy House," as it is called, has no foundation under it, the presumption being that the foundation on which it stood is still remaining at Nazareth. This is thought to be verified by the statement made by "sixteen men of credit" who journeyed to Nazareth, having previously secured measurements of the house, and who compared these

measurements with the foundation of the house of Joseph, which had mysteriously disappeared. Another fact worthy of note is that the stone used in its construction is of a dark red color, corresponding with that in the foundation above referred to, no stone of similar color or quality being found in the neighborhood of Loretto or Ancona.

The *Santa Casa* is 36 by 10 feet in size and is no longer exposed to the elements, a magnificent church having been erected around it, the dome of which is directly above it. It contains many relics and not the least notable is an image of the Blessed Virgin, said to have been carved by St. Luke, which is arrayed in rich silks, encrusted with diamonds, rubies and other precious stones The house had originally but one door, but the crowds of pilgrims who came to Loretto to enter it were so great (estimated at two million in six hundred years), that Pope Clement VII. had three doorways made, and that which was used by the Holy Family was filled up with the stones taken out in opening the fresh doorways. The devout Christian therefore no more can pass through the sacred door, but above it the ancient lintel of cedar, beneath which our Divine Lord was accustomed to pass, is still to be seen.

This alteration in the Holy House was attended with a strange circumstance. The architect, Nerucci, "filled with greater confidence in his art than reverence for the sacred place," struck the holy spot with his hammer, when lo! his right hand shrivelled up, and he lay as if dead for eight hours. Then a priest was appointed by the Pope to begin. the work, and after fasting for three days he advanced towards the Holy House, fell upon his

knees, at the same time invoking protection of the Mother of God, and striking the wall without any unusual result, commenced the work of alteration.

For many centuries the *Santa Casa* has been a special object of reverence and one of the holy shrines of Catholic Christianity. It is venerated as the home of our Redeemer during His infancy and early boyhood before He entered upon His public life. And in connection with the belief in its miraculous translation, which for centuries has been so general, it is recorded that at the time of the occurrence its verification was conveyed to St. Nicholas of Tolentino in a vision. There is extant a series of old prints of the last century, in which among other things is represented in the sky the translation of the *Santa Casa.* At each end of the little stone building an angel is shown holding it up and moving through the air with outstretched wings. On the gabled roof the Blessed Virgin is seated, while in her lap lies the Divine Infant, whose right hand is extended as if in the act of benediction. Four little cherubs, consisting entirely of heads and wings, are close at hand, gazing in adoration at the Holy Babe.

The following testimony from Mr. William Garratt, M. A., who has devoted considerable attention and research to the *Santa Casa,* is pertinent to the subject: "It stands upon a public road to testify that it was not there that it was built; it stands without foundations to certify that it has come from elsewhere; and it bears within itself the evidence of what it is and whence it came. Its length and breadth bear testimony that it stood before the sacred caves at Nazareth; its timber has a voice to say that it is from the ranges of Lebanon and its cross is a Greek cross; its

mortar witnesses that it is not Italian, but of Palestine, and its stones cry out: 'We are not of the march of Ancona; we are of Nazareth.' There is one harmonious chorus formed by every portion of the sacred structure praising God for its wonderful preservation."

J. STANISLAUS TAAFFE, '03.

RICHELIEU

As Presented by the Dramatic Association of St. John's College,

Thanksgiving Eve, 1900.

Under Prompter.—Sir, the scene is set and everything is ready to begin.

Puff.—Egad, then we'll lose no time. * * * So up curtain. * * * Well, pretty well, but not quite perfect."

SHERIDAN, *The Critic.*

IT was once more my pleasant privilege to find myself one of the pleased spectators in the College theatre at old St. John's—the occasion being the presentation by the College Dramatic Association of Bulwer Lytton's great dramatic masterpiece, "Richelieu," on the eve of Thanksgiving. And as is usually the result in such instances, I feel as at other times the impulse to place on record what I desire to be an impartial estimate of the ability as more or less shown by the amateur wearers of "the sock and buskin," reached through a close and careful observation of how each member essayed his *rôle* upon the "Mimic Stage;" wherein he succeeded, and in what he failed, from the observer's point of view. How to discharge my self-assumed task, as usual, presents some difficulties, arising from a desire on the one hand to be indulgent in my criticism, and on the other, not to overdo it, lest the subjects might get it into their heads that they had "nothing more to learn" in connection with dramatic art.

Sheridan, if I remember aright, in his clever play, "The Critic," draws some nice distinctions between different "puffs" of certain things done. One is what he calls the "puff direct," which attributes to actors a degree of merit they do not possess, while another is described as the "puff oblique," the tendencies of which, as described, are a "delight in drawing forth concealed merit" while "sometimes wearing a countenance of smiling censure and tender reproach." I think, however, that the best plan to follow is, "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," and under its inspiration I shall endeavor to do justice all around.

The plot of "Richelieu," is familiar to most play-goers and college dramatic associations. It abounds in striking situations which call for considerable ability and careful study to bring out their best points. The period at which the action is supposed to have taken place is during the reign of Louis XIII. of France, when the great Cardinal, as Prime Minister, was at the zenith of his power. A conspiracy had been formed in the interest of the king's brother, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, which had for its object the dethronement of Louis; the deposition of Richelieu from power and if needs be, his murder; the seizure of the government by the Duke of Orleans; and the reward of the conspirators when all this should be accomplished. It was in the working out of all the various details of the plot that our young college Thespians made use of the opportunity afforded by the advent of Thanksgiving, to repeat some of the triumphs achieved on the college stage on other occasions, some of which it had been my privilege to acknowledge at the time, and of which I gladly availed myself.

The following is the cast of characters:

LOUIS THE THIRTEENTH . . . Arthur M. Kane
GASTON, Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII.
James S. McCormick
BARADAS, favorite of the King . . Whitney Eckert
CARDINAL RICHELIEU . . . Richard V. Harrington
THE CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT . . John B. a to
ROLAND DE MORTEMAR, the Cardinal's ward
Harry P. Hewes (Prep.)
THE SIEUR DE BERINGHEN, one of the conspirators
James P. Clark
THE SIEUR DE LORME, Richelieu's spy Henry Heide, Jr.
JOSEPH, a Monk, Richelieu's confidant, Selden B. McLaughlin
HUGUET, an officer of Richelieu's household, E. J. Mitchell
FRANÇOIS, page to Richelieu . . . John W. Blauvelt
CLERMONT . . . . . Edward T. Swetnam
FIRST SECRETARY OF STATE . . Victor P. Kraus
SECOND SECRETARY OF STATE . . Andrew J. Ewald
THIRD SECRETARY OF STATE . . William J. Hinchliffe
CONSPIRATOR . . . Francis F. Donnelly

In considering the merits of each of the principal characters, it might be expected I would take them in the above order; but in justice to the splendid impersonation of Cardinal Richelieu by Mr. Richard V. Harrington, the laurel wreath, which is his by right of talent and true conception of the part, must be unhesitatingly accorded to him.

From his first appearance to the final lowering of the curtain, his interpretation of the character was in the highest degree commendable and well sustained. His voice was under admirable command and he was wholly free from the slightest attempt at rant. Calm, dignified and, as it were above the petty meannesses of the conspirator, he seemed to realize to the fullest what was expected of him and was fully equal to it. The master mind which history accords to the great Cardinal was well assumed, each change of circumstance was met with appropriate promptness, and when

the evidently delighted audience by their vociferous plaudits accorded him their unqualified tribute of praise at the close of the play, there could be no question but it was a spontaneous acknowledgment of a Harrington triumph, well earned. His make-up was very good, and inasmuch as the Cardinal's age, according to historical data, was about fifty-four at the date of the events represented, his appearance coincided with this fact. His costume, however, was not strictly *en règle*, but it was the traditional stage costume and we must let it pass.

The part of *Joseph*, the monk and confidant of the Cardinal, was very acceptably borne by Mr. Selden B. McLaughlin, whose make-up unfortunately was decidedly against him. The fault, however, was not his, others being responsible for the oversight. He was also represented as being of a younger age than history records—the real age of the Joseph of history when in the flesh being about eight years more than that of the Cardinal. This fact was in a way acknowledged by a passage in the text, when the Cardinal, casting about for a trusty person to whom to assign the task of recovering the packet, says:

> " ——— Joseph ?—Zealous,
> But too well-known : too much the *Elder Brother*."

This confirms the mistake so generally made in representing the Cardinal and his confidant, the one older, the other younger by several years.

In noting the work of the other members of the cast, it is difficult to draw distinctions where every one does his best.

The *Chevalier de Mauprat* of Mr. John B. Cavinato was perhaps somewhat too forceful according to accepted standards, but he was undoubtedly in

"Richelieu," Act IV., Scene I.

earnest, and his excellent carriage and good voice went very far in eliciting for his representation of the *rôle* of the roystering *De Mauprat* the generous applause with which he was greeted.

Notwithstanding the apparent unimportance of the part of the *Sieur de Beringhen* of Mr. James P. Clark, his impersonation of the character was most pleasing. He looked the "*bon vivant*" to perfection and he deserved the plaudits which were accorded him.

The *Louis XIII.* of Mr. Arthur M. Kane did fair justice to the monarch who, if my memory serves me, is recorded in history as having remarked on the day of the great Cardinal's funeral, which happened to be stormy : "The Cardinal has a bad day for his journey;" and *Gaston, De Lorme, Huguet* and *Baradas*, respectively represented by Messrs. McCormick, Heide, Mitchell and Eckert, may be placed in the same category.

I must not omit mention of the excellent work of Mr. J. W. Blauvelt as *François* the page. There is in him, apparently, good material for future development.

And last, but not least, the *Roland de Mortemar* of Master Harry Hewes is entitled to a share in the credit which the play as a whole deserved. He did his part very acceptably.

There is no denying the fact that the entertainment was, all things considered, very enjoyable. The scenery and costumes were appropriate, the music, as always, unexceptionally good, and the participants in the performance should feel entitled to say, in the words of Addison :

> "Tis not in mortals to *command* success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll *deserve* it."

SPECTATOR.

THE SNOW FLAKE.

Borne by the cold, crisp winter winds,
  Which toss it to and fro,
There settles to the frozen ground
  A tiny flake of snow.

'Tis like some little fairy elf,
  All clothed in garments white ;
Or like a precious sparkling gem,
  That flashes in the light.

So many a soul all pure and bright,
  Descends from God on high,—
It lives awhile in mortal sight,
  Then sinks to earth to die.

WHITNEY ECKERT, '03.

A HERO IN BLUE.

IDLY reclining in a hammock one summer afternoon, Jack Warren lay perusing the latest news about the war. Suddenly springing from the hammock, he approached his sister, who sat under a nearby tree busily engaged in sewing.

Bess," said he, his eyes flashing and a look of determination upon his face, " I'm going to join the army."

Dropping her sewing, Bess gazed intently at her brother for a moment, and then with tears in her eyes hastened toward the house to impart the information to her parents. Useless were all their entreaties, for Jack was resolute in his determination and could not be turned from his purpose. Soon the day for his departure arrived, when, with knapsack on his back and gun over his shoulder, he stood upon the threshold of the little cottage, bidding farewell to his grief-stricken parents and weeping sister. A perfect example of physical manhood he presented as he stood there—tall, handsome and well proportioned. When the sorrowful parting was over, Jack, with heavy heart, started upon his journey, little dreaming of the dangers which he was about to incur. Often while speeding toward his destination, his mind would wander back to his home, and though strong to bear grief, more than once he was forced to brush away the tears which gathered in his honest blue eyes.

Upon reaching the South his regiment encamped.

Located as they were in a hostile country, they were not long encamped before they were ordered to the front, and Jack, with gun in hand, was soon in the van, amidst the din of cannon and the singing of bullets, as they flew about him. But true American blood coursed through his veins, and unconscious of the men falling on all sides, he was facing the deadly stream of bullets unflinchingly.

Suddenly, in front of the regiment, the commander was seen to fall, struck by a hostile bullet. Springing to his side, heedless of the danger he was in, Jack tenderly lifted the wounded officer in his arms and carried him to the rear, amidst the cheers of men who wore both the blue and the gray. True heroism elicits the admiration of friend and foe alike. But unmindful of the applause, Warren was soon again in his place, nor did he retire until, wounded by a bullet through the shoulder, he fell exhausted from loss of blood. Soon the roar of the battle ceased in his ears and all became dark.

* * * * * *

On awaking he found himself in a small rude cot in a Union hospital. Rising in his bed, he gazed about him bewildered, until a sharp twitch of pain in his shoulder brought back to him the remembrance of the battle, wherein he had received his wound. For many weeks he lay there anxiously awaiting the day for his release. While in the hospital he formed the acquaintance of a young man in the next cot, and in a short time a warm friendship had sprung up between them.

The young man, whose name was Wallace, had been wounded while fighting on the Confederate side, and having been left on the field of battle, was picked up by the hospital corps and brought to the

Union hospital. Warren, upon recovering, acted as nurse for young Wallace, who had been seriously wounded, and many a sleepless night did he pass beside the bed of his delirious friend.

Soon, however, his pains were rewarded, and the crisis being passed, Wallace began rapidly to regain his health. Words were unable to express the thanks of the Southern lad, when, about to be exchanged as a prisoner of war, he bade Warren farewell, and with tears in his eyes warmly shook his hand and departed.

One morning shortly after he had rejoined his regiment, Jack was informed that his presence was desired at headquarters. Upon being admitted, he found himself in the presence of General Grant, who sat at his desk calmly studying a map of the surrounding country. Looking up, the General removed a cigar from his mouth, and laying it on the desk, said :

" Private Warren, I have just heard with great pleasure of the heroism you displayed in an engagement in which you were wounded some time ago."

Jack, unused to such words of praise, nervously fumbled his hat, and modestly replied : " General, I only did my duty."

The reply seemed to please the General, who, rising from his chair and placing his hand on the lad's shoulder, said warmly : " Warren, you are a brave soldier," whereupon the nervous Jack succeeded in forcing a " Thank you, General," from his lips. Then the General, pacing back and forth and evidently thinking, slowly replied: " Private Warren, I am about to send you on a perilous mission, one in which, should you be apprehended, your life must be the forfeit. Are you willing to undertake it?"

Unhesitatingly the lad replied: "I am."

"Well said, my boy," rejoined the General, "and should you be successful the chevrons will adorn your shoulders. You see," continued Grant, resuming his seat and beckoning Jack to a chair nearby, "a detachment of Lee's forces, intent upon moving northward, are encamped at Ripple Ford, about ten miles away. The detachment is supposed to be strong in numbers, much exceeding the men of our own regiment. Now, my purpose is to find the strength of the enemy; but should you be caught, as is not improbable, for the undertaking is indeed a perilous one, employ every means in your power to prevent the enemy from moving forward. If they can be prevented from advancing until I can secure reinforcements, all will be well."

At the conclusion of the General's words, Jack, who had been following closely, arose, and approaching Grant, said, "General, should I be recognized in the enemy's camp, I have thought of a means whereby, I believe, I can persuade them to retreat. However, General," he continued, "in case of my being caught, please notify my parents of my death."

The arrangements were soon completed, and nightfall found Jack Warren, clad in a faded gray uniform, the property of a Confederate prisoner, setting out on his perilous mission. The night was most favorable for such an undertaking, for very few stars shone from the heavens. Having passed the Union lines, Warren hastened along, now crouching in the grass at the sound of footsteps, and keeping well hidden among the trees lest he should be the mark for the bullet of some watchful picket.

At length through the stillness the familiar cry of "All's well" came faintly to his ears, and with a thrilling sensation the young spy realized that he was within the enemy's territory. Slowly moving on hands and knees, he gradually approached the picket guard; and soon he was able to discern through the darkness the outlines of a lad apparently about his own age, pacing with steady tramp to and fro. As Jack lay concealed behind a friendly tree, he could hear the Confederate guard humming softly to himself. As the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home" came to Jack's ear, his thoughts instinctively wandered back to his northern home. For the first time he felt a pang of homesickness steal over him, and for the first time, also, came to him vividly the thought of being shot as a spy. But never did the brave heart within falter, and soon this sensation was succeeded by a feeling of strong determination. He would attempt to pass the lines unobserved, but should the sentinel by any chance detect him, his knife, which Jack now drew from his sheath, must act as the password in the pursuance of his duty.

Cautiously he arose, and while the back of the sentinel was turned, attempted to pass. But noiseless as he was, the slight rustle aroused the suspicions of the sharp-eared watchman, who, raising his gun, suddenly wheeled about. Quick as a tiger springing for its prey, the lithe form of young Warren bounded forward, and ere the startled sentinel could utter a sound, the strong right hand of the resolute lad had clutched his throat, forcing him to the ground. Hastily procuring a large handkerchief from his pocket, Warren soon had his prisoner securely gagged; while to bind his hands and feet was the work of a moment. Not a minute

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too soon, for scarcely had he secured his prisoner and dragged him to a thicket near by when the sound of approaching footsteps warned him of his peril. Hastily snatching up the gun and pulling his wide brimmed hat over his eyes he took his prisoner's position as picket guard. The deception was complete, for both being about the same build, and the night being too dark to distinguish countenances, the officer in his rounds was easily mislead. After saluting the passing officer, the daring Jack now realized how perilous was his position.

(*To be continued.*)

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Continued.*)

FEB. 1st, 1862.—Was called upon by Gen. Meagher, Major Worrington, and O'Mahony of subsequent Fenian celebrity.

2d.—Sunday. Gen. Richardson and his wife attended Mass and behaved very respectfully. She is rather a young person, from Detroit. She has been spending some time with her husband, living with him in a log house, not far from our regiment.

I preached on the Bible. The substance of my remarks was as follows: *Biblion—The Book.* Many peculiarities—oldest book—by many writers—covering a long period—in many languages—all true, the word of God.

An important question. Was it the means by which each individual was to know what he was to *believe* and to *do* to save his soul? It was not. 1. Not the plan of *Christ,* or He Himself would have written the book; but did not. Instead: *Docete*—teach! 2. Nor of the *Apostles.* They preached. Few wrote and, as it were, through accident. 3. Not an *adequate* means. *Useless* to those who cannot read, have no time to read, or are not scholars. *Insufficient* even to scholars, for 1. How can they know it is the word of God? 2. How can they make out the meaning with certainty?

One of my officers remarked afterwards: "I guess the General never heard such sound doctrine about the Bible."

9th.—Sunday. Sermon on the Rule of Faith.

14th.—Was invited with two officers of my regiment, the Surgeon and the Colonel, and two or three officers from the other regiments of the brigade, to dine with Gen. Richardson and wife. We had quite a pleasant time.

16th—Sunday. Preached on the marks of the true religion. There is a true church or religion, *only one*, for truth is one. There can be but *one true* account of a fact, though there may be different accounts of it. It is *obligatory* to belong to this one true church.

Marks of the true church: 1. Descended from the Apostles without interruption; any church starting later is not the true church. Answer to the objection that the church had fallen into error and been reformed by Protestants. 2. Unchangeable. *Eadem semper et ubique.* 3. Unity of faith and principle of unity. 4. Universal.—Nothing local or national. 5. Uncompromising. 6. Deeming itself alone right. 7. Opposed by all, opposing all.

The Col. was present. He was not pleased and hardly ever came to Mass afterwards. Col. S. B. Hayman is an Episcopalian, a fair, honorable man, a great chess player, though he never plays on Sundays. He was at West Point with Grant. He is a widower (1862); has two sons; has been about 20 years in the regular army, in which he has the rank of Captain. He was invariably very kind to me. He was to be made General after the battle of Chancellorsville in May, 1863. Lincoln had given him a formal promise to that effect. On the

strength of this, I made him a present of a general's shoulder straps. His promotion was to come from Washington at the same time with that of Gen. B., who was to be made Major General. Gen. B. went to Washington and told Lincoln and others: "Hayman is a 'copper head;' do not promote him." He was not promoted. In reality he was a war Democrat but not a 'copper head,' as those who favored the South were then called. He subsequently went back to the regular army. In course of time he became Lieut. Colonel and was put on the reserved list, with that rank. In Jan., 1875, he came to New York. One of his first visits was to me. I was ever so anxious to make him a Catholic, but I am afraid he will never become one.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ART OF TRANSLATION.

"HE occupied himself with that most indolent of all modes of dealing with the classics,—that of translating them." So wrote somewhat splenetically one famous Oxford scholar of the last generation concerning another. "Never translate! Translation is the death of the understanding." Such was the dictum of a renowned German philologist of the same era, often repeated and enforced upon successive generations of his pupils.

In all these utterances there is a grain of truth, in the last one more than a grain. Yet all of them are absolutely and diametrically opposed to the apparent faith and certain practice of mankind. To this *false*, this *indolent*, this *disadvantageous* method of perusal, erudite minds, with unsparing industry, have in all ages been devoted.

"Never translate." But the world has continued and will always continue to translate. Our own nineteenth century is considered and described as a century of progress. Whatever it is or is not, it is certainly an age of translation. Almost all of our poets, from the beginning of the century, have experimented in this art. Byron translated on occasions. Shelley was beyond doubt a professed translator, and Tennyson has left a few noble specimens to show what he could have accomplished in this field had he chosen. Coleridge's renderings from Schiller are part of his very best work, and among the best translations of any kind. The

"Lake Poets" also were famous as translators.

What, then, is the wonderful fascination which induced these great men to impose such lengthy and arduous tasks upon themselves? Why this constant rendition of the different authors, whose works have been translated over and over again? The whole of Dante, of Homer, of Aeschylus, and the Odes of Horace,—these are works men never seem weary of translating into the vernacular. Surely there must be something in the nature of translation itself which renders it so congenial and so profitable an exercise of the mental faculties.

Considering the momentous part that translation has played in the intellectual development of the world, it may be well to know something about its nature and principles. Translation may be defined as, "the expression in another language of the thoughts already expressed in one language." Any person with a limited education can express his thoughts by using different terms in the same language, just as he explains himself to a child or uneducated person in simpler words and by using various terms. But in the translation of works worthy the name of "literature," there is more than the mere verbatim rendering to be considered,—there is the entire meaning, the soul of the author. Therefore the aim of the translator should be to produce the impression, as nearly as possible, like to that caused by the original.

But translation has another very important aim, never, perhaps, more important than at present, namely, to educate. That translation is reckoned as one of the very best, perhaps the very best of literary exercises, is certain. Whilst we concede the numerous advantages that are to be derived from original translation as a literary exercise, we

also admit that the translations themselves can be, and oftentimes are abused,—when, for example, they are used by our "classical" students, as they are called, in assisting them in the preparation of their lessons. Such translations are injurious to the discipline of the mind. They hinder the application of its faculties and habituate it to pass quickly over passages best adapted to sharpen the power of reasoning and cultivate the taste. They hinder solid knowledge and prevent real progress in the mastery of the language.

Such translations are beneficial to the student only after he has made considerable progress, and now desires to enter more fully into the spirit of the original; or to those who possess sufficient strength of character not to use a translation merely to lighten their daily work. And as such students are not too common, it is better not to encourage the use of translations in the study of the classics.

Written translations are probably the most important and, perhaps, the best method conceivable for obtaining full knowledge of the work which is being translated. It is not enough to be able to translate commonplace exercises or "themes" from one language to another. One should be able to discriminate, to appreciate and to imitate the style of the author, historian, or poet. Then and then only will the student learn and comprehend thoroughly the full beauty of these languages and of his own.

W. D. SCANLAN, '02.

THE TAX ON TEA.

Speech of Hon. Martin H. Glynn, M. C., in the House of Representatives,

Saturday, December 15th, 1900.

IN the course of a discussion concerning a bill to reduce the War-Revenue,— carried on in the House of Representatives, Dec. 15, 1900,— Hon. Martin H. Glynn, '94, made a witty and telling speech. We quote the following extract from the *Congressional Record:*

"Mr. CHAIRMAN: I am in favor of a sweeping reduction in the war-revenue tax. I am in favor of abolishing the tax on checks, telegrams, etc., and in making a considerable reduction in the tax on beer. I am also in favor of abolishing the tax on tea, if that be possible, or at least of cutting it down considerably.

"The gentleman from Massachusetts [MR. FITZGERALD] began his speech by referring to one hundred and twenty-five years ago when the Indians of Massachusetts declared war on a tea tax and tried to convert the briny waters of Boston Harbor into a sea of tea. Judging from the evident pride with which the gentleman from Boston told of that historical incident, I think that the members of this House are justified, from the spirit of pride which swelled his chest, and the smile of glory which decked his countenance, in concluding that in every Easterly breeze which sweeps over the city of beans and culture, Bostonians find a whiff of the aroma of that famous Boston tea party to which our English cousins of colonial days were unceremoniously invited to stay away.

"It is quite appropriate, Mr. Chairman, quiet

appropriate, indeed, that an Indian from Massachusetts should follow in the footsteps of those colonial Massachusetts Indians and declare here to-day a war on the tax on tea. It but shows him true to the traditions of his native heath and proves the truth of the maxim that history repeats itself.

"The estimable chairman of the Ways and Means Committee seems imbued with a little of the Tory determination to keep the tax on tea. In fact, he is inclined to keep the tax on everything save from what the members of this House compel him to take it off. He was opposed to making any material reduction in the tax on beer and he is opposed to taking any tax at all off tea. As one looks at the able and eloquent leader of the majority he is struck with the striking resemblance he bears to the pictures of Moses, and as one ponders over the position of this statesman on the proposition of reducing the tax on beer and on tea the conviction comes that this gentleman has determined to act like Moses and write a new commandment, which will read, 'Thou shalt not drink anything save water unless thou art willing to pay a tax.' [Laughter and applause.]

"Now, Mr. Chairman, I know that no member of this House personally consumes enough beer to care a straw whether or not there is a tax on that fluid. I know that all of them patronize exclusively the water tank out in the cloakroom and the buttermilk pan in the lunch parlor. But we, sovereign representatives of the people, are not here to legislate for ourselves, but for the masses of this great country. One of the speakers yesterday told us that the people were clamoring for a big reduction in the tax on beer. I do not know personally that this be true, but I take it that the gentleman who made the assertion knew what he was talking about, and under that supposition I would like to recall to the minds of those members of the House who are against making a reasonable reduction on beer the maxim, "Vox populi, vox Dei." [Laughter.]

The Fordhams, 1900.

* * * * *

"Right here and now, Mr. Chairman, I desire to call the attention of the members of this House to a few scientific facts. Professor Johnstone says that 'tea exhilarates without insensibly intoxicating.' The beverage doing that is a good beverage and is entitled to such legislation as will give the people the greatest amount of it for the least money. Professor Johnstone also says that 'tea excites the brain, increases activity, and produces wakefulness.' Now, the beverage doing that is good for a Congressman to drink in large quantities and should be as cheap as possible. For the sake of his constituents a Congressman needs a clear brain and lots of activity, and for his own sake he needs some beverage to keep him awake during some of the ponderous Websterian speeches in this House, and for this reason again am I in favor of cutting down the tax on tea. [Laughter and loud applause.]

"Moreover, Mr. Chairman, it needs no argumentation to prove that the ladies of our land—young maids, old maids, and housewifes—are in favor of reducing this tax on tea. The young maids because it makes cheaper the beverage of their society sprees and social tête-à-têtes; the old maids—and God bless them, for Robert Louis Stevenson was right when he called them the dearest dears on earth—because it makes less expensive their matutinal sipping and their nightcap quaffing of the drink that makes them dream of those saddest words of tongue or pen, 'It might have been;' and the housewifes, as one of them wrote me the day before yesterday, because the tea-leaves with which she keeps down the dust when she sweeps her parlor carpet are costing too much and the tax on leaves used to keep down the dust ought to be lowered, instead of a tax being kept on to raise '*the dust*' for a useless surplus." [Laughter and applause.]

The Fordham Monthly

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SANCTUM.

IN this, our holiday edition, the MONTHLY takes occasion to wish its many friends the choicest blessings of the New Year. Our gratitude is due to our Reverend Father Rector and the other members of the Faculty, to whom we are indebted for the education we are receiving, both moral

and intellectual. Our hearts would be cold indeed did we not feel grateful for the good done us by their examples and their lives.

Our parents, of course, who are after God our greatest benefactors, should receive the chief share of our good wishes for the New Year. To them we are indebted for the means which secure our education and for the many sacrifices which our residence at College necessarily entails upon them and our families. Our lives, we trust, will prove to them that their efforts are not in vain, and our conduct will reward them for their labors in our behalf.

To our fellow-students, who have shared with us the haps and mishaps incidental to college life, —those little ties which bind us closer together— to each and all we extend most cordial greetings.

Finally, to the "Old Boys," our elder brothers, so many of whom have shown themselves loyal to St. John's—to these also their Alma Mater sends friendly wishes. It is true that some of her grown up sons never darken her portals; but like the good Mother that she is, she still hopes on, waiting patiently for the day of their return. To one and all she sends a mother's blessing.

* * *

To our many patrons, amongst whom we place first our advertisers, we wish a successful business year. Were it not for the substantial support which we receive from them, our college paper would soon cease to exist. We ask our friends not to forget them, but to "patronize those who patronize us." We can say with truth that only honest and reliable business houses are represented in our advertising columns.

We must not forget, either, to speak a good word for our printers. The MONTHLY is printed at the New York Catholic Protectory, and it is only just to say that both the Brothers and those in their employ have done all in their power to make the MONTHLY for the past year a success.

* * *

The schedule for next spring's games has been announced, embracing those arranged up to date. One need but give it a cursory glance to perceive that the management has succeeded in arranging a series of games of which Fordham may justly feel proud. Several prominent games are still pending, and by the time the schedule is completed "open dates" will be conspicuous for their absence.

The fact that many of the large colleges have anticipated us in requesting games, and been very anxious to arrange return games, augurs very well for our prominence in the baseball world. This shows most clearly that Fordham has made a reputation, and it rests with her students and alumni to decide whether she shall retain her position or relinquish it, which without their moral and financial support she will certainly be forced to do.

The season tickets will make their appearance immediately after the holidays, and we hope to see each and every student and alumnus show his interest in Fordham sport by purchasing at least one of them. However, as the supply is not limited, he may have as many more as he wishes.

* * *

In one of the college magazines for December we noticed a severe, but at the same time very

just criticism of Marie Corelli's late work "The Master Christian." Too long has this authoress been permitted to enact the part of a heterodox "*poseur*" without rebuke. Her very dedication, "To all those churches who quarrel in the name of Christ," gives the reader a faint idea of what he may expect to find between the covers of her book,—but only a faint idea, for the spirit of unbelief contained in it surpasses the expectations even of those who are thoroughly acquainted with the skepticism of the writer. We cannot but regret the fact that one endowed with the intellectual powers of this writer should not direct her talents into other channels and leave her "pet whim" entirely out of the question. In her we certainly have a glaring and pitiful example of perverted genius.

* * *

In one of the late monthly magazines a merited rebuke is given to those who are subject to "affectation." The article is a criticism of terms which are used in scientific writing, but the evil is not confined alone to this line, as there is room for improvement in fiction and other literature also. It says that the simple stanza in which the earth's composition used to be summed-up for the young :—

> "Little drops of water,
> Little grains of sand,
> Make the mighty ocean
> And the pleasant land."—

will soon appear thus, unless a halt is called in science :

> "Infinitesimal particles of saline, humetive fluidity,
> Minute corpuscles of non-adhering organic matter,
> Conjointly cause to exist the immeasurable expanse of aqueous sections,
> And their splendent superficial area of dry solidity."

It is encouraging to note the large number of books which are being taken from the Library. The Secretary's report shows that the number of books read during the past term far exceeds that of past years. Of course fiction greatly predominates, which shows that we, too, are infected by the weakness of the present age, but good fiction may produce a taste for more solid "brain food."

We sometimes notice in the big public libraries that a spirit of impatience prevails and that anyone wishing to spend a quiet hour in reading is looked upon as somewhat of an intruder. But such is not the case here. The librarians do their best to try to remove all difficulties in obtaining books so that the students shall not be subject to any inconvenience or delay, and the system of distributing books which they have adopted is meeting with universal approval. The new catalogue, upon which so much time and labor have been spent, is now on sale, and we urge each and every student to secure one in order to further the interests of the library.

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We take this occasion to congratulate our sister college, Holy Cross, on her recent victory in the debate with Harvard.

D. J. HAGGERTY, '01.

CAPTAIN GRANGER ADAMS.

Third Military Instructor at St. John's College, 1893-1895.

IN our series of articles reviewing the history of the Cadets at Fordham, we have now come down to the date of October, 1893, when Lieutenant (now Colonel) Clarence R. Edwards was succeeded in command by the subject of the present article.

Granger Adams entered the United States Military Academy at West Point on July 1st, 1872. On June 15th, 1876, he received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the 5th Artillery. He was graduated from the Artillery School in 1882, and on March 30th, 1884, he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant in the same battery. It was while holding this commission that he was detailed as Military Instructor at Fordham, which appointment he held from October, 1893, until June, 1895, when he was transferred to West Point as Instructor with the rank of Captain. On Sept. 19th, 1898, he was made Captain of the 7th Artillery. Within the past year he has been transferred to Fort Adams, R. I., where he holds the position of Captain and Adjutant, 7th Artillery.

Though his stay at Fordham was brief, less than two years, Lieut. Adams' detail marked an important epoch in the history of our Cadets. Each succeeding year of cadet life at Fordham had brought with it new features in the development of military science, and Lieut. Adams was not behind his predecessors in his efforts to have

this development continue. It was under his command that the day students were enlisted in the Cadet Battalion, thus notably increasing its numbers, and making it possible to devote considerable attention to platoon drill.

Inspector-General Hughes, on the occasion of his official visit of inspection, May 12th, 1894, expressed himself as well pleased with the proficiency attained by the officers and the interest displayed by the cadets in general. This was the more creditable as his visit was unexpected and no special preparations had been made for the inspection.

The Competitive Drill, held on June 10th, 1895, gave another proof of the proficiency attained by the Cadets under Lieutenant Adams. So carefully were the various movements executed that the judge of the competition, Captain Yeatman, 14th U. S. Infantry, was unable to render a decision until the prize had been decided by the dress-parade. In giving his decision, Captain Yeatman said that he had seen the battalions of most of the colleges and that their drilling was much inferior to that which he had witnessed at the competition. Coming from a man of his experience, these remarks were high praise.

In the fall of 1894, some new and interesting features of military science were introduced, notably, the method of signaling by means of the Heliograph, and regular practice in artillery drill by means of the two field pieces supplied by the government. Even during the Christmas holidays the Lieutenant contrived on several occasions to entertain a number of the boys who remained at the College by taking them out on signaling expeditions and explaining to them the mysteries of the art.

On June 12th, 1895, Lieutenant Adams delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture in the College hall. He chose as his subject the formation, administration and discipline of the army. In developing the last point Lieut. Adams pointed out that discipline, properly understood, does not mean continual punishment, even when inflicted by way of correction and training. This may be discipline of a certain kind, but nothing is further from true discipline, whose prime characteristics are cheerfulness and self-respect. A soldier is properly disciplined when he cheerfully obeys every proper order of his superior, carrying into his obedience a desire to carry out as fully as possible the will and intention as well as the letter of his order. Such discipline does not admit of discussion as to the propriety of an order, but is prompt and unquestioning.

"Discipline is a moral condition, and is the result of instruction and training. It shows in every position in which a soldier is placed. And possessing it, the presence of his superior is not needed to make him perform his duty faithfully and well. It is the crowning virtue of a soldier, and no soldier can be really great without it. It is the basis of all moral strength in an army: it has won more victories than all other causes combined, and when unable to win victory, has often prevented rout and destruction."

Lieutenant Adams' efforts in behalf of the Cadets were characterized by thoughtfulness and energy. In the fall of the year the drill consisted solely of "setting up" exercises. After a month or two the manual of arms was introduced, a rifle being assigned each cadet. The monotony of indoor winter drill was relieved by instruction in the

bayonet exercise. When spring came a new and pleasing feature was introduced, known as extended-order drill.

On Commencement Day, June, 1895, Lieutenant Adams concluded his duties at the College, in accordance with an order from the War Department, relieving him of command at Fordham and assigning him as Instructor to West Point with the rank of Captain. On this occasion Lieut. Adams was presented with a handsome pair of field glasses and an elegant silver mounted cane, as a token of the esteem in which he was held by his Fordham friends.

Lieutenant Adams' command was characterized by justice, firmness and reason. His mild manner, combined with strength of character and attention to details, won him the esteem of all. He showed in his own person those qualities which, in his lecture, he said should characterize the true Captain—courage, justice, and honor.

A TRIBUTE TO LIEUT. SQUIERS.

THE December *Century* contained the following account of an episode which occurred during the siege of the legations at Peking. The article was written by W. N. Pethick, Secretary to Li Hung Chang. Mr. Pethick is an American and writes from the American point of view.

"On the night of July 3, at the close of the fourteenth day of the siege of the Peking legations, a thrilling incident occurred involving the fate of the Europeans and Americans—a struggle the issue of which was awaited with agonizing suspense by the thousand men, women and children who would be speedily butchered in case of failure, for the enemy was Gen. Tung Fuhsiang, once a Mohammedan rebel chief, who, with his bloodthirsty horde of bandit soldiers, had sworn to exterminate foreigners and had now gained a free hand against us in Peking.

"At dusk on that evening the Chinese began their final approach by building out from one end of their nearest breastwork a brick wall curving outward into the bastion to avoid our direct fire, and heading for the end of our barricade; it was really connecting the ends of two hostile breastworks by a semicircular wall. The work was done silently and quickly; bricks were pushed forward from behind cover and piled up without exposing the workers. From their loopholes our men could see this terrible wall grow higher and nearer, and knew that they would soon be exposed to a

plunging fire from high above them and from their flank. They felt helpless, and were still under the influence of former panics, which arose from overestimating the value of Chinese soldiers and being too much impressed by mere numbers without courage. They accepted the theory that 'the position is untenable'—a phrase with which they had become too familiar from the lips of one of their own officers.

"At length, after dark, the reserve rations were brought down into the legation, and it became known that the American position on the wall was to be abandoned. The hour of trial had come. Our dispirited men were about to let go their stronghold. Before morning the whole south wall would be lined with savage enemies, whose musketry would soon be followed by artillery fire raking all the legations from end to end. The terrible fate of hundreds of women and children, of the helpless in the hospital, the aged and feeble and finally of the thin line of defenders—all this, and the finishing work of the sword passed through the minds of those who waited without hope.

"But the hour produced the man. To Herbert G. Squiers, first secretary of the United States legation at Peking, late first lieutenant of the Seventh United States Cavalry, belongs the merit of saving this deplorable situation. His training in a branch of the army service where promptness and energy are especially necessary, and his two years' careful study of Chinese character and institutions, had fitted him for the needs of this trying time.

"For this important service, as well as for the captaincy he had shown from the first, Major Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, who had

been selected by all the nationalities present here to be commander-in-chief of our little force, paid Mr. Squiers the compliment of appointing him chief of staff. When Sir Claude parted with his staff at the end of the siege, he handed to Mr. Squiers the following letter:

Peking, August 18, 1900.

My Dear Squiers: A few lines to thank you most heartily for the excellent and loyal support which you have at all times given me during the siege. That it has been brought to so successful an issue is very largely due to your ability and foresight, and I only hope that if ever I am in a tight hole it may be my good fortune to have so good a man to turn to.

SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD."

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

December.

The Thanksgiving holidays ended on Sunday evening, Dec. 2d, at 6 P. M. Nearly all of the students returned promptly, and were present at Benediction, which was given at 6:15. In the evening, recreation was extended to 8:30, and after a short time in study-hall all went to early bed. Studies began next morning, Monday. The following Saturday, however, again brought us a holiday, being the feast of the Immaculate Conception. From this time less than two weeks remained until the closing day, Dec. 20th. This time passed very quickly. The weather was very pleasant, and we enjoyed a week or two of good skating before the Christmas holidays began. The principal sport, besides the skating, was hockey, though as yet no outside games have been played.

First Friday.

On Friday, Dec. 7th, being the first Friday, the customary Mass of Exposition was celebrated by Rev. Father Raymond, S. J., followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A large number of the students received Holy Communion during the Mass. A pleasing feature was the appearance of the Sacred Heart Badge, which most of the students wore during Mass. The St. John's Hall boys, as usual, were conspicuous for the number who practiced this act of devotion. During the month of December, 10,608 "Good

Works" were performed for the intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Immaculate Conception.

Saturday, Dec. 8th, feast of the Immaculate Conception, was a full holiday. At 9 A. M. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the church by Rev. Father Raymond, S. J., assisted by Rev. Father Bridges, S. J., Deacon, and Mr. Sullivan, S. J., Subdeacon. Leonard's Mass in F was well rendered by the College Choir, under the direction of Mr. Donovan, S. J. In the evening a sermon appropriate to the feast was delivered by Rev. Father Mahony, S. J., Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed, at which Rev. Father Rector officiated.

Visitors.

During the past month we have numbered amongst our visitors Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., ex-Rector of St. John's; Rev. Father Clos, S. J., who is connected with the Observatory conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at Manila; and Rev. Father Keelan, S. J., the Treasurer of Boston College.

Mr. Alan G. Burrow, '90, accompanied by his wife, paid us a short visit during the early part of the month, and went away well pleased with the improvements which have been made at St. John's within the last decade. Among the "Old Boys" recorded in the "register" are Thos. Gaffney Taaffe, '90; James A. Treacy, 1900; Michael Larkin, 1900; George Seep; Peter Meagher, '98; and George Rooney.

Christmas Holidays.

The Christmas holidays began on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 20th. After the reading of the marks for December, Rev. Father Rector complimented the students on the good work done during the past term, and the high marks attained in the various classes. After a few remarks concerning the conduct to be expected from a college boy during vacation, and extending to all good wishes for the holidays, he announced that the Christmas vacation would begin immediately. This came in the nature of a pleasant surprise to many, as it was understood that the holidays began next day, Friday. It was a surprise, however, from which all quickly recovered and soon the old halls were again deserted, and now "Peace reigns."

Christmas at the College.

About twenty-five of the students spent the holidays at the College and enjoyed themselves as well as boys can who are away from home at Christmas. All attended the Midnight Mass on Christmas night, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Rector. The community and most of the boys received Holy Communion at this Mass and attended the Mass of thanksgiving which followed. Amongst those present were Jos. J. Marrin, '69; Hugh E. McLaughlin, '93; P. Paulding Brant, John T. Delaney, and George V. Grainger, '97; Chas. E. Sterling, '98, A. M.; John J. McGowan, '99; George A. Daly, 1900; Selden McLaughlin; Wm. Keating; and August Meise.

The Invincibles, 1900.

Christmas Sermons. The Fathers of the Community were in demand on Christmas Day, as the following list of Christmas sermons will show: Rev. Father Rector preached at New Rochelle; Father Cunningham at St. Elizabeth's Church; Father Bridges at Mamaroneck; Father Mahony at Larchmont; Father Fox at Brooklyn; Father Minister, Father Stanton and Father Raymond at White Plains; Father Ziegler at Newburgh; Father O'Hara at Bridgeport; Father O'Carroll at Williamsbridge; and Father Renaud at Brooklyn. In New York City Father Coughlan preached at St. Jerome's Church; Father Wallace at St. Angela Merici's Church; Father Gleason at the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus; Father Casten at the Sacred Heart Church; and Father McGinney at St. Mary's Church.

Death. Oliver J. Hackett, S. J., a Fordham boy of the class of '97, died at Woodstock College, Md., Thursday, Dec. 20th, 1900. Mr. Hackett left the College after completing First Grammar (Freshman) and entered the Society of Jesus in August, 1894. After spending five years at Frederick, Md., he entered upon his Philosophical course at the Scholasticate in Woodstock and was in his second year at the time of his death. We hope in our next issue to give a more extended notice of his edifying life.

Condolence. The MONTHLY extends sincere condolence to Mr. Wm. H. Hurst, '72, on the loss of his eldest daughter, who died during the month. At the funeral Mass which was celebrated

in St. Elizabeth's Church on Wednesday, Dec. 26th, there were present Rev. Father Rector, also the Rev. Fathers Dougherty, '63; Slattery, '72; O'Dwyer, '84; and Halpin, '86; besides many of the Alumni.

BATTALION NOTES. *

ORDERS, NO. 1.

Subject to the approval of the Rev. Father Rector, the following appointments are made in the Battalion of Cadets :—

Capt. and Adjutant	Kane, Arthur M. A.
Capt. and Quartermaster	Curley, William
Capt. Co. "A"	Harrington, Richard
Capt. Co. "B"	Heide, Henry
1st Lieu't. Co. "A"	Donohue, John J.
1st Lieu't. Co. "B"	Sullivan, John D.
2d Lieu't. Co. "A"	Haggerty, Dennis
2d Lieu't. Co. "B"	Edebohls, Alphonse
1st Serg't. Co. "A"	Mitchell, Edward J.
1st Serg't. Co. "B"	McLaughlin, Selden B.
Serg'ts. Co. "A"	Magee, Edward A. Oldshue, Valentine Keating, William A. Hinchliffe, William J.
Serg'ts. Co. "B"	Donnelly, Francis F. Ewald, Andrew J. Murn Charles J. O'Brien, Edward J.
Corporals. Co. "A"	Delli Paoli, Raphael Clark, James P. Callan, Edward F. Lombard, J. Oswald.
Corporals. Co. "B"	McCormick, James S. Murray, William J. Ruhl, Henry L. Haffen, Louis J.
Serg't Major	Krauss, Victor P.
Quartermaster Serg't	Eckert, Whitney
Serg'ts—Drillmasters of Recruits	Blauvelt, John W. Fitzpatrick, James
Serg't of Drum and Fife Corps	Swetnam, Edward

* Omitted by mistake in our last issue.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly

By order of

J. EGAN, Major, U. S. A.,

Military Instructor.

ORDERS, NO. 2.

The officers, according to the appointments published in Orders No. 1, will join their proper companies at the next drill on Tuesday, November 13th, at 3:15 P. M.

By order of

J. EGAN, Major, U. S. A.,

Military Instructor.

ORDERS, NO. 3.

The names of those who are present for drill without the full uniform are to be reported by the officers of their respective companies.

By order of

J. EGAN, Major, U. S. A.,

Military Instructor.

FORDHAMENSIA.

THE Hockey team has put in some good practice the past month under the efficient leadership of Fogarty, '03,—captain pro tem. The ice on the pond has been of a very fine quality and the men are anxiously looking forward to the first game, which will be played soon after the Christmas holidays.

Fogarty is easily a leader in the fine points of the game. Swetnam, Donohue, Curley and Harrington are doing remarkably well and their positions on the team are almost a certainty. Of the other men little as yet can be said, but it is safe to predict that the first representative hockey team of Fordham will be a most successful one.

The leave-taking at Christmas as the student starts for home is undoubtedly one of the most joyous occasions of the scholastic year. Everyone desires to wish everyone else a "Merry Christmas" and the easiest way for a body of students to do this is to gather and give their college cheers, class cheers, club cheers, and all other kinds of cheers and yells, until the old halls ring with "Hoo's" and "Rah's."

At Fordham we know how to cheer, as is evident to the Faculty and our Professors, who are cheered to the echo. On the journey to the Grand Central Station, the football warrior and the baseball hero and the track-team idol are cheered until

even the most passive passengers are inclined to believe a lunatic asylum has broken loose.

Reaching the city, one party starts for New England, another for "Up State," a third for the South, and another for the West; and before another day and night have passed the Fordham cheers can be heard in Boston, Buffalo, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and in truth in almost every state east of the Mississippi.

The baseball management is to be heartily congratulated on its fine schedule of games recently put on the bulletin-boards. We note with especial pleasure that Yale, Cornell, and U. of P. will again meet us on our grounds.

When we return after Christmas the Billiard-Room will present a new appearance. The tables, re-covered and re-cushioned, will make this sport truly a pleasure.

J. S. McCormick, '03.

JUNIOR HALL.

On Nov. 24th, the Actives went to Wakefield, N. Y., but on account of the rain they did not play.

On Dec. 8th, the Goblins played the last game of the schedule, defeating the "Hustlers."
Score: Goblins, 36,; Hustlers, 0.

The officers of the Sodality of the Holy Angels are: Prefect, W. J. Murray; First Assistant, C. J. Murn; Second Assistant, E. O'Brien; First Lector, M. Linnehan; Second Lector, W. Fallon; Secretary, R. Delli Paoli Consultors, J. Kelly and John Radel.

During the holidays the "cage" will be placed in its position in the "Gym" and the day after our return the candidates for the Invincible baseball team will begin to practise. A large number of candidates have already handed in their names to Capt. W. Murray, and it is expected that this year's team will be the best in some years. Manager E. O'Brien is arranging a schedule which will even surpass last year's.

CHAS. J. MURN, '03.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

NINETEEN hundred years now have passed since the Son of the Virgin Mary was born in Bethlehem. The angel Gabriel, as we well know, was sent to Nazareth, a little town in Galilee, to a virgin called Mary. That she was poor in the goods of this life we cannot doubt but in virtues she was rich. On the silent night that Christ was born the shepherds were carefully watching their flocks, not a long distance from Bethlehem, when an angel sent by the Lord appeared to them, and a light from heaven shone round about them and fear came upon them; but the angel bade them fear not.

"Fear not," he said, "for I come to announce to you tidings of great joy. In Bethlehem a Child is just born, the Lord and Saviour of mankind."

As a sign of this truth they would find a child wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. The shepherds hastened to go to Bethlehem as soon as the angel disappeared, and there they found the holy Child lying in a manger.

The winter was wild and the snow still covered the little house where the crib of the Infant God was, while the breath of the kine warmed the Child in His Mother's arms. In the meantime, the humble shepherds presented their innocent lambs, and prostrate before their Maker sang hymns to Him.

Silent was the night wherein our Saviour began to live upon the earth, and bright was the day in which the Creator saw the light for the first time. The poor shepherds, full of joy, came back home to tell their children :—

> "Come to Bethlehem, come and see
> Him whose birth the angels sing;
> Come, adore on bended knee
> Th' Infant Christ, the new-born King."

The birth of Christ took place in Herod's reign. And behold, there came wise men from Jerusalem, saying: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star, and are come to adore Him."

And when Herod heard this, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him. And assembling the chief priests of the people, he inquired of them where Christ should be born. But the answer was: "In Bethlehem of Judea. For so the prophet said, 'And thou, Bethlehem, the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come forth the Ruler who shall rule my people Israel.'"

The king Herod sent the wise men to Bethlehem and said to them: "Go and inquire after the Child, and when you have found Him, bring me word again, that I also may go and adore Him."

The men, guided by the star, reached the spot where the Child was. And entering the house, they found Him with Mary, His Mother; and they offered Him their best gifts—gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Oh, sweet is the old story of that joyous night in Bethlehem! In remembrance of that night we still celebrate the happy feast of Christmas.

JOSEPH BELDEN, *Fourth Academic.*

The Tyros closed the football season on Saturday, Dec. 8th, in a game with the Belmonts of Tremont and won by a score of 21 to 0, although the Belmonts easily outweighed them. In the absence of one of our players we called upon Rodriguez, a former Tyro, who played a very good game, making a run of about 15 yards and some fine tackles. Other good features of the game were the line bucking of J. Hinchliffe and the runs of W. McGovern and J. Suarez. McGovern was stopped from making a touchdown by one of our young hopefuls who was giving an exhibition of trick riding in the middle of the field.

Everybody who has skates and can use them has been enjoying himself lately, as the ice has been very good.

Our capt. and quarterback, Paul Gleises, has recovered from the effects of the game with the New Rochelles, thanks to the care of Brother Infirmarian.

The Minims have had more games than any other team on the Division, as they have a very enterprising capt in Richard Lopez.

The line up is as follows: G. Richter, C.; H Hewes, R. G.; J. Safford, L. G.; J. McGraw, R. T.; J. Keller, L. T.; V. O'Reilly, R. E.; E. Kraft, R. H. B.; J. Suarez, F. B.; R. Lopez, L. H. B., (Capt.); J. Curley, L. E.; L. Murray, Q. B.

After the Xmas vacations we hope to have a Billiard and a Pool Tournament. A silver cup and saucer and a gold ring inlaid with turquoise have been put up as prizes for the winners of Billiards and Pool respectively.

Imagine our surprise when, a few days ago, we found on entering the locker room a number of new brass bed-steads. The whole lower dormitory is now fitted out with them. They are as comfortable as they are pretty. We all hope to have them after Xmas.

The small boys had a game of basketball amongst themselves and the side of which V. O Reilly was capt. won by a score of 8 to 2, the winners being V. O'Reilly (capt)., J. Curley, A. Mackay, J. McGraw, I. Amor, F. Cella, J. Safford and R. Lopez. The prize, a beautiful book, was won by F. Cella.

The day-scholars, thinking that they had a fine basketball team, challenged the boarders, but the boarders won by the score 6 to 0. The winning side was as follows: A. Lombard (Capt)., J. Coogan, J. Suarez, V. O'Reilly, J. Hinchliffe, F. Cella and L. Curley. V. O'Reilly won the prize.

The prizes offered by the MONTHLY for the best compositions were awarded to Joseph Belden and Joseph Coogan. The subjects of the compositions were, "The First Christmas," and "St. John's Hall." The writers were presented with two pretty books.

NESTOR LATTARD, *Third Academic.*

ATHLETICS.

BASEBALL.

Following is the schedule of games arranged to date:

March	30—Princeton	at	Princeton.
April	3—Yale	at	Fordham.
"	13—C. C. N. Y.	at	"
"	24—Lafayette	at	"
"	26—Tufts	at	Boston.
"	27—Holy Cross	at	Worcester.
May	1—Univ. of Rochester	at	Fordham.
"	2—Cornell	at	"
"	4—Lafayette	at	Easton.
"	11—Orange A. C.	at	Orange.
"	18—Crescent A. C.	at	Bay Ridge.
"	21—Holy Cross	at	Fordham.
"	25—Lehigh Univ.	at	"
"	30—Orange A. C. (2 games)	at	Orange.
June	1—Trinity	at	Fordham.
"	6—Carlisle Indians	at	"
"	18—Lehigh	at	Bethlehem.

Games pending:—Yale at New Haven; Syracuse at Syracuse, and at Fordham; Tufts at Fordham; C. C. N. Y., New York University and St. Francis Xavier's.

J. J. Donohue, Mgr.

EXCHANGES.

THE story in the college journal is fast gaining a popularity that augurs well for those whose talents incline them to fiction. The short story, "How the Little Forresters Spent Thanksgiving," is one of a number of neat compositions which add a literary flavor to the pages of *The Loretto Magazine*. The story in question is novel and interesting. The characters are true to life, and the description of the sleigh ride through the forest, the grand Thanksgiving dinner which awaited the young hero and heroine, and the old homestead where lived their grandfather and grandmother, is decidedly picturesque and natural. It is to be hoped that this style of composition will be persevered in, as it is decidedly beneficial to the imagination and the power of invention. The genius of Poe, someone has said, found freer and nobler expression in his short stories than in his poems. Indeed, the poet is quoted as having said that the short story was the only kind of story that was worth reading, since the whole meaning and inspiration of the author would be grasped at one quick perusal, while in a long story, before the reader had reached the end he had forgotten the beginning, or at least retained but a hazy recollection of it.

A very pretty poem is that entitled "Shadows." The recollections of those who long ago had passed away glide like shadows through the mind of the writer, summoning up all that the past held treasured in its bosom. The metre is without fault, the ideas are clear and the thought is tender and pathetic.

That Wordsworth was a poet of nature is clearly shown in the *William and Mary College*

Monthly, by the writer of "Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality." In this great poem the poet shows his intense love of nature, and his keen appreciation of the beauty which lies hidden in every object with which God has adorned the world. The cloud which rolled through the heavenly azure seemed to his vivid fancy some massive castle whose frowning battlements commanded the world. The verdant forests rustling in the gentle breeze or the placid surface of some woodland stream, reflecting in its bosom the glory of the sun-lit sky, were to him the poetry of life. In his Ode the poet laments the nameless glory and the exquisite charm of childhood. In the fifth verse is introduced that grand, almost divine idea of a previous existence, which is the centrepiece of the Ode. The essay is well written, the style is easy and graceful and the diction is good.

The October number of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* prints some letters from South Africa which are full of exciting incidents and vivid descriptions. We have no doubt that this feature in trans-Atlantic journalism must have special interest to all Englishmen who are deeply absorbed in the Boer War. In these accounts it is surprising how the "beggars," as the enemy are called, always seem to outnumber the British, and are such poor marksmen, but this low estimate of the Boer as a fighter is evidently due, we suppose, to an over supply of patriotic fervor on the part of the "hero at the front." The poem entitled "*Sedes Sapientiæ*" is a very worthy effort. The style is easy and graceful, and the metre particularly pleasant.

The Catacombs of ancient Rome are described in an interesting manner in the November issue of the *Fleur de Lis*. The sacred places where the saints and martyrs of the early Church served their God and gave their lives in defence of their faith are of especial interest to all Catholics. The Catacombs are in charge of the Trappists

appointed by Pope Leo XIII. They have established a monastery near by, which makes it convenient for them to act as guides and guardians of those hallowed vaults of the early Christians, whose heroic deaths made festive sport for brutal Rome.

The *St. Mary's Sentinel* gives us for November a clever poem entitled "The Songs of Long Ago." The writer makes use of a strange ringing metre whose effect, however, is a happy one. The songs of long ago bring back sweet memories on their echoing wings. There is a strain of pathos in this verse which especially recommends it to the reader.

By far the most interesting article in the *College of Charleston Magazine* is a descriptive narrative of a trip in the mountains entitled "Our Mountain Host." The writer carries the reader in fancy up from the slopes of the vale toward the snowy peaks which rival the clouds in their crystal splendor. The description of the mountaineer and his lonely cabin is picturesque and true to nature.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, '01.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Troubled Heart and How It was Comforted at Last. By Charles Warren Stoddard. *The Ave Maria.* Cloth, 75 cts.

In this little autobiography the author gives us the history of his religious opinions, and traces the steps which led him gradually into the Catholic Church. The various phases of his religious beliefs, as he passed from one sect to another vainly seeking for the truth, with the inevitable result of his final disbelief in all, are told in a singularly clear and forcible manner. The author's style is like a pure crystal beneath which we see most clearly the workings of an earnest soul searching for the light. That light, thank God, was found at last, where Christ left it, in the keeping of the Catholic Church.

As one reads the book the thought forces itself upon the mind, how many there are in Mr. Stoddard's position, who for reasons unknown to us never succeed in finding the light which he has found, but even to the last remain sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Would that this beautiful book could be put into the hands of all those whose souls are afflicted like his and whose lives are but the history of "a troubled heart."

Life of the Very Rev. Felix De Andreis, C. M. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price, $1.25, net.

Received too late for review in this number.

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Fourth Military Instructor at St. John's College,

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MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

My Mother! when on thy sweet face I gaze,
Though only on the artist's scroll 'tis graven,
My heart cries out that, dark though seem life's ways,
Our earth has yet a kinship strong with heaven;
That world is surely loved of God
Which thou for many years hast trod,
And hast the sweetness of thy presence given!

With memory's aid I span the lengthened years
And weary miles which fain our loves would part;
And each fond thought, and all my longing tears,
Seem angels whispering to my restless heart:
"Wait only yet a little while,
And, welcoming, thy mother's smile
Shall bid more happy tears of joy to start."

And as I wait that meeting's hour of bliss,
Thy image in my heart of hearts I wear;
With feverish lips thy pictured brow I kiss,
And bless thy distant forehead with a prayer,
That on the wings of love shall fly
To meet my angel in the sky,
That both to thee my heart's hid thoughts may bear.

Oh! may I never cause that cheek to blush,
Nor for thy heart's glad throbbings forge a chain!
But, till my life's warm flood shall cease to rush,
Still hear thee say: "He never caused me pain."
And, Mother, when my life-work's done,
God grant I die thy worthy son!
And, after death, be born to thee again!

CHAS. A. WINGERTER, '87.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, the "Liberator" of Ireland, was born in August, 1775, at Cahirciveen in the County of Kerry. He received his early education at a classical school in Redington, the first school publicly opened to Catholics after the repeal of those laws which made it penal for Roman Catholics to educate their children. His higher education he received at St. Omers, and in 1798, after five years study of law, he was admitted to the Irish Bar. At the same time he entered politics. He took an active interest in all meetings, and by his great genius and powerful eloquence soon became known as the leader of the Irish Catholics.

To realize fully the obstacles O'Connell had to overcome, and the difficulties he had to surmount, it is necessary to know England's attitude toward Ireland at that time. On the ninth of April, 1793, the Act of Catholic Relief received the royal assent. The political enemies of O'Connell, arguing from this fact, claim that it is absurd to name Daniel O'Connell the liberator of a people who, by their own wise and manly conduct, had attained such a position when he was only a boy of eighteen. But what was this act of Catholic Relief and what relief did it give to Irish Catholics? It allowed them to vote, but only under a Protestant landlord, and for a Protestant candidate. They were allowed to sit on juries, but only when it was pleasing to a Protestant sheriff. The

Catholics were entitled to offices of trust and honor, but those who had the appointment of these offices considered it a solemn duty to uphold Protestant ascendency. The patronage of the crown was exercised wholly and solely on Protestant principles.

The act was a relief to Catholics, but it was far indeed from giving them their rights. It remained for Daniel O'Connell, truly called their "Liberator," to obtain for them some semblance of rights; and when we view O'Connell's life, it seems that he was born for the occasion. When he was old enough to go to school, the law permitting Catholic parents to educate their children was first passed. When he had completed his college course, the law prohibiting Catholics from studying law was repealed; and later in life, when by his great efforts he had obtained the glory of his life, Catholic Emancipation, he was the first Irish Catholic to enter Parliament.

The passage of this bill, the Catholic Emancipation, was only obtained after years of ceaseless and indefatigable toil and suffering; for the entire burden of the cause and its consequent labors was thrown on O'Connell. He himself says that for twenty years he had to arrange the meetings, to propose the resolutions, to furnish replies to correspondence, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and inflammatory, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to war against the powerful and multitudinous enemies of his cause. Such was the work which O'Connell had to do, and to do it gratuitously. He had the whole power of the government which had conquered Napoleon arrayed against him. He had the very man who had given

Napoleon his final defeat opposed to him at every point. He had, as it were, to lead his people out of bondage, and to evade as far as possible the unjust laws which were constantly passed to harass and balk his designs.

But nothing daunted O'Connell. He undertook the seemingly impossible task of obtaining rights for his oppressed race, and he gave all the energy of his life, his remarkable genius and wonderful eloquence, for their cause. He formed an association under the name of the "Catholic Board," and when this was forbidden by law, it changed its name to the "Catholic Committee," and this being repressed, it became known as the "Catholic Association." Instead of dying when repressed, it merely changed its name, and only lived a stronger life. This association, inspired by O'Connell, grew in greatness and increased in its strength until from a few individuals it consisted of millions.

In the metropolis and village, in the market place, on the mountain, everywhere throughout Ireland, the eloquent voice of O'Connell was heard in the battle for Catholic emancipation. Stirring the people to indignation and action by his words, he finally roused them to such a pitch that, in 1828, he was elected a member of Parliament for the County of Clare. But the laws of England forbade him to take the oath of office. It had the effect, however, of arousing the House of Parliament to the fact that it must at last give heed to the rights of the Irish Catholics. The question was taken up and the bars which had for years kept the Irish Catholic out of Parliament were finally removed. The ambition of O'Connell's life was at last gratified, and the Irish Catholic

was given a part of his rights. He held his seat in Parliament until 1842, when as the chief advocate of an act entitled the "Repeal of the Union," he and several others, at the instigation of Robert Peel, were convicted of sedition, sentenced to be imprisoned for a year and to pay a fine of £2,000. On appeal to the House of Lords this judgment was reversed, and O'Connell with his fellow-prisoners, after three months imprisonment, were released. Though released, the spirit of O'Connell was broken. Imprisonment had not injured his body, but it had entered his soul. The animus, the passion, and the eloquence that had stirred his followers and fired their hearts with enthusiasm was gone. Broken in spirit, he could no longer reign.

Though the greater part of O'Connell's life was spent as a legislator, still a great part of it was devoted to law, and his success in this profession was no less than his success had been as the champion of Irish rights. That he was able at the bar we can easily realize. We know that he was industrious, studious and ambitious. He had great genius, wonderful eloquence, and a remarkable capacity for work. Such qualifications must surely have made him a great lawyer. Stronger proofs of this are given, however, by the deeds which he accomplished.

Irishmen differing in political opinions and religious faith from O'Connell constantly employed him. Journals which were opposed to him often called on him to defend them. Sir Robert Peel, the greatest political opponent that O'Connell had throughout his whole life, once said, that if he wanted an eloquent advocate, he would readily give up all the other orators he knew, provided

he had O'Connell with him. O'Connell was universally recognized as the leading advocate and best general lawyer of his time.

In law he had reached the pinnacle of fame ; as the champion of his own people he was an undisputed and beloved leader. His life was full of difficulties, but owing to his industry and toil his efforts were crowned with imperishable success. His great genius, his wonderful eloquence, his ceaseless labors, were spent in behalf of his beloved countrymen. Untiring in energy, and fearless in meeting any obstacle, he could not, however, overcome the effects that imprisonment had left on his spirit. His health declined and in 1848 he went abroad to recuperate. At Genoa he was taken with a fit of paralysis and died on May 15th, 1848. All Ireland mourned for their friend, benefactor, and " Liberator."

Never was a man loved more, never was a man mourned more, never will a name be cherished more than the name of Daniel O'Connell.

J. H. McDonald, '02.

A HERO IN BLUE.

(*Continued.*)

FOR the present Jack felt safe, for he had heard the countersign given by a soldier challenged by the next outpost, and if suspicions were aroused this information might be used to his advantage. Soon the usual "All's well" was begun, and Jack in a low disguised voice responded in his turn. When the time came for the change of sentinels to be effected, with gun over his shoulder and rapidly palpitating heart he sauntered toward the camp. Though apparently walking with little concern, his eyes were observant, and ere he muffled himself in his blanket he had obtained some information concerning the number of the enemy's forces. Then, in an indirect manner and without causing suspicion, he drew from a Confederate soldier, who was evidently the worse for drink, much useful information. Lying down on his blanket, Jack closed his eyes, feigning sleep. He was, however, very much awake, for when the camp was still and most of the soldiers were asleep he hoped to escape, feeling confident that he could avoid detection by the sleepy sentinels.

Suddenly from the outpost, in the direction whence he had entered the camp, came a loud cry and Jack's heart stood still. He was not left long in doubt as to its cause, for soon the alarm had spread throughout the entire camp. In a few minutes Jack found himself a prisoner. Upon

his person when searched was found a message, apparently written by Grant, with the information that the Union regiment was about to attack the Confederate forces. This information was received with the greatest excitement by the rebel leader, who, supposing that former spies had kept Grant informed as to his intentions, made preparations for a hasty retreat. An informal court martial was held and the sentence rendered, whereby Warren was to be shot at daybreak four days hence.

The court martial being over, in the custody of two armed sentinels Jack made preparations for the retreat. It was decided that the regiment should withdraw to a stronghold about five miles from their present position, where, in case of attack, their superior position might render them safe. And thus the journey was made, and about ten o'clock that evening Jack found himself in a guard-house, securely bound and vigilantly watched. There he spent three long and weary days. Hope of escape was useless and the lad having done his duty and caused the rebel forces to retreat was calmly awaiting the doom which the rising of the morrow's sun would bring him.

About sunset the sentry at the door admitted a gentleman to the cell. Upon raising his eyes Jack recognized the visitor as his friend, George Wallace. Instantly Wallace grasped the hand of Warren, and for a few minutes neither spoke. Then in a voice trembling with emotion, Wallace said : "Jack, old friend, your position is indeed serious."

"I know it, George," replied Jack, "but I am prepared to suffer the consequences."

The conversation being ended and the sad

parting concluded, Wallace took his departure, and as he turned from the guard-house, with tears in his eyes, he muttered, " I must save him ! "

All that night within the gloomy walls of the guard-house, his fears banished, though hope had fled, Jack Warren paced restlessly back and forth awaiting the rising of the sun, which would summon him to his death. Slowly the hours dragged by, until at length through the barred window he was able to discern a faint ray of light appearing over the horizon. A sigh of relief escaped his lips, for soon all the mental torture which he was enduring would be over.

Presently before his door appeared the sentries, announcing that the time was at hand. Jack took his place between the two armed guards and the solemn procession started on its journey, and though he knew he went to death, yet with a firm tread and a fearless countenance he walked to his doom. Not even the row of soldiers, whose guns were to execute the dreadful sentence, unnerved him, as with a resolute step he walked to the rude pine box which was to be his coffin and announced that he was ready.

" Ready ! " shouted the captain, and the click of the triggers of the muskets came audibly to the ears of the heroic lad.

" Aim ! " and Jack braced himself for the end.

" Hold ! " cried a voice, as dashing into view and wildly waving a paper in his hand, Wallace dropped from his exhausted horse, threw the paper to the captain, and running to Warren tore the bandages from his eyes and fell fainting into his arms. Quickly reviving, Wallace said : " Jack, my friend, you showed me great kindness once and I hope I have in some manner repaid you." Warren,

overcome with emotion, sobbingly asked: "Wallace, how did you ever obtain a pardon for a Union spy?"

His friend answered, "You see, Jack, my real name is Davis, and I am a nephew of the President of the Confederacy. When I was taken prisoner by the Federal Army I gave an assumed name, for I feared if my true name became known things might go hard with me. And so, though at first absolutely refusing to grant your pardon, my intercession at last triumphed with my uncle, and by hard riding I arrived, as you see, just in the nick of time."

A few days later Jack walked into the private tent of General Grant. Looking up from his desk, the General, scarcely crediting his eyes, jumped from his chair and eagerly grasped Jack's hand. The cordial greeting being over, Jack briefly narrated the stirring events which had taken place. At the conclusion of his account, Grant said: "Private Warren, your parents have been informed of your death. Go home at once, and to repay you for the service you have rendered, you may wear home upon your furlough a sergeant's chevrons."

The church bells were chiming throughout a northern village, sending their joyful greeting to every home. Seated at a table in one of the humble little cottages of the village, a grief-stricken family were eating in silence their Sunday meal.

Suddenly the door opened and Jack burst into the room. Who can describe the scene that followed, the bliss of that day, the joy of the aged parents at seeing their son again alive? Needless to say, no father, mother or sister ever poured forth

from grateful hearts more abundant blessings and thanks than did that family. We may add that after the peace was again restored one more chair was added to the family circle, when George Davis took for his bride the fair sister of Jack Warren.

MATTHEW LINNEHAN, '04.

THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

THE Ottomans, being masters of the coasts of Greece, Syria and Africa, and being desirous of adding Cyprus to their conquests, threatened to exclude Europeans from every road to the East and to overrun Europe. Pope Pius V., foreseeing this danger, exhorted the Christian nations to take up arms against their common enemy, the Mussulman. A confederacy was formed, consisting of Spain, the republic of Venice, the Knights of Malta, the Pope himself, and others. A large fleet was equipped and Don John of Austria was placed in command. On Oct. 7th, 1571, he met the Ottoman fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto, and there, where ages before Antony and Augustus had fought for the mastery of the Roman world, was waged one of the greatest naval battles the world has ever witnessed.

It was Sunday morning. The sun had not yet risen when the fleet weighed anchor. The wind having slackened, the galleys were more indebted for their progress to their oars than to their sails. The sun, breaking through the morning mist, beheld them opposite the Curzol Islands, which on the north defend the gulf. Every eye on the Christian fleet was strained to catch a glimpse of a hostile sail. At length the watch on Don John's own ship, the *Real*, espied a sail, and soon after shouted that the whole Ottoman fleet was approaching. His report was soon confirmed by others, for Andrew Doria, who commanded on

the right, sent word to the same effect. Then it was that Spain's truest knight and prince unfurled to the breeze the holy pennon given him by the Pope, and directed a gun to be fired as the signal for battle The report of the cannon, as it bounded over the placid waters, was as music to the ears of the confederates, who, as they beheld the consecrated banner, filled the air with their shouts. The principal captains now came aboard the *Real* to hear the final instructions of the Commander-in-Chief. Some there were among them who doubted the expediency of attacking so large a force. But the intrepid Don John cut short their discussion by saying, "Gentlemen, this is the time for combat, not for counsel." The captains had already received written instructions as to how to attack the enemy, and after a few words of encouragement from the commander they returned to their own vessels.

The Christian armada now extended three miles on the front. The right, consisting of sixty-four galleys, was commanded by Andrew Doria. The centre was entrusted to Don John; under him were Colonna and Veniero. The noble Venetian, Barbarigo, commanded the left wing, and the reserve of thirty-five galleys was given to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. Each commander was ordered to single out and close with his adversary. The beaks of the galleys being found a hindrance, they were ordered to be cut away. Don John now passed through the fleet, that he might test the mettle of his men. He pressed noble Doria's hand; he smiled on proud Savoy; the brave Barbarigo he greeted as if it were his marriage morn; before old Veniero he bent his princely knee and asked an old man's blessing. To

every man he gave a word of cheer. The loud "hurrah" he received while returning to his own galley told him plainer than words, that they were men who would not allow themselves to be vanquished.

Meanwhile the Ottomans came on slowly, for the winds, which had been adverse to the Christians, now veered around and blew in the face of the enemy. Likewise the sun, which formerly shone before the eyes of the Christians, now dazzled the astonished Turks. These circumstances were regarded by the Christians as a favorable sign, and by the Mussulmans as an evil omen. As the Turkish amament approached, it was seen to be larger than the allies had thought. It consisted of nearly two-hundred and fifty galleys, most of them belonging to the larger class, while a great number of smaller vessels were also present. The Moslem fleets carried about one hundred and twenty thousand men, and, as usual, were spread out in a crescent line. Formed in this way they covered a wider extent than the fleets of the confederates, which they somewhat exceeded in numbers. To Ali Pasha, who occupied the centre of the line, was entrusted this grand armada. Mahomet Sirocco, viceroy of Egypt, commanded the right wing, while the left was given to Uluch Ali, dey of Algiers. Ali Pasha, like Don John, was troubled because some of his officers feared to attack so formidable a fleet as the Christians possessed. But Ali had been sent to fight the enemy and could not be turned aside. Moreover, he had heard that the allied fleets were not so strong as they later proved to be, and he was fortified in this belief because he could not see the left wing of his enemy, it being hidden

behind the Ætolian shore. If he felt any anxiety for the success of his undertaking, on finding out his error, he did not betray it by any action of his own; but, on the contrary, he spoke with the same confidence as before. Urging on his rowers, who were all Christian captives, to strain every muscle, he said: "If your countrymen are to win this day, Allah give you the benefit of it; yet if I win it, you shall certainly have the benefit of it. If you feel that I do well by you, do then the like by me."

The Turkish admiral, having made a change in his order of battle to conform with the dispositions of the allies, fired a gun by way of challenge. This was answered by one from the *Real*. Coming nearer, a second gun was discharged, and as promptly answered. At this moment men held their breaths as if expecting some great catastrophe. The wind was still adverse to the Turks, and the sun, shining through a cloudless sky, lent a golden tint to every helmet and shield. It was a magnificent sight as the multitude of galleys glided over the rippling waters, but it was soon to be dispersed; for in an instant the customary war-cry of the Mussulmans rose on the air and immediately all was excitement on board the Turkish fleets. Far different was the scene on the Christian armada. Don John, on his knees, was on the prow of the *Real*, and in this conspicuous position, with his eyes raised to heaven, he prayed that God would be with his people that day. At the sight of their commander in this position, the officers and men fell on their knees, and looking toward the consecrated banner which floated from the top-mast of the *Real* joined in his petition. The priests, of whom there were several present, gave absolution to the men, and

as each arose he felt stronger and knew that God was fighting on his side.

The Turks opened fire as soon as they came within cannon shot. Don John gave the signal for action, and immediately such guns as could be brought to bear on the enemy were discharged. Some large war-ships, called *galeazzas*, were ordered to be towed hall-a-mile to the front in order that they might intercept the advance of the Turks. These war vessels opened their broadsides on the enemy as they came abreast and produced a terrible effect. Ali Pasha, seeing the damage these would inflict, ordered his line to be opened and his galleys to pass on either side of these monsters. The *galeazzas*, being very unweildy craft, could not turn and follow.

The left wing of the allies under Barbarigo was the first to feel the real action. Sirocco was desirous of turning this part of the line, and knowing the coast better than his enemy he kept well inshore and, darting past, doubled on Barbarigo. The Christians were thus placed in a perilous position, and though fighting hard lost no less than eight galleys. Barbarigo himself was wounded unto death, and though reluctant to leave the deck was borne to his cabin. The Venetians now considered the fight their own, and fought not only for glory but for revenge.

Uluch Ali attempted a similar manœuvre on the right; but Doria, who commanded the allies in that quarter, had foreseen it and succeeded in foiling it. It was a grand test of skill between the Christian and the Mussulman. Doria, to foil Uluch Ali, was forced to extend his line so far to the right that he left a vulnerable point in his own line, and the Turk was quick to see and profit by it.

Though the combat opened disastrously for the allies on the right and left, in the centre they fought with double good fortune. Don John was anxious to encounter Ali Pasha, and the Turkish admiral was just as anxious for the combat. The galley of each was easily recognized, for one displayed the holy banner of Christ, and the other the great standard of the Ottomans. Both chiefs urging on their rowers, their galleys soon shot ahead of the rest of the line. They came together with such force that the prow of the Turkish vessel, which was the larger, reached the fourth bench of rowers on the Christian galley. In a moment they were clear of each other and then the work of death began. Don John's chief strength were three hundred Spanish "Arquebusiers," picked from the flower of his infantry. Ali Pasha, on the other hand, depended upon an equal number of janizaries. The Moslem opened with a terrible fire of cannon and musketry; it was returned with equal spirit and more effect. Both Turk and Christian fought with indomitable spirit and for a time it was doubtful to which side victory would incline. Don John, as has been said, was supported by Colonna and the aged Veniero. Likewise Ali Pasha had about him some of his captains, so that there was a small squadron around the principal combatants. Still the chiefs did not lose sight of each other, and though distracted for an instant by the interference of some third party, each clung with mortal grasp to his antagonist.

The left wing of the Christians, under Barbarigo, had suffered a severe blow; but the Venetians gathered courage from defeat and succeeded in beating off their enemies. Not only did they drive

off their antagonists, but they became the assailants in their turn. At the point of the sword they carried one galley after another. No quarter was asked nor shown. The vessel of Mahomet Sirocco was sunk and though he escaped death from drowning, it was only to fall by the sword of his conqueror. The death of their commander was the final blow to his followers. Though some escaped by beaching their vessels, the most of them met death in the angry waters of Lepanto. Barbarigo, when he heard the news of the victory, breathed his last with a smile upon his lips.

During this time the combat had not ceased between Don John and Ali Pasha. Both sides fought with the same spirit but not with the same fortune. The Spaniards had twice boarded the enemy's vessel but were twice repulsed. During the entire engagement Don John and the Turkish commander exposed themselves to great danger. As yet Ali Pasha had received no wound, and although the commander of the allied forces was wounded, he would not allow the wound to be dressed until the action was over. For the third time the Christians were mustered and ordered to the attack. This time they threw themselves bodily upon the Turks and were met with the same spirit and determination as before. At this juncture Ali Pasha, while leading his men, was struck in the head by a musket ball and fell senseless to the deck. His men continued to fight, but missing his familiar voice, they were soon overpowered. The decks strewn with the dead and dying made a ghastly picture. Bodies were piled upon one another to make room for the combatants. Beneath one of these piles the body of the Turkish commander was discovered. He was

dragged forth, and though still alive, was dispatched by a galley slave who had been freed by Don John that he might bear arms against the enemy. The man, thinking that a prize awaited him, brought the severed head to the Christian commander, who said: "Of what use is such a present to me?" and then ordered it to be thrown into the sea. This order was not obeyed. The head was placed on a pike and raised aloft on board the captured galley. Immediately the banner of the Turks was pulled down, and that of the Christians run up in its place. At the sight of the holy emblem the allies filled the air with cries of victory. The Moslems now lost all heart, and in a short while the whole centre was crushed.

Fighting still continued on the right of the allies, for Uluch Ali had profited by Doria's error and would have done great damage to the Christian fleet had not Santa Cruz hurried to the assistance of Doria. This able commander, dashing into the midst of the melee, fell like a thunderbolt on the astonished Turk, who was forced to cut away his prizes and throw out his signals for retreat. Nothing remained to him but to escape with as many ships as possible. He was soon sailing north with Doria and Santa Cruz in pursuit, but having the fastest galley he easily outdistanced his pursuers. He escaped with about forty galleys.

The battle had lasted about four hours, and now the sky, which had been spotless all morning, began to be overcast; so Don John, after saving what vessels were of any value, put into the neighboring port of Petala for shelter. Don John now received the hearty congratulations of his companions-in-arms on the success of the day.

True, the battle was fought at a terrible cost, but it was a prize worth the cost. Many a nobleman closed a long career at Lepanto, and not a few dated their renown from that memorable day. No less than twelve thousand Christian slaves were set free from the yoke of the Turks. Great was the rejoicing of all Christendom and Don John was hailed as a deliverer. One great result of the battle was that it proved to the Christians that the Turk was not invincible as hitherto he had been considered.

JAMES F. FITZPATRICK, 1902.

LUCTUS LAETUS.

In Memory of Oliver J. Hackett, S. J., ex-'97.
Died Dec. 20th, 1900.

Gone! and so soon; alas! it seems but a season's span
Since with our banded brethren stood in friendly grace
And youth's alliance he whose destiny outran
By God's decree his onward straining in the race.

Those days so long since dead! how bright their deeds now glow,
Since, linked with death, a comrade's presence lingers near,
Though veiled in memory's cloister, living the long ago,
Latticed from mortal gaze and still to mortal ear.

Poor earth-born agent of the prisoner soul, the heart
Ne'er proved a better steward of celestial love—
From thoughts of clay his turned and chose the better part—
The first to hear and heed the calling from above.

That call so sweet—it proved the Shepherd's sunset note,
That turned the willing lamb towards home, the heavenly fold,
While we, still straying o'er life's dreary lea, devote
Our groping hearts to thoughts reflecting joys of old.

Reflected shine the deeds of our dear vanished one:
The gracious mien, the gentle word, the helping hand,
The generous heart,—all these and more have won
Admiring tributes from our little comrade band.

He joined the great Society, and now the saints,
Who, "like to Jesus," wrought redemption of our kind
By lives of lily-candor, scorning earthy taints:
Young scions of our race, the hostages that bind

Eternity to time, earth's dusk to heaven's day.
Our honored mate was he, Thy comrade now, dear Lord,—
Sweet thought for us and happier fate for him! Oh! may
Thy mercy to us all some day like joys accord.

Gone though he be, from undue murmurs we refrain;
Gone! yea, from earth, but not from our remindful hearts;
Gone! yea, to lead us victors in his heavenward train,
When, freed from mortal toils, each hopeful soul departs.

PHILIP PAULDING BRANT, '97.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Continued.*)

MARCH 1st, 1862.—We are under marching orders. The idea of a campaign soon to open makes a great impression on the men.

6th.—During the past six days I gave Communion to 364 of my men.

9th.—Sunday. Men absent on pickets. Mass at 10:30 for the few that were in the camp and some strangers. In the evening I had a long talk in my tent with Dr. Adams. He is connected with the 5th Mich., but without any regular position, a kind of nurse or assistant surgeon. He is from North Carolina and, if I mistake not, the son of a minister. He is a graduate of Princeton.

After some random conversation, he said: "A gentleman should, as an accomplishment, know the tenets of the Catholic Church. What course of reading would you advise?"

"I could tell you in a short time more than most books," I answered. Then I began to unfold to him the Catholic doctrine. He listened most attentively, his head down and his chin resting on his cane, putting in a question from time to time. Thus, he asked: "Why is not confession to Christ as good as confession to man?"

"Because Christ has established it so."

"On what grounds is the Pope infallible?"

"On scriptural and traditional grounds."

"Which principally?"

"Both together."

"What would be required of a man like me to become a Catholic?"

"Accept the Catholic doctrine, go to confession, and receive conditional baptism."

He called again the following day. I do not think he had any serious intention of joining the Church. The next time I met him was in 1872 or 1873, on Ward's Island, where he had charge of the inebriate asylum.

14th.—We break up camp and leave Camp Michigan with regret. We have spent here some three months very quietly. The conduct of the men during that time has been very good. There was but very little whiskey drinking; it could not be gotten. True, most of the men cursed, but they meant no harm by it. "Curse like a trooper" —nothing more true. One thing, however, I can vouch for—the Catholics did not curse nearly as much as the Protestants. Some of the men received Communion weekly.

As regards persons living in the neighborhood—farmers, etc.,—they had little cause for complaint. Property and persons were respected. There was very little stealing, even of chickens. As to abuse of persons, I never heard of any. It was not so, however, in the whole Army of the Potomac, though the whole army was most remarkable for its morality and honesty. Around our camp any farmer could obtain on application one or two soldiers to act as sentries or guards on his premises. For this he had nothing to pay; all he was expected to do was to improve a little the

food of the man or men who protected him, which was neither a difficult nor an expensive matter. A bit of fresh pork with potatoes and some good bread and butter was quite a feast to them.

After walking some two miles towards Alexandria the men were left to spend the rest of the day and the following night in the open air, on the cold wet ground, without any other protection than the shelter tents. A shelter tent is a piece of canvas about 6 feet square, put up with a couple of sticks, in such a way that one may be able to crawl under it. One can lie under it, but not sit comfortably as it is not high enough. It is the only thing the men have on the march and when campaigning to protect them against the rain.

As my presence was of no service to my men at this time I left them and went to Alexandria. In the evening I took tea with General and Mrs. Richardson. After tea I had a talk on religion with Mrs. Richardson. She was decided in her opposition to Catholicity.

Late in the evening the Bishop of Boston and Father Early of Georgetown arrived from Fairfax.

15th.—Breakfasted with the Bishop. He spoke about General Butler, who is reported to have said: "There is nothing that stands but the Catholic Church and the military profession." His daughter is being educated at the Georgetown Convent.

My poor men remained in the same place the whole day under a beating rain. I spent the day in Alexandria.

16th.—Sunday. Went early to see my men. Found them near Camp Lyons in a very poor plight. Could not say Mass for the want of a suitable place.

17th—Mass for the 63d Pa. Regiment, who were yet in their winter camps. Saw Father Scully in Alexandria and Capt. Brownson. Saw General McClellan, but did not speak to him. Was introduced to Prince Joinville. The regiment was provided with accommodation on the steamboat *Vanderbilt*. I was given a good stateroom.

An heir was born to Gen. Richardson. The men of the 37th Reg. thought that perhaps as it was St. Patrick's day the youngster would be called Patrick, but he was not. Richardson ceased about this time to be our Brigade General, being promoted to the command of a division. He was fatally wounded at Antietam and died shortly after. He would most likely have died a Catholic if he had been visited by a Catholic priest, but there was none near. As to Mrs. Richardson, I will insert here parts of two letters which I received from her some years later.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Oct. 24th, 1865.

"REV. FATHER TISSOT:—

I do not know that I should presume to write this letter to you and interrupt your many duties, did I not know that I had pleasant news for you. I cannot bring myself to think that you have yet forgotten the old days in the Army of the Potomac, or the log house on the hill where you were always a welcome guest. Am I mistaken in thinking that those days and your companions and friends of that time still have a place in your memory? Will it give you pleasure to learn that the seed which you then scattered has at length sprung up and borne fruit in one heart at least, and that last Sunday I was baptized in St. Aloysius'

Church by Father Hitzelberger, S. J., and that I hope soon through God's mercy to make my first Communion?

"During the last four long, and sometimes dreary years, wherever I have been, or whatever I have done, thoughts of the little church in the woods and her active, earnest, hard-working priest would continually rise in my mind, and something told me: That is the true Church; in no other will you ever find comfort and peace and rest for your soul. I obeyed the voice (can I doubt it was the voice of God?), and the last three days have been the happiest of my entire life. Now I can say I *know* what I believe; I have something sure to rest upon—a rock which can never be shaken. Now I can feel that the sins of my past life are blotted out and that I can begin again with a clean heart and conscience to serve our dear Lord. Oh! how can I ever be thankful enough for this great mercy.

"If my dear husband could have taken the same step before his death, it would have added a hundredfold to my present happiness. But you know that he loved to attend your services, that he would go to Mass in preference to any other services held in other regiments, and that there was no intolerance or prejudice in his mind. And I have no doubt myself that had he not been so much occupied with his military duties, and had the opportunity occurred, he would have become a Catholic. How much I would give now if he had only done so!

"My dear little boy is now three and a half years old, and a bright, noble little fellow. I wish very much you could see him. He has been baptized in the Episcopal Church, but I shall have him conditionally baptized here in a short time."

(*To be continued.*)

SCHOLASTIC METHODS.*

(*Continued from December issue.*)

FOLLOWING on the discussion of the definition of "Method" is a brief review of the history of scholastic philosophy. In this section of the paper there are a few statements which are interesting because they stimulate investigation, and astonishing because of the inferences they implicitly contain. St. Augustine, Scotus Erigena, "and in our day," Brownson, are conveniently grouped together and represented as holding "the identity of religion and philosophy." What does "the identity of religion and philosophy" imply, and is it just to the illustrious doctor of the Church, to the brilliant Erigena, or to Dr. Brownson, to say that each in his day maintained such a doctrine?

From the obvious meaning of the word itself any one who holds the "identity of religion and philosophy" must be ready to assert that "reason in its own strength," as the Encyclopædia Brittanica expresses it, "and with its own instruments can evolve a system which would coincide with the teaching of Scripture." That is, Revelation adds to our knowledge no truths which reason by its own native strength could not acquire; the dogmas of faith must be explained as so many metaphors and allegories to bring them within the reach of human reason; all truth must be

* Paper read at the Overbrook Conference of Seminary Directors.

ex ratione and never can be *supra rationem*. That would be rationalism pure and simple. Indeed those who maintain that Erigena taught "the identity of religion and philosophy" also accuse him of rationalism. And if St. Augustine is found in such bad company, how can he also be saved from a like accusation? But it is amazing even to suggest that the "great light of the African Church" was a rationalist in religion. Brownson indeed held to the full this rationalistic creed while he was a Unitarian minister. To this the words of his son bear witness. He says in the recent biography of his father: "By....absorbing the priesthood in the state, *attributing no authority to faith save as conferred by reason*,.....there seemed no reason why the progress of humanity might not be carried on indefinitely." But to say that he held these same opinions after his conversion would not be in keeping with the approbation with which the learned essayist quotes him, or very flattering to the orthodoxy of the great American controversialist. The contrary, rather, is the truth.*

Did Erigena really hold this doctrine of "identity" that has been attributed to him? No doubt his words could bear that interpretation and many writers have so understood them. Ueberweg, for instance, in his History of Philosophy says, "appealing to the authority of St. Augustine, John Scotus Erigena affirms the identity of true philosophy with true religion." Here is the famous *dictum* of Erigena, which he has interpreted by the word "identity": "Conficitur inde veram esse philosophiam veram religionem, conversimque veram

* Cf. Vol. I., p. 478.

religionem esse veram philosophiam." If we confine ourselves to these words alone, it would be difficult to escape from Ueberweg's explanation. But if we take them in connection with other sayings of Scotus, for instance, "Utendum igitur esse opinor ratione et auctoritate....; his enim duobus tota virtus inveniendæ rerum veritatis constituitur," they can be made to bear an orthodox sense. In the latter quotation he makes a clear-cut distinction between "reason" and "authority," between thought and faith, and so in the former he can be understood to make a similar distinction between philosophy and religion. Furthermore, philosophy, as he himself asserts, is "studium sapientiæ," and wisdom can be understood to embrace not merely philosophical truths, which come within the activity of the human mind, but also extends itself to the teaching of divine revelation. And so, when Erigena asserts the identity of true philosophy with true religion, he can be interpreted to mean, that an unbiassed mind after weighing the evidences of revealed religion according to its own standards will arrive at the conclusion that the acceptance of the truths of revelation is entirely just and reasonable. In other words, a true philosophy will introduce the mind to the truths of faith, and lead it to the conviction that submission to it is reasonable; and since the truths of faith and the conclusions of reason flow from the same source, opposition between them is impossible. This is what we take Erigena to mean when he says, "vera auctoritas rectæ rationi non obsistit, neque recta ratio veræ auctoritati, ambo siquidem ex uno fonte, divina sapientia, manare dubium non est." He wishes to suggest that it is impossible to hold the "identity

of religion and philosophy" and at the same time make so decided a distinction between "authority" and "reason," the very motives of religion and philosophy.

Again, on the side of religion, the mind that is enlightened by faith has a standard to judge correctly of God and man and the world in building up a true philosophy. True philosophy, then, leads to faith, and shows there is no contradiction between itself and revealed truth; while true religion is the safeguard, the guardian angel of a true philosophy. "When Jesus Christ is absent," as our holy Father says in his late Encyclical, "human reason fails."

Erigena no doubt had fallen into many errors in his writings, and during the ages that succeeded him men of rationalistic tendencies endeavored to defend their theories under the shadow of his great name. But the illustrious Irishman was a pious and humble son of the Church. He approached the study of philosophy and theology, not in the heretical spirit of Luther or Calvin, but rather with the submissive attitude of St. Cyprian and Origen. Just, then, as the presumption is against a rationalistic historian like Ueberweg to interpret Erigena in a Catholic sense, so in the case of Erigena is there a presumption in his favor to lead us to suppose that he would not establish a principle that would be subversive of all dogma and destructive of supernatural faith.

Whatever may be our views on the teaching of Erigena, it is entirely false to say that he could ever have appealed to St. Augustine as a teacher of rationalism. This illustrious doctor of the church, without taking up the extreme position of Justin Martyr, on the one hand, who held

that all that was true in Grecian philosophy was the result of divine inspiration, or of Tertullian, on the other, who called philosophy the invention of Satan and the mother of heresy, inclined to the view that the knowledge of mere natural sciences were not to be studied for themselves, and were useless and superfluous except in as far as they led to a knowledge of God and the soul, and contributed to our salvation. "Deum et animam scire cupio. Nihilne plus? Nihil omnino. Deus semper idem, noverim me, noverim te."

B. L.

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SANCTUM.

THE MONTHLY takes this occasion to offer its congratulations to our Rev. Vice-President and to Rev. Fathers Bridges and Raymond, on the reception of their solemn vows in the Society of Jesus, a most important event in the life of a Jesuit, whereby he obtains the consummation of his

earthly desires. We hope that these three knights of the cross may live to enjoy the fruits of their probation "ad multos annos."

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As we stand at the portal of the new century and gaze backward "from our vantage point of time" at the events which have occurred during the past hundred years, we notice many things that are worthy of praise, and some more that are not. And as we strive to pierce the mist which overhangs the future and which time alone can dispel, we find ourselves wondering whether the present century shall be recorded in the annals of history in as brilliant characters as was the last.

It was truly a scientific century. In every magazine which we chance to open, we find the same boastful assertions about our wonderful progress in the field of science. Every American cannot but experience a feeling of pride when he considers the fact that the United States, the youngest of nations, heads the list of inventions. From statistics we learn that 650,123 patents were granted in our country during the past hundred years, while France follows next with less than half that number. Truly the world is greatly indebted to American ingenuity.

The last century has seen the steam engine developed into a great and powerful mechanism. It has seen the evolution of the small sailing ship into the floating palaces and powerful cruisers that grace the ocean at the present day. It has seen the various electrical inventions develop through successive stages of crudeness to perfection. It, has seen the invention of the telegraph practically annihilate space and the invention of the street

car, electric lighting, and other conveniences revolutionize life in the cities. One is almost inclined to think that there can be very little room left for further improvement. But such was no doubt the prevailing idea at the beginning of the last century also, and we have seen how effectually it has been proved to be false; so also this century may see things which are at present considered little less than miracles develop into most apparent realities.

***

Though the new cycle has but very recently been ushered in, one of the greatest rulers of the earth has already been called to the life where centuries count for naught. Such an event should remind us most forcibly of the passing away of earthly honor; for although this powerful queen ruled one of the greatest nations of the earth for more than sixty years, there came a time when at the stern approach of death she was forced to leave all and go to render an account of her stewardship to the King of kings.

***

Our august father, the Pope, has voiced a sentiment which should be adopted as the watchword of the new century. "The new century for Christ!" If each and every "toiler in the vineyard" would but keep this noble sentiment buried deep down in his heart the present century would undoubtedly be numbered among the greatest.

DENNIS J. HAGGERTY, '01.

MAJOR FRANK H. EDMUNDS, U. S. A.

Fourth Military Instructor at St. John's College, 1895-1898.

CAPTAIN Granger Adams, of whose career our last number contained a sketch, was succeeded in the post of instructor of the cadets by Captain Frank H. Edmunds, a personal friend of his and a figure not unfamiliar to the Fordham boys, even before his appointment.

Frank H. Edmunds, of the state of Dakota, entered the West Point Military Academy July 1st, 1886; was commissioned Second Lieutenant of the 1st Infantry June 12th, 1871; made First Lieutenant in the same regiment May 6th, 1879, and Captain, January 24th, 1889. On March 2d, 1899, he was made a Major of the 15th Infantry and transferred back to his old regiment, the 1st Infantry, May 18th, 1899, in the summer of which year he died at Havana.

Concerning his life at the Military Academy we can only conjecture; but with the light which the recent committee of investigation has thrown upon the friendly methods in vogue among the students at Uncle Sam's nursery for the mutual development of soldierly qualities, especially as applied to those in the early part of the course, we conclude that Cadet Edmunds suffered the proper amount of "hazing" and did not escape the inevitable "calling out"—the method for determining the proper status of the new-comer among his fellows. But this part of his career

must remain unwritten history unless some friendly contemporary will supply it.

The subject of this sketch first became acquainted with St. John's while yet a captain, during the latter part of Capt. Adams' term at the College, when he was a frequent and enthusiastic spectator of our sports and games.

In September, '95, he took up and continued the good work of his predecessor. That he took a serious and lively interest in his work, those who served under him, many of whom are still at the College, are ready to attest; but probably the most valuable evidence of his efficiency is contained in the report of Colonel R. P. Hughes, Inspector-General, U. S. A., after his inspection of the battalion on May 7th, 1897. We quote from the report:

"At the inspection all the ceremonies and exercises on the drill field were conducted by the cadet officers, and they acquitted themselves in a manner that was very creditable to themselves and to the institution to which they belong, as well as to the care given to his duties by the military officer.....I have not yet inspected all the colleges of this inspection district this year, but from information gained in former inspections, I feel that there is little hazard in stating that of all the colleges in which the military department is not either made obligatory by reason of the law, or through that feature being a specialty of the institution, this at Fordham is the best in the district."

An evidence of Capt. Edmunds' care of details is shown in the neat little volume containing the customs and regulations governing the College battalion, written by himself during the summer of '96 and ready for the boys on their return. The tactics class, held regularly and presided over by himself, was an object of Capt. Edmunds' especial care and merited the encomiums of Inspector-General Hughes after an examination by

him on the occasion of the inspection above referred to. A military medal was offered at the close of this year, the first to be offered in this branch, the conditions of which were to describe clearly and concisely the time, route and mode of march, the quartering and care, of a body of troops who have received the order to break camp and reach a specific point; the additional honor being added that the names of the three students standing highest in this department would be published in the *Annual Army Register.*

The practice of tours—the penalty for delinquencies in the military department—was religiously observed under Capt. Edmunds; and not infrequently the number of "tourists" on a Sunday afternoon gave the College grounds the appearance of an army post.

At the '97 commencement the cadets were honored and encouraged by the presence of Gen. Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., who at the request of Gen. Martin T. McMahon, '55, consented to be present. The General was received in a manner befitting his rank with military salute and escort, and after an inspection and review made a neat little speech of praise and thanks.

Nothing worthy of note occurred during Captain Edmunds' last year except the introduction of the new manual just then sanctioned by the government, and in April, at the breaking out of hostilities with Spain, the Captain was ordered to join his regiment.

On the occasion of the conferring of military diplomas upon the senior officers shortly before his departure, the cadet body presented Capt. Edmunds with a fine gold-mounted sword, a token of their esteem for him and their appreciation of

his services. In a happy speech of thanks made by him on this occasion he told the boys that he had been informed by the government that he would be returned to Fordham at the conclusion of hostilities, little thinking at the time that before long death, the great arbiter, would decide otherwise. A few days later he was escorted to the station by the whole battalion and sent off with five volleys and the "long cheer."

Joining his regiment, the 1st Infantry, Capt. Edmunds was appointed Chief Ordnance Officer. He was shortly promoted to the rank of Major and ordered to join the 15th Infantry at Porto Principe. He saw much and valuable service as adjutant over recruits at Santiago and various places and finally died at Havana of yellow fever in the summer of '99.

He had not the consolation of dying gloriously, but he died as he had lived—for his country and in her cause,—and had he been longer spared to fight her battles, there is no doubt but that he would have proved himself a hero—the promise of manly character and soldierly qualities such as his.

IN MEMORIAM.

Tribute to the Memory of a Fordham Boy.

THE many friends of Mr. Oliver J. Hackett, S. J., will be pained to learn of his death, which occurred at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., on the 20th of December, 1900. For the sake of the friends whom he had among the readers of the MONTHLY, we publish the following sketch, which has been furnished us by one of his friends:

"Mr. Hackett was born in Jersey City, Dec. 7th, 1875. During his childhood his parents moved to Brooklyn and later to New York City. Here Oliver attended the parochial school in St. Francis Xavier's parish, where his natural talents and diligent application won for him a commendation to Lieut. Squiers, U. S. A., who bestowed on him a personal scholarship at Fordham, whither he came in the fall of 1890.

"From his first entrance into St. John's to his departure four years later for the Novitiate, Frederick, Md., he was the most popular boy on Second Division. One who was his professor at that time writes: 'I do not think I ever met a boy who was more universally beloved by his classmates. He was generous; he was honest; he was kind. He was a perfect stranger to anything like selfishness, just as he was a perfect stranger to anything like wrong-doing. Straightforwardness and the uprightness which comes of conscientious

action formed a second nature in him. These were the qualities that won him favor with all his associates.' Every honor in the power of the boys to bestow came to him. He was First Assistant two terms in the Sodality and Prefect for three. He was a model sodalist, never missing a meeting, and performing all the duties of his office with the utmost exactness. He gave good example by his frequent Holy Communions and by his devotion at all services in the College chapel. His piety, though openly manifested, was not repellant, even to the few for whom his conduct must have been a rebuke.

"With his professor and the College authorities he maintained during his stay at Fordham the same marked popularity and esteem. Just as from the boys, so too from his superiors he was the recipient of many posts of trust and honor.

"As a student he was diligent and faithful, meeting with notable success in his studies. He was an honor man throughout his course, and the last year took the class medal for general proficiency. During this year also as a reward of his high standing in class he was made an associate editor of the MONTHLY.

"In athletics, though by no means physically strong, he was an acknowledged leader, making up in skill what he lacked in strength. He was a chief figure in all the sports on Second Division, and won for himself lasting renown among his fellows in the spring of '94 by his famous three-base hit which saved the day for the Fordham Freshmen in a sharply contested game with Manhattan. This capped the climax of his popularity, and after the game he was borne around the quadrangle in triumphant procession, while

the air rang with the shouts of 'Oh! Oliver.' No one who was at Fordham at that time will ever forget the scene.

"He had spent four happy and profitable years at Fordham, when he felt growing in his heart the desire of the priesthood. He was not slow in answering to the call, and September of 1894 found him, not at Fordham, where he was so beloved and esteemed, but at the Jesuit Novitiate in Maryland. He had entered the Society of Jesus the month previous, and was already winning for himself fast friends in his new home by his many sterling qualities and spirit of earnest piety. He passed at Frederick the two years of novice life, and after having taken his vows as a scholastic, once more resumed his studies. He spent three more years thus occupied in Frederick, but they were years far different from the years he had spent at Fordham. Already in his second year of noviceship sickness had claimed him as its victim, and though he rallied from its dread attack, yet his naturally frail constitution laid him open to succeeding ones. Henceforth he was a constant sufferer, though his courage and unalterable cheerfulness hid from all but the closest observer the slow martyrdom he was undergoing.

"His first year of philosophy, which he had begun at Woodstock College, Maryland, was marked by an increasing weakness, and at the beginning of his second year he fell ill with the sickness that was to end his life. He was taken dangerously ill on Sept. 3d, 1900, and on the evening of the 6th was anointed. He lay between life and death for some weeks and then recovered slightly, only to be again attacked in December. This time the struggle was of brief

duration. After a short sickness he passed calmly away during the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 20th, leaving behind him a memory of patience, resignation and charity that will long linger as an inspiration to his religious brethren. All during his painful illness he was a model of patience and cheerfulness, never thinking of himself or his sufferings, but ever anxious lest he might cause inconvenience to those about him. His death was like his life—peaceful, cheerful, edifying, amidst a host of loving friends and brothers."

We quote the following extract from the letter of one who was a student at Fordham with Mr. Hackett:

"In study and at play, in class and chapel, he was eager and earnest, and at once began to manifest these traits of character which were afterwards to mark him in his chosen avocation. A high sense of duty ever guided him and he seemed to understand the true meaning of the '*Age, quod agis.*' Always among the leaders of his class, he was determined to become a man of learning. His love for the chapel was noteworthy and never would he miss an opportunity to serve at Mass. The old custom of visiting the Blessed Sacrament after meals found in him an enthusiastic follower. With a charity towards all alike and a praiseworthy respect for his teachers; a lover of his books and a keen seeker after knowledge,—it was not difficult to understand him turning, at the beginning of his college course, to a serious consideration of what he believed to be his life's work. * * * * *

"Six years in his chosen and dearly loved Society and then the end. All that time making ready for the active life of teaching the youth of another

generation, and seeing afar off the happy day of his ordination, he was to be denied both consolations. Glad to die, but one sorrow remained with him, that he was not permitted to lend a helping hand, however feeble, in the work of his Order. And so he passed away. We loved him as a college friend and as a brother in religion, and we bow in humble submission to the decree which forbade his tarrying longer in this vale of tears to battle with rough, untried ways, and so directed him unto the God whom he had so well served. *May he rest in peace!*"

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

January. The Christmas holidays closed on Saturday, January 5th. Most of the students were present at the opening of schools on Monday morning, Jan. 7th, though there were as usual some late comers. Repetition began immediately after the students return and the written examinations were held from time to time during the month: the oral examinations were held during the past week. The repetitions were somewhat interfered with by the *grippe*, which did not fail to pay us a visit.

On Thursday, Jan. 10th, Dr. Dunn, '84, the house physician, vaccinated all the students. It may have been the knowledge of this fact that caused a Philadelphia gentlemen to write and ask how many cases of smallpox there were in the College. On account of the number of sore arms resulting from the vaccination, drill was suspended for a short time.

We received some free advertising during the month, partly of a sensational nature, because of the temporary disappearance of Matthew Allen, one of the students in the English course. We shared the sorrow and the joy of his excellent parents at his absence and return.

During the latter part of the month there was some skating. Little was done in the way of athletics, except by the track team, during the month.

Visitors.

During the month we numbered amongst our visitors Rev. Fathers (Aloysius) Brosnan and Casten, Professors of Theology and Philosophy, respectively, at Woodstock College, Md.; Rev. Fathers (Joseph) Smith and Singleton, Professors at the Novitiate, Frederick, Md.; Rev. Father Whitney, Rector of Georgetown College; Rev. Father Fagan, Prefect of Studies, Rev. Father Semple, Professor of Poetry, and Rev. Father McTammany, Treasurer, of Georgetown College; also Rev. Father (James) Smith of Holy Cross College, Worcester. We were also visited during the month by the Rev. Fathers Freeman and Roche of St. Peter's College, Jersey City; and by Rev. Father Hart of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York.

Among the "Old Boys" noted in the "register" for the past month are: Rev. Michael J. McEvoy, '77; Dr. Butler, '84; William Barr, 1884-86; Thos. Gaffney Taaffe, '90; Rev. George Talbot Walsh, ex-'94; Francis O'Neill, '96; John P. Joyce, Morris Clarke, Jos. Wilson and John F. Gaynor, Jr., '97; Paul Dolan, Chas. J. Vion, and John J. McGowan, '99; Michael Larkin, Stephen McPartland, Frank Murphy, and Thos. J. Coady, 1900; John L. McDonough, ex-'02.

A Reminiscence '97.

The recent visit of John F. Gaynor, Jr., '97, recalls the fact that to his father, Col. John F. Gaynor, we are indebted for our lofty flag-pole and the beautiful silk flag which adorns it. The flag raising took place on Decoration Day, 1895, amid impressive ceremonies. "When all was ready," says the account published

in the MONTHLY at the time, "John F. Gaynor, son of the distinguished donor and a student of Fordham, grasped the halyards and to the heart-thrilling strains of the 'Star Spangled Banner,' slowly raised the flag, the cadets the while standing at 'present.' The artillery squad then fired a salute of twenty-one guns. As the last gun boomed a parting salute General J. R. O'Bierne, a son of Fordham and a distinguished officer in the late war, came forward to make the speech of the day."

After Gen. O'Bierne's speech a poem was read by Michael J. A. McCaffery, '61, in commemoration of the heroes of the Civil War. This was followed by the exhibition drill.

We might mention also that it was John F. Gaynor, Jr., who donated the beautiful parquetry floor in the Reception Room, the one which so many visitors admire as being "just grand for dancing."

Wedding '94.

Hon. Martin H. Glynn, '94, was married on Wednesday, January 2d, to Miss Mary Camela Magrane, of Lynn, Mass. The wedding ceremony, which took place at St. Joseph's Church, Lynn, was performed by Rev. John F. Quirk, S. J., formerly Mr. Glynn's professor of rhetoric at Fordham. Joseph A. Farrell, ex-'96, acted as groomsman. After the ceremony and reception which followed, Mr. and Mrs. Glynn departed for Washington, D. C., where they will remain until the close of the Congressional session in March. This is the second time that we have announced Mr. Glynn's marriage, having married him by proxy last year through a

confusion of names. This time, however, there is no mistake as he sent us a personal invitation to the wedding. The MONTHLY wishes Mr. and Mrs. Glynn many years of happy married life.

Ex-Rector Honored.

Very Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, S. J., Rector of St. John's during the years 1891-96, is now Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus, having been appointed to succeed Very Rev. Edward I. Purbrick, S. J., Dec. 25th, 1900. This is the second Rector of St. John's who has been thus honored, Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., having been appointed Provincial during his first term of rectorship in May, 1888.

Condolence.

The MONTHLY extends to Jerome B. Kelly, '04, sincere sympathy on the occasion of his sister's death, which occurred on January 2d. Miss Kelly would have graduated from Mt. St. Joseph's Convent, Hartford, next June and her death at such a time is a severe affliction to her family.

We also extend our condolence to Messrs. Henry and Alfred Amy, '86, and '88, respectively, on the death of their father, which occurred on Friday, Jan. 11th.

Last Vows.

Rev. Joseph H. Smith, S. J., pronounced his last vows of religion on Feb. 2d, 1901. Father Smith is well known to many of the "Old Boys," having taught at Fordham for five years. During several years he also directed the MONTHLY We extend to him sincere congratulations.

Addition to Faculty.

Mr. Francis A. Tondorf, S. J., formerly Professor of Physics at St. Peter's College, Jersey City, has been added to the Faculty during the past month, as Professor of Astronomy and higher Mathematics. Mr. Tondorf has taken steps for the repair of the telescope in the Science Building, and we expect that the Seniors will soon be spending their nights in the contemplation of the heavens.

Ordination.

Mr. Thomas E. O'Shea, who for some years taught at Fordham, was ordained to the Priesthood during the past month. Rev. Father O'Shea is at present stationed at Passaic, N. J. The MONTHLY extends to him in the name of his many Fordham friends sincere congratulations on the attainment of this great dignity.

Reception.

The parishioners of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Mamaroneck, N. Y., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Reverend Isidore Meister, '67, on Jan. 25th, 1901. Addresses were made by prominent men, expressing the appreciation felt by Father Meister's parishioners of his zeal and labors in their behalf.

Congratulations '84.

We congratulate our esteemed Alumnus, Dr. J. N. Butler, '84, ex-President of the Alumni Association, on his recent appointment as Physician-in-charge over the Missions of the Immaculate Virgin at Lafayette Place, nd at Mt. Loretto, Staten Island.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

January 14th, 1901.

WHEREAS, The members of Freshman Class have heard with sincere regret of the affliction which has lately befallen the family of our esteemed friend and classmate, Jerome B. Kelly; and

WHEREAS, Whilst we humbly submit to the holy will of God, who orders all things for our good; we nevertheless feel how grievous is the loss of one so dear as a sister; hence be it

Resolved, That we extend to our esteemed classmate and his family our sincere sympathy in this their hour of sorrow and affliction; and be it further

Resolved, That the members of Freshman Class receive Holy Communion for the repose of the deceased; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family; and that the same be published in the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

Committee { ARMIN J. SIBBEL,
MATTHEW LINNEHAN,
CHARLES P. MCMORROW.

FORDHAMENSIA.

ON Thursday, Jan. 10th, there was a meeting of the students for the purpose of electing a manager for the "Reserves." After a very close ballot James Fitzpatrick, '02, was elected. The manager immediately applied himself to his new duties and at present is busily engaged in communication with many prominent baseball nines. The promises for a good team are exceedingly bright and the probable candidates include some very good material.

The class-rooms were somewhat unceremoniously invaded a few days ago and sessions suddenly suspended by a trio composed of the Brother Infirmarian and an attendant, laden with bandages, basin, etc., followed by the College physician. The students were somewhat awe-struck for a moment, until each was notified to prepare for vaccination. As a result, there are many sore arms and drill has been suspended for a short time.

Owing to the condition of the ice, hockey practice has been indefinitely postponed. The men, though, are all eager for the fray and anxiously awaiting the return of cold weather.

Work on the old dormitory is finally completed. It has now been transformed into large, bright rooms and vague reports are circulating about the gorgeousness with which they are to be fitted out by their new occupants.

Manager O'Donohue is to be congratulated on the excellence of his baseball schedule. Most of our old rivals and many new ones are to be seen this year on the Fordham diamond. Again we must beg the co-operation of the student-body in regard to the purchase of season tickets for the support of the Baseball Association.

A sub-committee of the Alumni Athletic Committee, consisting of Dr. Butler, '84, and Francis O'Neill, '96, visited the College recently for the purpose of aiding the athletic management for the coming season.

The Track Team has already begun practice in the "gym" for the spring indoor games. Charles Seitz has been elected captain pro-tem.

W. HENRY HOYT, '02.

JUNIOR HALL.

All the students returned promptly after the Christmas vacation. Five boys, either becoming tired of the vacation or being anxious to "plug" for the examinations, returned a day too soon.

The practice for the Invincible B. B. T. has been postponed until after the examinations. There are about thirty candidates for the team, among whom are some of last year's team. From this number it is thought a very strong team will be developed. The Actives will also be picked from this number. The schedule for the Invincibles is not quite completed, although a large number of games have been arranged. A new batting cage has been put in which will cost fifty dollars. It

will also be necessary to get new suits for the Actives, as the old ones are now of no account. To meet these additional expenses perhaps some of our millionaire friends will come to our aid. Who knows?

CHARLES J. MURN, '03.

We desire to extend our heartfelt sympathy to Jerome Kelly in the grief which has befallen him by the death of his sister, which occurred during the Christmas holidays.

When the rule requiring silence in the Reading Room was recently agreeably abolished, it was very difficult for some days to remember that talking was allowed. Now, however, that the games have come, our tongues are loosened amid checkers, dominoes, and chess; and while the elements rage without we defy them in the retreat of our cosy Recreation Room.

The Pool and Billiard Tournament has been postponed till a later date to make way for the Hand-ball Tournament, which will soon be interesting the many devotees of this game. Two valuable fountain pens have been offered as prizes.

A Father who was once his Professor at Fordham writes thus of a former Second Division boy, whose death is recorded in another part of the MONTHLY: "Remember that Oliver Hackett spent his four years at Fordham on Second Division, a section of St. John's which is never at a loss for stirring events; and in that quarter of restless spirits he never lost his popularity among his fellows nor ever dropped into disfavor with the

prefects. An ideal student of Fordham College was Oliver J. Hackett—gentle, diligent and refined. Honored be his memory."

MATTHEW LINNEHAN, '04.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

St. John's College may well be said to possess the most beautiful grounds of any of the American colleges. The Senior and Junior buildings are massive and well built. Their fields are also very nice, being especially adapted for baseball.

Third Division (St. John's Hall), however, is not backward in contributing her part to the beauty of the College. During the spring the building is very beautiful. The ivy has come to life again and covers the walls with a rich green foliage. Then it is beautiful to behold.

In front of St. John's Hall is a plot of grass upon which are spread beds of flowers. About the centre of the plot is a beautiful fountain, which also adds to the splendor of the building. Two tall pine trees stand on either side of the fountain as if they were "on guard."

In the rear of the building are two terraces. The upper is divided into four short walks, between which are plots of well kept grass. There is also a handball court on this terrace. The lower one is used for a basket-ball field. Out still further is the baseball field where many a "Fordham Boy" has learned the rudiments of the National Game.

About the centre of the terrace is a statue of "Our Blessed Mother" who watches over us night

and day and prays that while we are on "Third" we may mould a character that will not cast a stain, during our lives, on the fair name of Fordham.

JOSEPH A. COOGAN, *Second Academic.*

The Tyro team will soon be re-organized and we hope to keep up the good record of former years. The net has been set up and we shall soon start in training, under the careful management of Mr. Oates, S. J.

After the repetitions the Billiard and Pool Tournaments will begin. Many will enter, for the silver cup and jewelled ring are prizes well worth the winning. At present the following are the contestants in the Pool Tournament: Oscar Vila, Hubert McNally, Chas. Hoyt, Alfred Mackay, Wm. McGovern, Vincent O'Reilly, Chas Malhami, Leo Murray, Jos. Coogan, John McGraw.

Denis Dowd, Chas. Hoyt, Jos. Suarez, Remon Valdes, Fred. Cella, José Rivero, Chas. Malhami and Leo Murray enter the Billiard Tournament. It is expected that many others will also compete for the prizes.

One day lately many of the boys went to visit the Botanical Museum and Conservatory, within a stone's throw of the College. The "sensitive plant" excited some wonder among those who saw it for the first time.

The old clock on the stairs has been hung in the study hall so as to assist our tardy scholars to gage their time to better advantage.

The two new shop-keepers for the remainder of the term are: Jos. Coogan and Jos. Belden.

Our recruits are rapidly becoming real soldiers under the untiring efforts of Capt. Daly.

The skating has been better than last week. Jas. Fitzgibbon has the sympathy of all who saw him go in. He was too venturesome but remained cool under the ordeal.

The old boys are waiting very anxiously for the great snowstorm. The new boys are expected to accept their challenge to a grand snow-ball battle. The latter may, if they wish, barricade themselves behind the back-stop. The number wounded and carried to the infirmary will be published in our next issue, if not in an "extra."

Tobogganing or coasting is quite popular on Third. We furnish amusement to the railroad passengers on their way north and advertise the College as well. Some of our southern friends have never had such sport.

Hockey has all the attraction it ever had. The score in the latest game was 11 to 10. Fortune favored the Yankees.

STEPHEN MCTAGUE, *First Academic.*

ATHLETICS.

IN the first annual indoor games of the Forty-seventh Regiment held at their armory in Brooklyn, we were represented in the sprints by C. Seitz, J. Fallon and J. White, and in the 880-yard run by J. Murray. All the men ran very well in their heats, but only one man, J. Fallon, managed to qualify for the semi-finals. In the 100-yds. dash C. Seitz, who is acting captain of the Track Team, with a handicap of seven yards, and J. White with a handicap of ten yards, both ran very close seconds in their respective heats, each man being beaten by about five feet. J. Fallon, with a handicap of nine yards, won his heat in 10 sec. flat, qualifying for the semi-finals, in which he ran third; but as in the heats only the first man qualified, none of our men ran in the finals. In the 220-yds. dash, there was a very close finish between C. Seitz and F. Delgado for second place, but the judges' decision was in favor of Delgado, thus giving Seitz third place in his heat. Seitz, Fallon, and White seem to be getting into condition again and we expect them to give a good account of themselves in the near future. In the 880-yd. run J. Murray was taken sick and was unable to finish.

Everything will be done by the management to make the Track Team a success this year, but to do this they will need the support of the students and this can best be given by more men joining the Track Team. There are certainly

many men in the College who if they would only try would develop into first class runners.

We often hear the objection raised that base-ball is the only athletic sport that receives any support at Fordham. That may be true, but now there is a chance offered by which the glory of Fordham may be increased and that in an entirely different branch of athletics; but it can only be done by a hearty response to the call for candidates for the Track Team. Wonders are not expected, but what we do want is a good, honest effort.

The next indoor games at which Fordham will be represented are those to be held at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 4th, under the auspices of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club.

On Jan. 11th, J. Fitzpatrick, '02, was elected manager of the Fordham Reserves for the coming season. The election was very close, J. Fitzpatrick having twenty-four votes and W. Hinchliffe twenty-two. Mgr. Fitzpatrick is arranging a splendid schedule for the Reserves and hopes to have it completed before the next issue of the MONTHLY.

V. OLDSHUE, ENG., '02.

EXCHANGES.

THE Christmas issue of the *Mungret Annual* contains an abundant supply of intellectual and clever compositions. The spirit of Erin seems to inspire the minds and direct the pens of her children in this magazine, and to develop a style in their writings which is strong and characteristic. The poem entitled "On Receipt of a Blackthorn from His Native Parish," by "A Past Mungret Student," is a most able composition in which the writer has handled with exquisite art and taste a very simple theme. It seems that the famous blackthorn stick, next to the shamrock, appeals in a strange manner to the heart of an Irishman. It is emblematic of his native land; and as he grips it in his iron hand his blood thrills, and before his fancy is spread once more the green hills and vales of the Emerald Isle. The poem is a gem, and we congratulate the *Mungret Annual* on its publication.

A review of some familiar modern novels entitled "The American Historical Novel," in the *Xavier*, is a most interesting criticism of this popular style of novel writing. We agree with the critic most heartily when he claims that the happy combination of fiction and fact inaugurated by Walter Scott, and revived in these latter days by writers less famous but quite as interesting, is a most healthful form of literature, which vivifies and supplies with flesh and blood the bare skeleton of historical fact. The field for such literary endeavor is most extensive and rich, as the history of our native land is a living history, active and glorious, and the pictures presented to modern readers of mighty events, of gallant achievements, of grand old patriots and heroes whose names will

ever be identified with the glory of the American republic, stirs a chord of sympathy in the hearts of our people, teaches them the true worth of the founders of the republic, and inspires them to love that glorious republic, which the blood of our forefathers has redeemed for us to enjoy and perpetuate forever. It is therefore a sincere pleasure to behold the popularity of the historical novel and to realize that the bonds which connect us with the past are being daily strengthened. The glory of the world is the American republic. The ideals of the present age should be those heroes whose blood was shed on the altar of liberty in the name of American freedom, and hence any influence which perpetuates the memory of the past, which teaches the children of the republic the true ideals to be imitated and loved, and which kindles anew in their hearts the pure spirit of freedom, is to be fostered and commended, since it is a bulwark raised against the sinister spirit of conquest and oppression which are beginning to poison the minds and pervert the hearts of America's sons.

"An Ideal Orator," the title of an essay on Cicero in the *Holy Cross Purple*, is decidedly interesting and instructive. The writer himself waxes eloquent as he describes the noble orator whose name and glory will be cherished in the memory of posterity as long as history tells of Roman sway and empire over the world. The greatest triumph of oratory ever witnessed was Cicero's overthrow of Catiline in the Roman Senate. On that contest between the pure-minded orator and the profligate and terrible conspirator, hung in the balance the fate of mighty Rome. It was no wonder that Catiline trembled with rage and fear as he beheld his fellow Senators shrinking from him in dread and contempt, while the mighty orator with passionate eloquence hurled his invectives at the audacious wretch who sought the overthrow of his country. Cicero was justly named "Father of his country" by the grateful

people of Rome, and although his enemies triumphed in the end and the old patriot fell a martyr to his country, his spirit lives and will ever live to inspire future ages with a love of oratory, of purity in public life, and of unselfish devotion to country.

The principal contribution to the pages of *The College Student* is a poem entitled "Heaven's Most Precious Gift to Earth." The Birth of Christ is the theme of this verse, and although this inspiring subject for poetic thought has frequently been resorted to by aspiring young writers, there is much that is original in this poem which in a large measure commends itself to the reader.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, '01.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Life of the Very Rev. Felix De Andreis, C. M. From sketches by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, C. M. B. Herder. $1.25.

The subject of the volume was the first superior of the Congregation of the Mission in the United States and Vicar General of Upper Louisiana. Although not granted many years in which to labor in God's vineyard, Felix de Andreis sowed seed that has sprung up mightily and borne abundant fruit in the land to which he gave the best years of his devoted life. The story of his career is interesting not only as the record of a life holy and indefatigably zealous, but also as throwing additional light upon that period of the Church's life in America—its infancy—when the difficulties under which it labored, and out of which it so triumphantly emerged, gave rise to so many heroic deeds, and birth to a progeny of saints and martyrs. It is a story with which every Catholic ought to be familiar, and any addition to our literature which develops new phases of this narrative, as does the life of this venerable servant of God, ought to be welcomed. In the din of worldly striving it is refreshing to turn the pages of the life of a man so wholly God's, and consoling to think how much of the good he did lives after him.

Illustrated Explanation of the Apostles' Creed. By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. Benziger Brothers. Price, $1.00.

This book, which has been adapted from the original of Rev. H. Rolfus, D. D., contains a thorough exposition of Catholic faith, being a development of the twelve articles of the Apostles' Creed. Such a book, it need hardly be said, is

most useful to Catholics, who ought to know as much as possible about the nature and grounds of their faith, as well as the precise meaning of the truths which they profess. One is surprised on examining this book, to find how much Catholic theology is summed up in the Apostles' Creed. It is indeed a compendium of Catholic belief, and the better we understand it, the better Catholics we are.

This volume will also be useful to those outside the Church, who often desire to know exactly what Catholics do, and what they do not, believe.

We have received from Dr. James J. Walsh, 84, Ph. D., four medical pamphlets reprinted from *The Medical News.* As our medical editor is abroad, we can only say that a man of Dr. Walsh's ability must treat well any subject pertaining to his profession.

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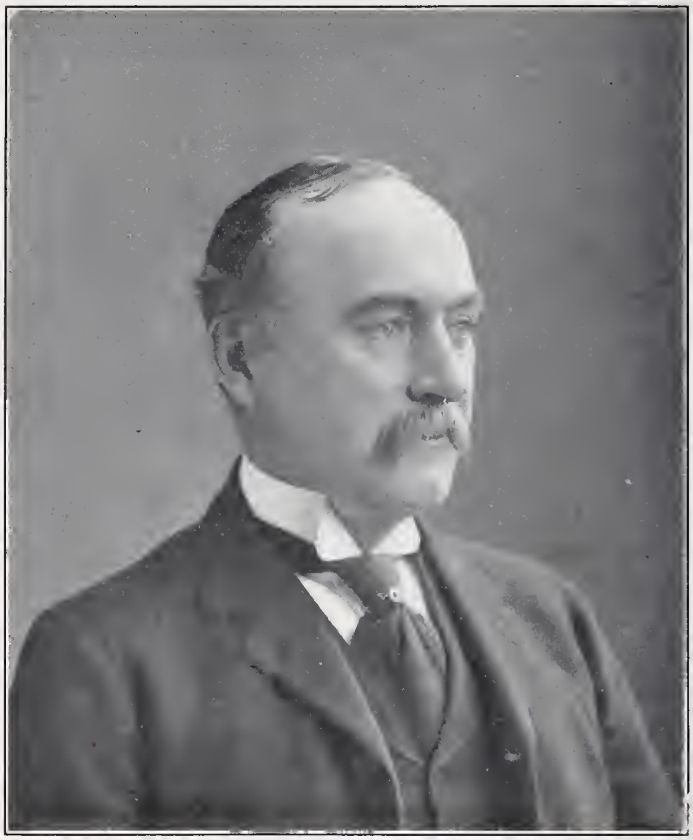

Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, '72,

Chairman of the Alumni Dinner Committee.

The Fordham Monthly
Edited by the Students of St. John's College Fordham N.Y.

Vol. XIX. MARCH, 1901. No. 6.

THE SIEGE OF THE PEI-TANG.*

An Event of the Chinese Insurrection.

Beneath the old Cathedral's roof,—
What better place to die?—
Two thousand helpless people wait
The pagan hordes hard by.
While thick and fast the shot and shell
Upon the building fall,
Scarce five and thirty soldiers stand
Behind the sacred wall.

The days and nights drag slowly on,
Dread days of grief and woe;
Starvation stares them in the face,
While closer swarms the foe.
There is no hope of help from friends,
Brief seems their span of life;
Grim death looms up in prospect dire,
Despite their gallant strife.

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* The Catholic Cathedral of Peking.

The weary days grow into weeks,
The end is drawing near;
When, hark! upon the sultry air
Is borne a distant cheer.
Relief has come! Fierce charged our troops;
The Chinese hordes are down;
The siege is o'er; our "boys in blue"
Have bravely gained the town.

J. Stanislaus Taaffe, '03.

ALMA MATER AND THE PRESENT.

Address of the Rev. George A. Pettit, S. J., President of St. John's College, Fordham.

Delivered at the Annual Alumni Banquet, Feb. 18th, 1901.

Most Rev. Archbishop, Right Rev. Mgrs. and Gentlemen:

I THANK you, Rev. President, and you, gentlemen, for your warm and generous welcome.

Often has duty called me to witness Fordham undergraduates dine, but never before have I had the privilege of attending their elders' banquet. And the cordial welcome extended and the feeling of fraternity manifested here this evening are an encouragement and an inspiration for one who bears with others the "burden of the day" in sowing those same seeds which in your minds have warmed into life, and borne the fruit that is the treasure, the honor, and the joy of your Alma Mater.

Frequent changes among the Jesuits cause them to be sometimes charged with instability. Whether that accusation be true or not, the Fordham Alumni Association is not unstable. Permanence is its abiding quality. Presidents and professors may come and go, but the college alumni "go on forever." And to your society your college points with pride. Why? Not merely because it is so vigorous and so representative of Catholic life and eminence, nor because it is a model that similar organizations could well

imitate; but because this goodly company is the living record of Fordham's sixty years of usefulness and service.

Jesuit students in the United States know the long hours their instructors are obliged to teach, and that learned leisure is not their professors' portion. More favored seats of learning maintain chairs whose occupants produce monographs or volumes that secure ready recognition and popular reputation for both authors and employers. Our energies are perforce consumed in the quiet classroom, and in daily ministration to our charges. Our ambition, therefore, is to write, not on the lifeless page, but on the fresh young heart, the principles of a Godlike education. Our ambition is to produce men—men of the stamp the world needs to-day. And of you, "men of Fordham," we are not ashamed. You, who have stood the test of actual conflict in profession and business, are an evidence of your own manly character, and of your early teachers' work. Are our alumni priests in intellectual drill, and grasp, and Christian manliness, inferior to the ministers of other religions trained by tentative methods? Ask your own experience—it is wider than mine—are not our lawyers, physicians and business men the peers at least of their competitors? In professional schools or elsewhere, have you ever been the worse for your precious inheritance of faith, for the religion Alma Mater mingled with your daily tasks, for her teaching the eternal end and the eterna interest, that gives to man his real dignity, and to human life its real significance? No! The world to-day is looking wistfully to the education you have received, and serious men are realizing that there alone is the remedy of our social ills.

Social problems are in truth religious problems, and religious problems are educational problems. Banish God and His law from education, and you nave lack of delicacy of conscience and its resultant evils. Take away the restraints and the elevating influences of religious education, and you have lax discipline, lax morality, and no likeihood of remorse for neglect of the ten commandments. If intelligent and high minded citizens are required, if strong and sterling characters are desired,—men who can resist the seductiveness of dishonesty, and suffer if need be for the right,—our one hope, outside of the sacraments of the Church, is the Catholic College. There the touch of the divine hand is brought to bear on young souls. There the most potent agencies, human and divine, unite to form youth to honest citizenship and noble manhood. This is the work Fordham College is doing to-day, moulding its select few to be men without price, men of scholarly attainments and of Christian integrity. Such is our ideal, and we have not entirely failed of its accomplishment.

But what of our present circumstances? You need no assurance that Alma Mater with her growing years is becoming more vigorous and more attractive. Owing to the wise administration of the former President, Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., our students are now more numerous than they have been for the last decade. And in point of scholarship the majority of our lads of to-day are treading in their exemplary predecessors' footsteps.

While some colleges are curtailing or eliminating their courses, another year of academic work has been added to our preparatory period, and the study of philosophy has been extended over

two years. Our curriculum enforces the fundamental studies, and forbids the student's energies to be dissipated by needless options. Nor may our boys follow a will-o'-the-wisp electivism with its easier paths and shorter cuts, and its futile efforts to create men without passing through the progressive stages of infancy and youth to manhood. Modern educators are noisily rediscovering the old Catholic truth that education must reckon with the individual, and straightway they benevolently invest the raw recruit with the dignity and prerogatives of a commander-in-chief. Fordham College weighs students' preferences and predilections, but does not resign her magisterial office, nor substitute "by your leave" for "you must." The College is too old-fashioned to consent to the abrogation of the Fourth Commandment. In a word, Alma Mater remains true to her noblest traditions; she continues to exemplify the educational wisdom of the Jesuits, to inculcate what is highest and best in student and teaching life.

Hence your devotion to Alma Mater is a reasonable service. And the proofs of your devotedness are remembered with gratitude. Frequently have you contributed individually to incite and reward worthy efforts. Your commendations have swelled the number of our students, and your sons' enrolment in our register evidences the sincerity of your loyal professions. One Reverend Alumnus worthy of mention has recently established societies in his parish for the laudable purpose of maintaining at Fordham his two most brilliant spiritual sons. His Reverence's name is our secret. Would that the name were legion.

Not to speak of the self-sacrificing labors of your several committees, dinner, athletic and others, as an association your benefactions have been many. Since 1882 the Alumni Essay Purse has stimulated our students' literary ambitions. Through the liberality of the class of '89 a generous prize for oratory has been provided. Even the details of bathing have not escaped your vigilance and your providence. And the date of our last commencement became a red-letter day, when your Reverend President with eloquent words gave expression to your affection for Alma Mater, and in pledge of your sincerity founded the medal which is a reminder of your generosity as well as a tribute to the memory of Father Jouin.

Notwithstanding these bright memories, and the many earnests of old students' loyalty, Alma Mater has a skeleton. Our family skeleton is our list of scholarship endowments. In our sixty years of existence but two scholarship foundations are recorded. This showing can hardly compare favorably, not only with Cornell's 300 scholarships and Harvard's 215 foundations for the school of arts and sciences, but even with the records of our neighboring Catholic colleges. St. Francis Xavier's, for example, has its 29 burses, and our Brooklyn namesake advertises its scholarships for students in straitened circumstances. It is only a month since my attention was especially directed to this need of scholarship burses. One of our zealous teachers commended to our charity two or more deserving students. Though his request was granted as far as was possible, he took occasion to deprecate the limited resources that so narrowed our circle of influence, and compelled so many

meritorious Catholic students to foster their intellect at the expense of their soul, and to sit at the feet of secular college professors, who cannot educate because they have cast aside the most essential instrument for the development of the human soul.

Your serious faces warn me that the present topic is a veritable festive skeleton. My aim, however, is not to enlist your sympathies—that would be unnecessary—much less to play the highwayman, but to make a simple statement of fact. "I only speak right on." It cannot be gainsaid that many Catholics could give more earnest and more substantial support to the work of education, the best and most lasting of charities. In the fulfilment of this highest duty to succeeding generations our co-religionists have not reached the perfection that would square their practice with their professions. Too frequently are influential Catholics content with the bare affirmation of general principles and the word-painting of ideals. No Catholic College is called upon to report the receipt of gifts similar to last year's aggregate of $300,000 to New York University, or Columbia's $460,000. Yet when aroused to a sense of their duty, Catholics are not ungenerous in the cause of education. New York's parochial schools were sustained last year at an outlay of $618,000, and you are all contributors to that grand total. Nevertheless, should we not deplore the short-sighted policy that makes no provision for the more impressionable and more perilous period of youth, that leaves secondary, or high-school and college education, unencouraged and unendowed?

Whatever men may neglect or omit, thanks to

God, we have an encouragement and an endowment that transcend mortal standards of value, and that money may not purchase. We have the unremunerated services of those whom the Divine Charity constrains to consecrate to God's educational work their time, their energies, their earthly prospects, and their holy lives. Few Catholic College executives may complain, as others have done, that their professors are miserably paid, receiving salaries equalling those of railroad engineers, firemen or brakemen. Our professors are not in the same category with railroad or other employees. Our professors may not rank as hirelings. They are the product of a sublime vocation, chosen by God, equipped with the character and sympathy and scholarship to develop into sharper outline the image of the Creator stamped upon the soul, and to form that highest type of manhood—the right-minded, honorable, Christian gentleman.

Despite her family skeleton, Fordham College is proud of her achievements. Her works are the testimony of a glorious past, the credentials of present efficiency, and the presage of a future full of promise. With your persevering sympathy and aid, with the strength and support accorded by Him for Whom she is laboring, Fordham College will never betray her ideals—never strike her colors. Nor will she ever relax in her endeavor to impart the scientific and literary training which makes her graduates capable of adorning the honorable professions so well represented here this evening, and to inspire the members of her household with the manly piety which enables each one to be not only a centre of Catholic influence, zealous

for the faith, but also a true patriot, loving and defending the best interests of his country.

At the conclusion of his address Rev. Father Pettit announced the presentation, by a charitable lady of Albany, N. Y., of the sum of $1,500 for the purpose of founding a day-student scholarship, which is to be known as the Mrs. Sarah A. Moore Scholarship.

Annual Dinner

FORDHAM COLLEGE ALUMNI

CATHOLIC CLUB

Monday, February 18

1901

. . . Officers . . .

Rev. Daniel H. O'Dwyer, '84, President	Wm. J. Joyce, '61,	Vice President
Francis O'Neill, '96, Rec. Secretary	Rev. Isidore Meister, '67,	"
Gerald J. Barry, '98, Cor. Secretary	Rev. Michael McEvoy, '77,	"
Richard S. Treacy, '69, Treasurer	Rev. Wm. Murphy, '78,	"
Dr. James J. Walsh, '84, Historian	Dr. Charles Duffy, '80,	"

Edward Reynaud, '81, Vice President

. . . Dinner Committee . . .

Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, '72	Joseph V. Morrisse, '89
John P. Dunn, '80	Joseph A. McAleenan, '91
Rev. Malick Fitzpatrick, '88	S. St. John McPartland, '00

THE Catholic Club on Monday evening, Feb. 18th, presented a most animated appearance, when Fordham's loyal sons rallied to do her honor and recall the happy hours of their college days. Men whom fame and glory have already crowned, threw off their honors an

mingled with the "boys," as if to encourage their younger brethren to follow in their footsteps, and prove that a common bond of fraternity exists between all those whom the same Alma Mater has prepared for the great battle of life.

There could be found representatives from every walk of life, but they forgot all their dignities and seemed to imagine that, for the night at least, they were young again. Among the old students mingled several Jesuit Fathers, men who had taught some and had been prefects over many more, whose greetings and conversation resembled more the intercourse between friends than that of master and pupil.

At six forty-five dinner was announced, and to the lively strains of "A Warm Reception" and headed by His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, the Alumni betook themselves to the beautiful ballroom where dinner was served. Above the dais was a large electric sign with the word "Fordham" in maroon bulbs. On the dais were seated His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan; Right Rev. John S. Michaud, Bishop of Burlington; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Mooney; Rev. Daniel H. O'Dwyer, President of the Alumni Association; Rev. George A. Pettit, S. J., President of the College; Mr. Charles N. Harris, President of the Georgetown Alumni; Dr. José Ferrer, President of the Manhattan Alumni; Mr. John J. Rooney, President of the Mount St. Mary's Alumni; Mr. Charles G. Herbermann, President of the St. Francis Xavier's Alumni; and Dr. James J. Walsh, the Historian of the Alumni Association. During dinner a Neapolitan quartet furnished music and song, while numerous waiters hurried about providing for the inner man. At nine o'clock, when the repast was over, Father

O'Dwyer arose, and was greeted with a storm of cheers, which proved that his popularity is not on the wane. Rev. Father O'Dwyer in the course of his speech proposed a plan to consolidate the various Catholic Alumni into a sort of university club. He explained that a certain brotherhood should exist between Catholic societies, which just at present is unfortunately lacking. He concluded by an earnest appeal to the presidents of the sister alumni who were present to consider the matter. Judging from the applause which followed his remarks, it was evident that his words had had the desired effect, and that good results might be anticipated. He then announced that as Father Hendrick had been unable to attend, Rev. Isidore Meister had kindly consented to respond extemporaneously to the toast, "Alma Mater and the Past." As Father Meister began to talk the electric current was turned on and the word "Fordham" flashed into life, amidst a loud and prolonged cheering, for to the men present that word signified the foundation of their success. Father Meister spoke in a feeling and impressive manner of Alma Mater as he had known her; and although "a plain, unvarnished tale," it touched the hearts of his hearers and called forth much applause.

Rev. Father Pettit was next introduced and was received in a most flattering manner. His address appears elsewhere. Mr. John C. McNeilly, '90, responded to "The Ladies," and demonstrated that although a bachelor he knew something about the fair sex. Following is his address:

THE LADIES.

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN C. MCNEILLY, '90.

In the banquet halls of the Alumni Association my voice has not heretofore been heard, and to me it is a source of pride and of pleasure that it should first be raised among you in response to a toast that has been the theme of the poet, the inspiration of the artist, the sculptor and the orator, and the bewilderment of the philosopher.

That the subject has fallen to me is a surprise, knowing as I do, that there are many of you whose knowledge thereof is superior to mine; and only after the most flattering inducements did I consent to speak, for an assurance was given me by our worthy President that an early marriage would be the fate of him who replied to this toast and that in my case he would perform the necessary ceremony, gratis.

With these inducements my pleasant task was begun and many tomes were examined and numberless authorities consulted in my quest of knowledge.

I re-read of the winning ways of Eve and many of her daughters, recalled the hirsute performance of Delila, the mildness of Zantippe and the delicate, refined temperament of Lucretia Borgia; read the novels of Laura Jean Libby, the poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the speeches of Mrs. Lease; recalled the debt of gratitude the world owes to the soothing qualities of Mrs. Winslow; reflected on the eccentricities of Murray Hall and studied the theories of Belva Lockwood, Susan B. Anthony, and Harriet Hubbard Ayer; noted the

tailor effect of Dr. Mary Walker and calmly considered the bashful, retiring nature of Mrs. Nation.

In legal literature I studied carefully the married woman's act and the statute lately passed by one of our Western States which places an age limit of 45 years upon marriageable women, and this I pronounce a blot on the law-making power of our country, because every legislator should be wise enough to know, merciful enough to admit, and gallant enough to insist, that no unmarried lady ever passes her 22d birthday.

My efforts did not cease here, for after exhausting book lore, living authorities on the subject were consulted, no less eminent than my friends, Dr. Butler, Bell Brennan, Judge Sinnott and Father Keene, and after all my labors I concluded with a once famous philosopher that when you think you know all about the ladies that is the time you know the least. However, in the literature which I read I found strange statements about the gentle sex, and in the light of our language as understood to-day, will some of the married men explain to me this verse which appears in Holy Writ:

> "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing."

But, although there are men who wish that Adam had never lost a rib, I am not of that number. Mine is not the nature, mine is not the heart to deal lightly with this subject; this subject whose beauty and delicacy require and deserve the thoughts and language of him who sleeps by Avon's waters; and I feel that you would not so have me treat it; you who were nurtured and reared by Christian mothers; you who have seen

the piety, the patience, the sorrows, the sufferings and the unselfishness of wives, mothers and sisters.

What is more eloquent than the tears of a woman; what more refining than her influence? No man of real worth but honors her, and him who does not respect her, you fear and distrust.

The only words of praise in the Bible relative to man are these, "Joseph was a just man," while in exultation of woman there are twenty-one verses in the Book of Proverbs, among which are:

> "Who shall find a valiant woman? Far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."

What manly heart does not echo the beautiful sentiment expressed by Brutus to his Portia?

> "You are my true and honorable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my
> sad heart."

What manner of man would cavil at—

> "Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
> Take me again to your heart as of yore."

Who is it that rejoices most in your triumphs, and sorrows most in your defeats? A wife, a mother, or a sister. Who is most lenient for your errors? Who patiently smooths the pillow beneath the head of distress? Whose prayers are most fervent around your death-bed? Whose tears keep your memory fresh as the rain keeps green the grass above your grave?

Whose was the wealth of hair that dried the feet of Him who died upon the cross?

> "Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
> Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
> She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave;—
> Last at His cross and earliest at His grave."

Mr. Joseph A. McAleenan, '96,

Treasurer of the Alumni Dinner Committee.

Who of all human beings has been most honored by the Creator? A woman!—Who is regal among the angels? A woman!

And now I ask you all, in honor of the mothers of the land, in honor of wives, sisters and sweethearts, in honor of the Church that fosters and exalts womanhood, and in honor of the teachings of the Jesuits which impressed upon you a respect for it, to join with me drinking this toast.

Here is to the ladies. May no tears of sorrow stain their cheeks; may their sons, husbands and brothers always honor them; may the light of day bring them the sunshine of happiness and the gloom of night peaceful slumbers, and when they pass from life may they rise unchanged and still be angels.

The President then introduced Mr. Patrick Hopkins, '88, who, he said, had often wiled away the happy hours at Fordham with his melodious and captivating voice. Mr. Hopkins rendered an Irish drinking song, and in response to the well deserved applause, he sang, "Houlihan," at the end of which he added a verse of his own, which began:

"Houlihan kept the shop."

The allusion was not seen at once until somebody shouted, "Hooley," and then pandemonium reigned. For of all the familiar figures associated with Alma Mater, that of the genial "Hooley" will always hold an honored place in the heart of every true Fordham man who was fortunate enough to know "The Autocrat of the Shop."

Mr. James A. Treacy, 1900, was then introduced and responded to "Alma Mater and the Future" as follows:

ALMA MATER AND THE FUTURE.

Rev. Chairman, Your Grace, Rev. Monsignor, Rev. Members of the Clergy, and Fellow Alumni:

Realizing the responsibility of my position, I arise here this evening with a great sense of trepidation, to make my debut into the realms made famous by Chauncey Depew and Dr. Walsh.

I am down on the toast card to respond to "Alma Mater and the Future." As this is purely a matter of the imagination, all the knowledge in the world would not place me in a position to respond to it with anything like absolute certainty. The best I can do, therefore, is to take my premises from the past and the present, and even then I will get but a hypothetical conclusion.

What Alma Mater was in her infancy and early youth, many of you know from experience; while if I attempted to recall anything of this period, my knowledge would be but legendary and inadequate; but what she was during the last five years of the century just closed I know from personal observation. Of course we of the last class have not as yet experienced the hard knocks which our predecessors delight in telling us that we must all encounter, and until we do, we are but children. "Some day you will look back on the five years you spent at Fordham as the brightest, the happiest of your life," is a warning that I have too frequently heard. Sometimes even at night I awake and see a fiend incarnate, who jumps about and shouts that threadbare cry as if we did not appreciate the benefits which we have had.

It may be true, and when we reach the age of our admonitors, we also may say the same thing. Of course they were bright, and of course they were happy, but if we did not anticipate happier ones, we would all have stayed there; that is, of course, provided the Provincial was willing. Moreover, when a man reaches a certain age he is apt to become a "Laudator temporis acti."

The classes of recent years and those to follow have a high standard to maintain, for they have as examples the personifications of true Catholic manhood. Look to the Church, to the army, to the courts, to the hospitals, and to the business life, and you will see Alma Mater represented there, and represented not by the privates and mere ordinaries of the several avocations which I have enumerated, but by the leaders. For while other colleges may have turned out more candidates for the ministry, and perhaps more professional men, Fordham has never deviated from the high standard found in the "Ratio Studiorm," and her motto has always been "Quality, not quantity."

Now, just a word about ourselves, the class of 1900. Of course we thought that we were the greatest class that ever received diplomas; but that is a boast which is heard once a year, on Commencement Day. But what we do say, and say in all seriousness, is that in Reilly and Murphy we gave to the Varsity baseball team two of the best players that ever donned "the maroon." However, we were not all so youthful, for Bismarck, Gladstone, and even Victoria have passed away, and still the class of 1900 has its "Grand old man."

We gave two men to the seminary, two to medicine, two are still pursuing their studies, one to business, and five to the legal bar. I insert

the word *legal*, gentlemen, as some captious critic might be uncharitable enough to misconstrue my meaning. Since we are the last class of the century, a peculiar burden is upon us, for we must prove to the world that what Fordham men were in the 19th century they will continue in the 20th, and perhaps when the annual banquet of 1925 takes place we may be represented by a bishop, a few judges, a world famous surgeon, and a millionaire or two.

In June next, Alma Mater will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her founding, and considering the manifold difficulties with which she has to contend, her success has been phenomenal. No millionaires when dying have bequeathed her large sums to fill her coffers and aid in perpetuating her great work. She has been attacked and criticized to a degree where less able and less righteous institutions would have succumbed; but she has weathered it all, and to-day, by her own efforts, alone and unaided, she stands triumphant above her adversaries.

Gentlemen, there is a movement on foot to abolish religion in the schools of our newly acquired possessions, while here at home it is already abolished; but experience has proved that religion and education must go hand in hand. Without one the other is merely superficial. Without education a man is nothing, and without religion he is less. And amongst all the systems that teach Catholicism in conjunction with the arts and sciences, that of the Jesuits stands out pre-eminent. In Europe they have a great deal to thank the Jesuits for, but here in America we must thank them not only for being the pioneers in education; but their influence dates back almost to the dis-

covery, for as the great historian Bancroft says:

"Not a cape was turned nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way."

What the future holds for Alma Matêr I know not; but she is in capable hands, while out in the world she is supported by a loyal and efficient Alumni, of which we of 1900 are glad to be members. And I hope that many of her sons will live to see her a great flourishing university with her Law, Medical and Engineering schools, and known and respected throughout the length and breadth of the land. And in conclusion, I will say that if God is as good to her in the future as He has been in the past, our wildest dreams, our fondest hopes for Alma Mater will be realized.

Father O'Dwyer then introduced the various Presidents of the respective Alumni Associations which were represented, and each in turn responded in a few words for his college.

Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., ex-President of the College, in response to many demands, made a very neat and appropriate speech. He referred to the emaciated appearance of Father Pettit and himself, and said it was the result of turning out such men as those who sat before him, for, as Father Pettit said, "American Jesuits do not find leisure to write many books, but they make men."

Dr. James J. Walsh, '84, the Historian of the Association, closed the speechmaking of the evening.

DOCTOR WALSH'S ADDRESS.

Rev. President, Most Rev. and Rt. Rev. Sirs, and Brother Alumni :

It is late and I shall not keep you long. One of my dearest friends said to me a few minutes ago: "Doctor, you want to be short and sweet." He was the original editor-in-chief of the MONTHLY and we all remember his facetiousness. I fear he was twitting me. From the height of my six-feet-two, and the depths of 250 pounds of too, too solid flesh, I shall try to be as short and sweet as possible. I know that you have been entertained this evening. I shall try not to spoil it at the end. I know that you have heard a lot of good things, for some of them I meant to have said myself. I don't know anything that spoils one's digestion of a good dinner like this so much as having to hear the good things one intended to say one's self said by some one else. You remember what Hazlitt said of Sheridan long ago—"I never know how good one of my jokes really is until I hear Sherry tell it." I would like to have been able to say some of the good things Mr. McNeilly said, but you are the gainers. He said them so much better.

At the end of a dinner like this, one is reminded of the story of the young doctors who, graduating together, thought so much of one another that they agreed to name their children to come by certain family names in each other's families. A girl was to be named Kate, a boy Peter. Twins happened in each case. These things will happen in the best regulated families. They must have

been Fordham men, for they were not nonplussed. One girl was named Kate and the other Duplicate. The boy was named Peter, his brother Repeater. I should not like to be either a "Duplicate" or a "Repeater" at this time of the evening. This brings to my mind also the Hebrew version of the story. Our Hebrew friend agreed to call his first boy Max. When it came to a pair of boys he called them Max and Climax. I should like to be able to put a proper climax to an evening like this.

I have felt somewhat anxious about it, however, and all during the evening it seemed that my time to speak was coming all too soon. I have never realized before how fast Americans eat. I have very little sympathy with a certain memorable remark of the editor of the *Pilot*, yet I have felt its truth this evening. Jeffrey Roche once said: "Every minute saved at your dinner is a dollar in the pocket of your family physician later on." For the sake of the speakers, it seems to me that dinner should be prolonged somewhat, even though it would lessen the revenues of Fordham graduate doctors. I have an Irish friend who said to me this evening. "Doctor, if you have a spark of wit, water it for to-night. We expect something good from you." I have watered and wined it until I fear it is out, and so I must proceed simply to my duty of historian, and tell you something of the happenings of the year. Fordham has caught the fever that has affected the country and is expanding—expanding in every way. Once more her halls have resounded to the announcement of the 300th boy. Let us hope, how little soever we may be in sympathy with expansion otherwise, that Fordham expansion will go

on. Last year she took Holy Cross into camp in glorious fashion in baseball. Let us hope that her bloodless victories will be repeated another year.

We are living in a time when history is being made. The new problems that face the United States as the result of the Spanish-American war are many of them as yet unsettled. Of late we have heard a great deal about the friars of the Philippines. Very little that was favorable has been said of the religious orders and their work in the distant archipelago that has recently come under our protection. The occasional testimony to the worth of the friars' work, however, has usually come from those best fitted to know, and in a form that makes the testimony of the greatest value. Only a month ago I had one of the pleasantest experiences that has fallen to my lot since coming to New York. The editor of *The Independent* asked me to review for his journal *El Archipiélago Filipino*—the Philippine Archipelago. This work is issued by the United States Government as an appendix to the report of the Philippine Commission. It contains a complete account of the present state of knowledge—historical, geographical, and scientific, in the Philippine Islands. It was written by the Jesuits in charge of the observatory at Manila. When Admiral Dewey found himself in Manila, after the battle that forever destroyed Spanish power in the Islands, he recognized the serious difficulties that our government would have to face in the pacification and proper treatment of the natives. He realized how much knowledge was needed of the condition of things there. He found no one so well able to communicate the information necessary as the Jesuits at the Manila Observatory, for he had soon

learned to appreciate their sterling character, liberal-minded education, and broad views. He called the attention of the Philippine Commission to the advantages the Fathers enjoyed in presenting such information in proper shape and in its true light.

To this we owe the work. Published as it is just in the midst of the controversy over the religious orders, it seems to come as a providential contribution to that controversy. It shows as no words of commendation could do, just what one great religious order has been doing in the Philippines. Silently and in the midst of discouragement, due to insufficient material resources, the great work of collecting and collating all the historical and scientific data with regard to the islands has been going on for these many years. In the midst of political alarms the Jesuits have been patiently studying out the great principles that underlie the meteorology and the seismology of the islands. One of them has demonstrated the methods by which the fierce storms of the Philippines may be predicted for several days beforehand and the mariners warned so as to get their vessels into a safe haven. Others have been studying the observations made as to the volcanoes and earthquake disturbances, and the lines of progress and lines of resistance in earth tremors. New light has been thrown on disputed points and information of the most precious kind has been gathered for the science of all the world. All this has been done without a bit of display and without the slightest ostentation. It arouses all one's feeling to come across the book at a time like this, when the work of the religious orders in the Philippines is so much misunderstood and so much underrated.

The President of Alma Mater said this evening with characteristic modesty that the Jesuits did not write lifeless books, but that they wrote their precious lessons on men's hearts. This work is an evidence that they sometimes write books too, and great ones.

But there is the best assurance in this work that in the Philippines they did more than write books. Accompanying the work is an atlas of the Philippines. Of this atlas the chief of the United States geodetic and coast survey says that it is the best set of maps of the Philippines that ever has been made. More than that, he says that practically all our knowledge of the interior of Mindanao comes from the Jesuit missionaries. The maps are beautifully done. They have all been done by native Filipinos directed by the fathers of the Observatory. The Jesuits have known how to train the native material quite as successfully as in their great work of education elsewhere. Every single map bears the seal of the Manila Observatory, which is also the glorious seal of the Society of Jesus.

In their humble way the Jesuits have been making some magnificent history. We who know them could expect no less from them. We can only hope that others will learn to know and appreciate them as we do.

But I do not wish to keep you. Some of you must rise early on the morrow, which reminds me of a story, because I am expected to tell stories, and this one contains a moral which would warn me from keeping you any longer. It was a court-martial of an old officer who was said to have been concerned in liquor. There was no question that he was drunk, but there was something in it,

or in him, which seemed to be an extenuating circumstance. At the court martial his servant swore that the Colonel had asked him to call him early. This looked as though the old gentleman had not been very much concerned in liquor and the judge-advocate of the court hastened to get the details, for he felt sure that this would clear his client. Only a man in his sober senses would ask to be called early. He wanted to know just the exact words that the old gentleman had used in demanding that he should be called. The servant, with evident unwillingness, gave them. They were: "You must wake and call me early, for I'm to be Queen o' the May." If any of you have to be called early to-morrow morning I must let you go.

I have but one word to add. Our President has said that our Holy Father asks that federation shall be the watchword of Catholics for the new century. Let us hope that federation will begin among the graduates of our Catholic colleges. Here in New York we graduates represent from 1,500 to 2,000 men. What a wonderful power for good this represents. It is almost criminal to neglect to use that power. Let us hope that at the very beginning of the new century we shall get together and make that power felt for what is right and true and worthy of us and of our Catholic education.

During the speeches the President and Founders of the Catholic Club, who had held their Annual Banquet in another room, joined us. The President, Mr. John A. Sullivan, was called upon, and after thanking the Association for their kindness in inviting him, he heartily endorsed Father

O'Dwyer's plan and promised his co-operation. Then Archbishop Corrigan said grace, and amid vociferous cheering the Annual Banquet of 1901 passed into history.

JAMES A. TREACY, 1900.

ALUMNI AND GUESTS PRESENT AT THE BANQUET.

Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D. D.
Right Rev. J. S. Michaud, D. D.
Right Rev. Mgr. J. F. Mooney, V. G.
Very Rev. Wm. Penny
Rev. George A. Pettit, S. J.
Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J.
Rev. Thomas J. McCluskey, S. J.
Rev. Terence E. Gilmartin
Rev. Michael J. Lavelle
Rev. Edw. T. McGinley
Hon. E. F. O'Dwyer
Judge Tierney
Dr. José M. Ferrer (Manhattan)
Charles N. Harris (Georgetown)
John J. Rooney (Mt. St. Mary's)
Dr. Ahern
H. Bannon
F. Bousall
John Brett
Fred Bruner
Pierre Carrol
George Coleman
Joseph Dempsey
Edward Doherty
Frank Hamilton
Forbes Hennessy
Josyln Johnston
Jas. P. Lee
Warren Leslie
J. McArdle
Dr. Wm. McMannis
Stephen A. McPartland
T. Maitland
Mr. Monks
Thos. Mulry
Harold O'Connor
J. M. Quigley
Robert Sasseen
Wm. Seton
Thos. Shelly
Wm. Wetzel
Rev. P. McGovern, '48
Jas. J. Doherty, '60
Francis Oliver, '60
Rev. Jas. J. Dougherty, '63
Chas. L. Phillips, '65
Dr. Wm. O'Byrne, '66
Rev. Isidore Meister, '67
Richard S. Treacy, '69
T. E. Crimmins, '71
Dr. George M. Edebohls, '71
Rev. Edward F. Slattery, '72
Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, '72
John J. Brady, '72
Michael F. Dooley, '72
P. J. Tracey, '72
John P. Sweeney, '73
Horace K. Doherty, '74
Rev. M. J. Henry, '75
Stephen Wall, '75
Rev. Michael J. McEvoy, '77
Dr. Edward Aspell, '78
Rev. John A. McKenna, '79
Rev. Thos. J. Donlon, '80
John P. Dunn, '80
John M. Dempsey, '81
Rev. Wm. J. McGurk, '82
Dr. John Aspell, '82
Rev. Paul T. Carew, '83
Rev. P. J. O'Carroll, S. J., '83
Francis D. Dowley, '83
Albert Michaud, '83
Rev. D. H. O'Dwyer, '84
Dr. Jas. N. Butler, '84
Dr. T. J. Dunn, '84
Dr. Jas. J. Walsh, '84
Dr. George A. Leitner, '85
Rev. Chas. Murphy, '86
Dr. J. J. Smith, '86
Lawrence P. Lee, '86
Arthur McAleenan, '86
John F. McLaughlin, '86
Rev. J. H. Dooley, '87
Rev. M. Fitzpatrick, '88

Joseph I. Berry, '88
Dr. Francis L. Donlon, '88
Dr. W. E. Howley, '88
Patrick H. Hopkins, '88
S. Spaulding Fontaine, '88
Wm. McClintock, '88
Louis Benziger, '89
John E. Kelly, '89
Joseph V. Morrisse, '89
M. J. Sweeney, '89
Rev. Jas. J. Keane, '90
Isaac Bell Brennan, '90
Kenyon Fortescue, '90
John C. McNeilly, '90
David W. Orpheus, '90
Timothy J. Murray, '92
Francis Kelly, '93
Hugh McLaughlin, '93
J. Fairfax McLaughlin, Jr., '93
Rev. J. J. Barrington, '94
Chas. McCafferty, '94
Alexis Phelan, '94
Rev. Edward M. Hayes, '95
Jos. A. McAleenan, '96
John B. McAleenan, '96
John McLaughlin, '96
Francis O'Neill, '96
Hon. Chas. W. Sinnott, '96
George B. Hayes, '97
John P. Joyce, '97
Robert E. McDonnell, '97
Gerald Barry, '98
John E. Claffy, '98
J. Tufton Mason, '98
Peter L. McDonnell, '98
Leo J. O'Donovan, '98
Paul Dolan, '99
Chas. B. Dunn, '99
Thos. B. McGovern, '99
Thos. J. Coady, 1900
Stephen S. McPartland, 1900
Jas. A. Treacy, 1900
Thos. J. Anglim, 1901
Richard S. Treacy, Jr., 1901

Letters of regret were received from—
Rt. Rev. John M. Farley, '66
Very Rev. Dean McNulty, '53
Augustine M. O'Neil, '49
Anthony A. Hirst, '65
Hon. John T. McDonough, '68
Joseph A. McCreary, '69
Peter L. Mullaly, '75
Austin P. O'Malley, '78
Rev. Mich. J. Phelan, A. M., '91;
Also from ten students of divinity at Dunwoodie Seminary.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Continued.*)

MARCH, 1862.—In my answer to Mrs. Richardson's letter I expressed my joy and astonishment at her conversion, because on the only occasion I spoke with her on religion, in fact the only time I talked with her alone, she seemed so much opposed to Catholicity. To this she replied, Oct. 30th, 1865.—" You speak of my being strongly on the defensive when you spoke of religion. Ah! my dear Father, all the time I was more than half persuaded to be a Catholic, but the natural perversity of my heart and the temptations of the devil prompted me to speak as I did."

18th—At 1 P. M. we left Alexandria for Fortress Monroe. We were about ten thousand and occupied ten steamboats. On the boat I made the acquaintance of Dr. Bliss, from Grand Rapids, Mich. He was surgeon in one of the Michigan Regiments.

19th—I said Mass in my stateroom on my washstand. It would hardly do to be without Mass on St. Joseph's day. During my two years stay in the army I was but very seldom deprived of this happiness. Even when on the march, if the regimental wagons reached the regiment in the evening, I would at once pitch my little tent, drive into the ground three stakes and nail a board on them. That was the altar. The stakes and

board were carried in the wagons. It is rarely that Mass can safely be said in the open air. The valise containing my chapel articles was very small. My cassock was without sleeves. The vestments, white and red, were of silk and hardly occupied any room. They were a present from Manhattanville Convent. One bottle of wine lasted me a full month.

20th—Landed at Fortress Monroe at about 12 M. The *Monitor* was playing about at a little distance, quite proud of its late exploit. We were led to Camp Hamilton, some two miles from the Fortress. There was accommodation for neither man nor beast, so I came back to the Fortress and put up my horse in the government stable. Then I looked about for some shelter for myself. There were some Irish masons employed by the government, who lived outside of the Fortress walls, and I put up with them. Of course they did the best they could for me—gave me the softest mattress and cleanest sheets,—which was not much.

21st—Said Mass in the chapel near the Fortress. In time of peace, Mass was said there on Sundays by one of the Norfolk priests. Went to the camp to see my men; came back at night to my friends the masons.

22d—Visited the 1st Delaware; saw Major Smith. I got from him, as a gift, a small tent which was of great service to me. There was indeed a Sibley tent for the use of the staff, but I could not well say Mass in it as it was always occupied by some one or other of the staff.

(*To be continued.*)

The Fordham Monthly

Edited by the Students of St. John's College Fordham N.Y.

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SANCTUM.

WE received a notice lately offering a prize of $100 for the best essay on "The best means of abolishing rowdyism in colleges." Of course it is quite apparent that the first and most important means of abolishing "rowdyism" is to refuse admittance to the "rowdies." But if one or more wolves in sheep's

clothing should succeed, in spite of all precautions, in entering the sheep-fold, they should be immediately dismissed without any parleying. The best means of dispelling an evil is to lay the axe to the root, and were this precaution always taken, nothing further would be required. Such things as cane-rushes and all brutal methods of initiation now in vogue should be abolished. Hazing has received a serious drawback in our national military academy, and the disgraceful disclosure of the state of affairs there has apparently stirred up those who are interested in the matter to consider the best means of abolishing this very pronounced form of rowdyism. It is quite encouraging, however, to note that the first measures of improvement at West Point were taken by the students themselves. These measures took the shape of a series of resolutions abolishing all forms of hazing. From this fact we are inclined to believe that there will be no further need of "disclosures," for if the student body resolve to relinquish their pet hobby, the thorny paths of the authorities will be, if not exactly strewn with roses, at least made much smoother and pleasanter.

The essay previously mentioned will no doubt be a great help to them as well as to the authorities of many other colleges. It is to be printed in pamphlet form and spread broadcast, and we hope that its good effects will be as far-reaching as its circulation.

***

Our baseball schedule, as corrected and completed to date, will be found in another part of the present issue. We should not think, however,

that we may now rest on our laurels and allow things to take care of themselves, for this is the time that real interest should be shown. We sincerely urge our "committee of ways and means" not to allow their zeal to abate, but to do their utmost to have the cash column always balance the expenditures. To the student body we would say, that, since the management has done so well in arranging such an excellent schedule, we on our part should cooperate and rouse up all the dormant energy within us, so that the present season may be known as a "howling success."

We especially urge interest in the matter of cheering. This very potent factor of college baseball was more or less neglected last season. Organization is what we need. A leader should be appointed; the cheers we have at present should be rehearsed and new ones prepared. A great deal depends on knowing how, when, and where a cheer should be given, and if a leader were appointed to attend to these details, we think that great good could be accomplished. Remember that a well-timed cheer has often won the day, and that college baseball without cheering loses almost half its interest.

***

Many of our number have started to make the Jubilee. Rev. Father Rector has obtained permission for the resident students to make it in our College Chapel, so we consider ourselves very fortunate. It is indeed a great advantage to be able to gain the same indulgences as those who journeyed to Rome last year, and all Christendom should be grateful to our Holy Father the Pope

or extending this privilege, thus giving all an opportunity to gain a plenary indulgence, which, as every Catholic child knows, is not a remission of *sin*,—past, present or future,—but of the *temporal punishment* due to sin.

*
* *

We sincerely regret the discontinuance of a little publication which we have often read with pleasure, entitled *The Beauties of Mary, Queen of Literature.* This little pamphlet was devoted entirely to literature concerning the Blessed Virgin and contained most beautiful tributes from writers of every creed and tongue to the dignity and excellence of our Blessed Lady. The last issue contains this pathetic note from the editor, Mr. John T. Reilly:

"I desire to return my heartfelt thanks to those Catholic publishers whose welcome exchanges have come to us through 'The Beauties of Mary' for several years, and kindly request their discontinuance, as we are not able to take them or longer continue this little publication. For three weeks this form has been lying unfinished on the stone, while we have been confined to bed. Warm weather may bring short relief, but winter quickly casts its cold shadows before us again. Everything is straight as far as we know, except our obligations to friends for their kindness, which we cannot repay and shall never forget."

*
* *

We gladly welcome to the field of Catholic literature the *Catholic Penny Booklet*, a bi-monthly publication of sound readings, published in Chicago by St. Anthony's Truth-Guild of the American League of the Cross, the first number of which appeared in January. The subscription price is but 10 cents a year. As a handy pocket-

companion, this little booklet is a very happyidea. The Director is the Rev. James M. Hayes, S. J., 413 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

***

In concluding his address at the alumni banquet, Rev. Father O'Dwyer paid the following tribute to His Holiness, Leo XIII.:

"The 19th century is dead and buried, and with it has passed those distinguished characters who attracted world-wide fame; but there is one whose life spanned the 19th century, and who yet lingers, as if by the design of Providence, the sentinel on the watch towers of Israel,—to mould the thoughts and to direct the policy of the 20th. He it is whom we, as faithful children of the Church, love and revere; and to whom the whole Christian world pauses in her troubled march to listen, while he sweetly chants,—

Cursum peregi, lustraque bis novem,
Te dante, vixi. Tu cumulum adiice;
Fac, quæso, ne incassum precantis
Vota tui recidant Leonis."

DENNIS J. HAGGERTY, '01.

A LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT SQUIERS.

THE Moderator of the MONTHLY has received the following letter from Lieutenant Herbert G. Squiers, Secretary of the United States Legation at Pekin, China. Lieutenant Squiers was the first military instructor detailed at the College, occupying this position during the years 1885-1890. He is still kindly remembered by his many friends at Fordham, and we are sure that his letter will be read with much pleasure by all.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
PEKIN, CHINA.

January 3d, 1901.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I have your kind letter of the 5th of Nov., also a copy of the FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY, which contains a most flattering account of the very happy years I spent at Fordham, as its first military instructor. If I succeeded in my work there, it was mostly due to the cheerful, prompt obedience of the cadets, and the very great interest taken by them in their military duties. Without their co-operation I fear I would have had a sorry time of it. I only hope that some, at least, have found themselves the better able and fitted to take part in the stirring scenes which have been enacted in our country's history since then.

I am sure you have already seen so much in regard to the "Siege of Peking" that anything

further from me on that subject would be but dull reading; but I am sure you will be interested in knowing that the most desperate struggle of all was at the Catholic Cathedral (the Pei-tang), where Monseigneur Favier, assisted by a few European priests, 35 marines, and some 2,000 native Christians (largely women and children), kept at bay for two months thousands of well armed "Boxers" and soldiers, who used every possible means to drive them out. I do not believe you will find in history a defence equal to theirs. We, in the Legation quarter, had no communication with the Pei-tang during all those terrible days and weeks, but we could hear the firing of small arms and cannon every night, and, finally, the awful explosion of mines,—in one of which 62 children were buried so deep in the ruins that even up to this time none have been found,—and could see the great fires all about, lighting up the sky, the desperate work of fiends who did not dare to meet face to face the soldiers who stood up so bravely against them.

I hope you will remember me most kindly to all my friends at St. John's and my old friends, the most of whom must now be readers of the MONTHLY.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

H. G. SQUIERS.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Monthly Chronicle.

The mid-year examinations ended on Friday, Feb. 1st. The following day, the Feast of the Purification, was a general communion day, and a holiday. On this day three members of the Faculty pronounced their final vows of religion. As many students went home after breakfast and did not return until the next evening, Sodality Day was celebrated on Sunday, Feb. 3d, when the new members were received.

Regular class began again on Monday, the 4th, and drill was resumed next day. On Saturday, Feb. 9th, the examination and monthly mark were read. Tuesday, 12th, Lincoln's Birthday, brought good skating, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to visit Van Cortlandt Lake. Shrove Tuesday was not granted as a holiday this year, but the following Saturday was granted in its stead, thus giving us three days in succession—Friday (Washington's Birthday), Saturday and Sunday.

The baseball candidates have practised very steadily during the month under the direction of Captain McKenna.

Last Vows.

On Saturday, Feb. 2d, Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Rev. Fathers O'Hara, Bridges and Raymond, members of our Faculty, pronounced their final and solemn vows of religion. The vow Mass was cele-

brated by Rev. Father Rector at 7:30 A. M., and was attended by all of the students. Just before the communion the three Fathers advanced to the altar steps and pronounced in succession the formula of their vows before the Sacred Host, which Rev. Father Rector held exposed to view. The written formulas were then laid on the altar and the Fathers received Holy Communion.

Besides the students and relatives, there were present Mr. Hardy of Boston, and Mrs. Eckert.

In the evening Rev. Father O'Hara officiated at solemn Benediction, assisted by Rev. Fathers Bridges and Raymond.

Sodality Reception.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 3d, the reception of new members into the Sodalities took place. An appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. James Conway, S. J., of St. Ignatius' Church, 84th St. After the sermon the following members were received into the Immaculate Conception (Day Students') Sodality: Edward Grimley, George Haffey, Wm. Keating, Wm. McGrath, August Meise, Armin Sibbel.

The following students of St. John's Hall were admitted as members of the Sodality of the Annunciation: Ignatius Amor, Joseph Belden, Lawrence Brown, Fred Cella, Walter Fitch, John Hinchliffe, Louis Hinchliffe, Wm. McGovern, Rudolph McGovern, Thos. Morrin, Rogelio Odoardo, George Richter, Jacques Safford.

Condolence.

The MONTHLY extends sincere condolence to Vincent Heiser on the loss of his mother, whose death occurred at Charleston, S. C., on the 27th of January.

It is our sad duty again this month to offer our condolence to the family of Jerome B. Kelly, '04, on the death of another of its members, the eldest daughter, whose death occurred on Feb. 5th. This is the second sister who has died since the beginning of the year. We extend to Jerome and his family our sincere sympathy.

We also extend our condolence to Ambrose P. Dunnigan, 1900, on the death of his brother, and to Messrs. John, James and Joseph Farrell,—all old students of St. John's—on the loss of their father, Mr. John Henry Farrell, whose death occurred in Albany on Saturday, Feb 2d.

Mr. Farrell was for many years editor and proprietor of the *Albany Times-Union*, and a prominent man in the newspaper and business circles of his native city. The Albany papers, in noting Mr. Farrell's death, contained many beautiful tributes to the goodness of his public and private life,—his untiring energy, his courteous demeanor, and his large-hearted charity. Mr. Farrell was married in our College church, and in June, 1891, received from the College the degree of Master of Arts. He is survived by his widow and sons, James C., John F., and Joseph A. Farrell, and four daughters.

Scholarship. Owing to the charity of Mrs. Sarah A. Moore of Albany, N. Y., St. John's is now able to offer its first permanent scholarship for day students. This generous gift was first made known by Rev. Father Rector at the conclusion of his address at the alumni dinner, when he announced the presentation by Mrs. Moore of the sum of $1,500 for the purpose of founding *in perpetuum* a scholarship for one day student.

If one considers the benefits to be derived from a good education by the deserving students who may in future years obtain this scholarship, and their greater influence for good on all those with whom they come in contact, it is evident that such an investment is, in the true sense of the word, a profitable one. The greatest rewards are promised by God to those "who instruct many unto justice"; no less must be the merit of those who make it possible for many to be so instructed.

Would that the example of this pious lady might encourage many other friends of St. John's to follow her example!

First Fordham "Prom."

On Easter Tuesday, April 9th, will be held the first Fordham promenade. This event, the first in the history of the College, will take place at Sherry's, Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. About one hundred prominent Catholic ladies of the city have consented to act as patronesses of the affair, and everything indicates that it will be a social gathering of the representative Catholics of New York. Here is the chance to introduce your college friends to all the members of your family, and, if you wish, your family friends to all the members of the College. It does seem a bit selfish that the men should have all the pleasure of Fordham banquets to themselves; it is high time that the mothers and sisters should also have a chance to show their loyalty to Fordham. As you value your "social standing," don't miss it!

Following is the committee in charge: Dr. James N. Butler,'84, Chairman; Thomas E. Crimmins,'71; Robert McDonnell, '97; Arthur McAleenan, '86;

Timothy J. Murray, '92; Dr. T. J. Dunn, '84; and Francis O'Neill, '96, Secretary, 1172 Broadway.

Father Kavanaugh Dead.

Rev. Henry Kavanaugh, S. J., for some years a former professor at Fordham, died at the Jesuit Novitiate, Frederick, Md., on Feb. 6th, of Bright's disease.

Father Kavanaugh was born in Ireland in 1847, and came to this country when he was a child. He pursued his studies at this College and when the Civil War broke out he took up arms and served throughout the conflict. He entered the Jesuit College at Sault-au-Recollet, Canada, in 1869, and reviewed his studies the following year at Quebec. Subsequently he was assigned to the position of teacher at Fordham and other colleges. He afterward went to Belgium, where he spent some years pursuing a course in his philosophical and theological studies. He returned to this country in 1878 and again engaged in teaching. Some years later he became engaged in mission work and soon acquired a reputation as a missionary, but owing to ill health from overwork he was compelled to retire from active duty, and went to Guelph, Canada, to recuperate his health. About a year ago he returned to the Frederick Novitiate, and had been engaged in instructing the young men, assisting the pastor of St. John's Church, and ministering to the spiritual welfare of the Sisters at the Academy of the Visitation.

Visitors.

Amongst our visitors during February were Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J.; the Rev. Fathers Corbett, Judge, and Freeman, S. J., of St. Peter's College, Jersey City; Rev. Father

Hart, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's College; Rev. Pius Massi, S. J., Spanish confessor at the College, from St. Ignatius' Church, 84th St.; also the Rev. Fathers Francis J. Lamb, S. J.; Francis J. McNiff, S. J.; and Christopher Dunnigan, S. J.

Among the Old Boys noted are the following: Albert Recio, '76-'78; Francis D. Dowley, '83; Rev. Daniel H. O'Dwyer, '84; Wm. Barr, '84-'86; Arthur McAleenan, '86; Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90; John C. McNeilly, '90; Alexis Phelan, '94; Wm. Fleming, ex-'96; John T. Delaney, Jas. J. Donovan, George V. Grainger, George Hayes, and Joseph A. Kelley, '97; John E. Claffy and Gerald Barry, '98; Paul Dolan, Chas. J. Vion, and John J. McGowan, '99; James A. Treacy, 1900.

Fordham Thespians.

The *North Side News* of Feb. 2d contained an interesting account of Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," as presented under the auspices of the Ladies' Catholic Union for the benefit of St. Jerome's Church, Alexander Ave. and 138th Street. The play was produced under the management of Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, A. M., and the entire male portion of the cast—with one exception—were old Fordham students. Following are the "Old Boys" who took part: Mr. Joseph F. Shea, '97, as *Sir Anthony Absolute;* Mr. Chas. J. Vion, '99, as *Sir Lucius O' Trigger;* Mr. Jas. J. Donovan, '97, as *Captain Absolute;* Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, as *Bob Acres;* Mr. George A. Daly, 1900, as *Mr. Faulkland;* and Mr. Joseph B. Richardson, Eng., '82, as *David.*

The performance was pronounced to be "an unqualified success." Amongst those present

were the Rev. Fathers Renaud, Ziegler, and Mahoney, from the College.

Lecture. On the afternoon of Tuesday, Feb. 26th, Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, A. M., delivered a lecture in the College Hall on the "Clowns of Shakespeare." Mr. Taaffe enlivened his lecture by reciting *en rôle* several extracts from the great dramatist's plays, which served to illustrate the points touched on in his lecture. He was listened to by a large and appreciative audience.

The Jubilee. His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, at the request of Rev. Father Rector, has granted permission to the resident students of the College to make the sixty visits to the Blessed Sacrament, requisite for gaining the Jubilee indulgence, in the College chapel. The large number who have already begun to make these visits shows that this privilege is appreciated.

Worthy of Note. Our editorial equilibrium was somewhat disturbed recently by the receipt, from a subscriber *who was not in arrears*, of a check for nearly half a century *in advance*. Such unusual and unexpected liberality deserves to be recorded in the MONTHLY'S history and we hereby express our gratitude to the generous donor, Mr. William H. Hurst, '72.

George R. Seep Honored. Mr. George R. Seep, ex-'01, of Titusville, Pa., was selected as a member of the Floor Committee at the Inaugural Ball, held in Washington, D. C., on the evening of President McKinley's inauguration.

Fordham to the Front.

Mr. James M. Kilroe, 1900, delivered an address on "The Catholic Citizen," at the Rochester Seminary during the past month, on the occasion of Bishop McQuaid's return from Rome. The address won many encomiums from the clergy and students present.

Blessing of Throats.

The blessing of throats took place according to custom on the feast of St. Blaise, Sunday, Feb. 3d. This ceremony was performed in the church after the late Mass by the Rev. Fathers Bridges and Renaud.

Varia.

Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, will deliver a course of lectures, extending over three weeks, at the coming Summer School, on three of Shakespeare's plays, *King Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Twelfth Night*.

The current issue of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, in addition to the articles of Rev. Father Campbell, S. J., contains two articles by Fordham men. Doctor James J. Walsh, '84, contributes an article on "Science in the Philippines," which reviews a scientific work compiled by the Jesuit Fathers in the Islands, and printed last year by the United States Government.

Major John E. McMahon, Maj. 31st Inf., U. S. V., who writes on "The Moros of Mindanao," is also a Fordham graduate, class of '80.

Mr. Sidney Woollett will give a recital at the College on Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, Tuesday, March 26th, 1901.

Mr. Christopher N. Dunne, a student at Fordham in the fifties, died in Brooklyn during the past month. Rev. Father Rector was present at the funeral, which was held from St. Paul's Church, Brooklyn, on Feb. 27th.

The widow of Doctor Francis Purroy, '65, for many years the College Physician, died in the Dominican Convent, Newark, last month. Her father, William Hoyt, a convert, after his wife's death, became a Catholic priest and labored for many years at St. Ann's Church in this city.

His daughter, Mary Frances Hoyt, who had married Doctor Purroy, became a widow at his death, twelve years ago. She then entered the Dominican Convent at Newark and two years later took the veil. Since then, as Sister Mary Frances, she has labored among the poor of Newark.

LIBRARY NOTES.

AT a meeting of the Library Association held Monday evening, Feb. 18th, the following officers were elected for the second term: President, Henry A. Heide, Jr., '01; Vice-president, Edward J. Mitchell, '02; Secretary, Wm. P. McEniry, '03; Treasurer, Jas. P. Clarke, '04; Librarian, Jas. Fitzpatrick, '02; Assistant Librarian, Henry Toohey, '04.

Over eighty books have been donated to the Library since the beginning of the new year, and the Association takes this occasion to express its gratitude to the donors, especially to the Reverend Richard J. O'Keeffe of White Plains, N. Y., who gave thirty volumes of great value to the Library. The new railing adorning the desk, whence treasures of ancient and modern lore are distributed to ambitious students, comes from Mr. Alexander J. Hamill, a young and energetic civil engineer of Jersey City. Mr. Hamill finished his Junior year at St. Peter's College, and graduated from St. Francis Xavier's with the class of '97, winning with his diploma the medal for Philosophy. While greatly appreciating this most useful ornament, the work of his hands, the Library Association wishes him continued success in his profession.

J. S. McCORMICK, '03, *Secretary.*

You are cordially invited to attend

The

First of the annual Fordham College "Proms,"

To be held at

Sherry's, 44th Street and Fifth Avenue,

Tuesday Evening, April 9th, 1901,

For the benefit of the College Athletic Fund.

Tickets will be issued by the Secretary, on

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FORDHAMENSIA.

ON Lincoln's Birthday, a few of the students journeyed over to Van Cortlandt, where a pleasant afternoon was spent.

At a meeting of the Debating Society on Feb. 10th, a resolution was made and passed without opposition that the minutes of each regular meeting of the society be published in the College journal.

The speakers for the next debate were then appointed. They were: Messrs. Mitchell and Scanlan, on the affirmative side; and Messrs. Harrington and Heide on the negative. The question read,—Resolved: "That papers, magazines, etc., have more influence with the people than oratory." As is also the custom, the speakers for the semi-annual debate (Seniors) were elected by ballot. They were: Messrs. Donohue, Macmanus, Kane, and McLaughlin. The subject is, —Resolved: "That the Ship Subsidy Bill is to the best interests of our country."

On Feb. 17th there was a very animated and interesting debate and the Reverend President expressed his pleasure at the evidences of work which the debaters had shown. A motion was made to the effect that Mr. Edebohls read an essay on the question under debate, but as the gentleman was unprepared, the house excused him.

The members of the Debating Society who

belong to the Junior Class have a new pin, on the same style as the old Debating Society pin.

W. HENRY HOYT, '02.

The baseball management offers us this year a most attractive schedule; the games have been judiciously arranged, the trips are good ones and come at regular intervals. Many new teams are on our schedule and we will welcome with special pleasure Georgetown University and the Carlisle Indians.

Now that the management has done its work, it is our turn. Contributing to the financial support of the team is not enough; money will bring the best teams to our grounds, but it will by no means defeat them. If you cannot make the team yourself, encourage those who have gained a position on the Varsity; attend the practice and assist the men in every way, and above all things, *lend your voice to the honor and glory of Old Fordham during the games.* If a man throws his arm out or breaks a limb during a baseball game it is not considered a disgrace, neither is it a disgrace to "throw your voice out." If by any chance it should occur that at the end of the season we cannot claim the best team on the college diamond, let us at least have the right to claim the most enthusiastic and loyal band of supporters.

The members of the track team have participated in a number of meets during the past month and on every occasion have rendered a good account of themselves.

Mr. Maurice McCarthy, who is training the men, and Manager Clark, '04, are confident that by

spring we will have the best team that ever represented us on the cinder-track. Our facilities for indoor training are greatly limited and the men will undoubtedly show improved form in the open air. We regret to note, however, that there are several, in fact many, in college who have every qualification of becoming good runners, but have not enough spirit in them to try for the team.

It is a matter worthy of note that the standard of studies at Fordham is being constantly raised. The change not only affects the classics but also Modern Languages, History, Mathematics and the Sciences. The student of a few years ago would be greatly surprised should he chance upon the Fordham catalogue of to-day to learn the matter he thought difficult when in College was being mastered by men one or two classes below him now. A wag from "Prep." was recently heard to remark that, by the time he graduated, if he was not inventing airships or discovering the North Pole he would at least have found a new moon in the heavens.

The officers of the Parthenian Sodality for the second term follow: Prefect, D. J. Haggerty, '01; First Assistant Prefect, J. J. Donohue, '01; Second Assistant Prefect, J. Fitzpatrick, '02; First Lector, R. V. Harrington, '01; Second Lector, E. J. Mitchell, '02. The Sodality now holds regular meetings at 7:30 o'clock Friday evening and at 7 o'clock Saturday morning.

JAS. S. MCCORMICK, '03.

JUNIOR HALL.

Judging from the large number of candidates, and the excellent showing made by the applicants thus far, it is safe to predict that the Invincible baseball team this season will be the best team which has represented the Division in a number of years. Captain Murray is fast getting his men into shape for the opening of the season and with the cooperation of the students a most successful season is assured. Appended is the list of candidates :—

W. J. Murray, Chas. Murn, E. O'Brien, E. Healy, J. Radel, V. Heiser, M. Linnehan, J. McLaughlin, G. Foley, T. Kiernan, A. O'Malley, F. Smith, W. Murphy, Jos. Mellon, A. Hurley, A. Heide, J. Farrell, J. Strain, J. J. Murray, C. McMorrow, E. Maguire, F. Oliver, E. Grimley, O. Lombard, N. Murray, H. Andino.

Manager O'Brien is to be complimented upon the excellent schedule he has arranged for the coming season, one which promises to surpass even the fine schedule of last year. The complete list of games will appear in the next issue of the MONTHLY.

The large number of candidates for the Invincible baseball team augurs well for the Actives, and from the abundance of material we look forward to an excellent team.

During the past month it was found necessary to purchase a new cage, as the old one was

incapable of withstanding the terrific batting of the baseball candidates. A new striking bag has also been added to the "Gym."

The track team has been re-organized during the past month and active training has been resumed under the supervision of Mr. Maurice McCarthy. Although the team has been severely handicapped by the loss of several of its members, there are many promising sprinters among the new members, and under the excellent coaching of Mr. McCarthy we hope to uphold the reputation made by the last year's team.

The handball tournament which was recently started is proving most interesting, and as the various teams are so evenly matched the outcome promises to be most exciting. Two gold-mounted fountain pens have been offered as prizes to the winning teams. The following are the contesting teams:—M. Rodriguez and N. Murray; C. McMorrow and J. Macmanus; E. Healy and J. Radel; J. Farrell and R. Vila; T. Kiernan and H. Genet; E. Grimley and G. Lemaire; A. Hurley and A. Heide; C. Murn and W. Murray.

We wish to tender our condolence to Vincent Heiser in the bereavement he has sustained in the death of his mother, which occurred Jan. 27th.

The officers appointed for the second term are as follows:

Reading Room—President, John McLaughlin, Vice President, Arthur Hurley. *Billiard Room*—Edward O'Brien, President; Cecil Fitch, Vice President; Nelson Murray, Secretary; Robert Vila, Treasurer; *Press Officer*—Henry Andino; *Bell*

Ringer—William Murray; *Striking Bag Officer*—Geo. Hoyt.

On Feb. 12th we enjoyed a trip to Van Cortlandt Park. The skating was excellent and a most enjoyable afternoon was passed.

On the evening of Feb. 19th, Shrove Tuesday, we celebrated the event by a Division feast, athletic contests, etc., and a memorable evening was spent. The standing high-jump was won by Frank Smith, who broke all previous amateur records; while M. Cherry demonstrated his ability as a vaulter by carrying off the prize. The "Smiling Contest" proved the most interesting and amusing event of the evening; "Jack" McLaughlin easily carried off the honors.

M. LINNEHAN, '04.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

The pool tournament has ended with a very exciting finish. The winner is Jos. Coogan, with John De Ona a fair second. The billiard tournament has not finished yet; the name of the winner will be published in the next MONTHLY.

The officers of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin for the second term follow: Prefect, Jos. Coogan; First Assistant, Alfred Lombard; Second Assistant, Edward Suarez; Secretary, Vincent O'Reilly; Consultors, Paul Gleises, Leo Murray, Stephen McTague and Edmund Kraft; Sacristans, Chas. Hoyt and Hubert McNally.

The following boys were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin on Feb. 3d: Jos.

Belden, Thos. Morrin, Rudolph McGovern, Wm. McGovern, Ignatius Amor, Lawrence Brown, Fred. Cella, Walter Fitch, John Hinchliffe, Louis Hinchliffe, Rogelio Odoardo, George Richter, Jacques Safford.

Many new and interesting games have been placed in the Reading Room during the last month.

So far the schedule has not been made up yet for the coming season, but by the next issue of the MONTHLY we hope to be able to show our patrons the schedule. There has not been much practice in the cage on account of its short range, but we hope that we shall soon have nice weather to practise outdoors.

HUBERT MCNALLY,
Second Academic.

ATHLETICS.

WHEN the call for candidates for the Varsity ball team was issued, about fifteen men responded, and these under the careful coaching of Capt. McKenna have been practising daily in the cage. Of last year's team but six men remain: McKenna, Horan and Heide, pitchers; Joyce, catcher; Mitchell, right field; and Swetnam, short-stop. Of these nothing need be said, for their ability as ball players is recognized by all who have seen them play in the past. Among the new men we find Butler, who has had some experience in College baseball, having caught last year for Boston College; also Dempsey, third base, and O'Brien centre-field, both having played on a team which, aided by the splendid pitching of Scanlan, last year won the amateur championship of Syracuse.

Of course it is too early to make any predictions concerning the success of this year's team, but everything is being done by Mgr. Donohue and Capt. McKenna to have a team that will reach the standard set by former Fordham teams. Mgr. Donohue deserves great credit for the splendid schedule he has arranged, and before the close of another month the season of 1901 will be under way and we are confident that the expectations of our friends will be realized.

The schedule as it stands to date, although not quite completed, is as follows:

March	27—C. C. N. Y.	at	Fordham
"	30—Pending		

April	3—Yale	at	Fordham
"	13—C. C. N. Y.	at	"
"	17—Syracuse Univ.	at	"
"	20—Bucknell	at	"
"	24—Princeton "	at	Princeton
"	27—Holy Cross College	at	Worcester
May	1—Rochester Univ.	at	Fordham
"	2—Cornell "	at	"
"	4—Lafayette College	at	Easton
"	7—Pending		
"	8— "		
"	11—Orange A. C.	at	Orange
"	15—Pending		
"	16—Lafayette College	at	Fordham
"	18—Crescent A. C.	at	Bay Ridge
"	21—Holy Cross College	at	Fordham
"	22—Syracuse Univ.	at	Syracuse
"	25—Lehigh "	at	Fordham
"	30—Orange A. C. (2 games)	at	Orange
"	31—Georgetown Univ.	at	Fordham
June	1—Trinity College	at	"
"	6—Carlisle Indians	at	"
"	8—Knickerbocker A. C.	at	"
"	15—Pending		
"	18—Lehigh Univ.	at	South Bethlehem

Once more we feel called upon to urge the students to purchase season tickets, for without their aid, given in this way, very little can be accomplished. It is a duty that we should not hesitate to perform; and let us see to it that we all shall have secured a ticket before the first game has been played. The man who goes around saying, "I will wait and see what kind of a team they have before I buy my ticket," can certainly not be said to possess the true college spirit. Of course we feel confident that our friends, the Alumni, will assist by this means as generously as they have always done in past years.

During the past month the track team has been very active, competing in several indoor meets, the most noteworthy being those given by the Knickerbocker A. C. at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 4th. Fallon and White were entered in the 60 yds. handicap, and Seitz in the 50 yds. novice. In their respective heats Fallon, with a handicap of 18 feet, won his heat in the fast time of $6\frac{1}{5}$ sec., qualifying for the semi-finals, but did not win in the final. White ran third, but did not qualify. Seitz in the 50 yds. novice won his heat in 6 sec. In the semi-finals he ran second, but did not secure a place in the finals.

At a meeting of the Intercollegiate A. A. held at the Fifth Ave. Hotel on Feb. 23d, we were represented by C. McKenna, '01.

V. OLDSHUE, Eng., '02.

EXCHANGES.

AN original article in the February *Xavier*, which investigates the follies of Socialism, affords food for thought and reflection. There seems to be an unfortunate tendency on the part of juvenile writers to assume a dogmatic superiority, and to handle all problems of the human mind with a careless nonchalance which is quite refreshing. The problems which Socialism seeks to solve are dismissed with a philosophical accuracy which might well quiet the wailings of the Socialist if that unfortunate thirsted for mental refreshment rather than for physical relief. To assert that the improvement of the condition of the poor should come from within, and not from without, should come from individual energy and action, and not from legislation, is simply untrue. Picture the unfortunate mite born in a tenement house—a stifling human bee-hive—amid scenes of squalid misery and desolation, who takes upon his infant shoulders the melancholy burdens of life, and whose very nature is crippled with neglect of care. Compare such a child with the sleek, well fed, well-cared-for college boy, and then say that their chances for success in life depend upon their individual efforts. Legislation can solve the question that mistaken Socialists seek to solve. It can put down the criminal trust, and it can set a limit to the growth of mighty cities which foster in their festering bosoms misery and desolation.

The little poem entitled "Rabboni" is, we have no doubt, a clever production. A critic, however, may be said to labor under some difficulties when, in order to properly interpret and appreciate the muse, he must have recourse to a Hebrew and a German dictionary. The last two lines run as follows:

> "Tho' absent be the chastening pain,
> Yet still I say "Auf Wiederseh'n."

The remark in question we fear is something of an anti-climax.

The *Tamarack* is with a few exceptions as bright and original as usual. There is a new feature, we notice, of publishing a greater variety of short articles on interesting subjects. To the casual reader this may be an attraction, but from a literary standpoint it detracts somewhat from the weighty and dignified character of the monthly. One of the short articles asks the question: "Are original thinkers growing fewer with the centuries?" Then it sums up the mighty inventions and scientists of modern times, eulogizes the almost "supernatural" progress we have made and then answers the question in the negative. The writer is a little too enthusiastic. Science has not quite reached the supernatural stage. It is just beginning to find out how very much it doesn't know.

The *Holy Cross Purple* is devoted largely to a review of the great "Harvard-Holy-Cross Debate." It is recognized that the successful issue of this debate, from the standpoint of the Jesuit boys, is rather a "clincher" in the great dispute on electivism and its blessings. The arguments of both sides are discussed in a genera manner, which enables the reader to form some idea of the heated struggle of eloquence as it really took place.

The verse styled "Epiphany" is quite good. The sentiment is very tender, but the metre is somewhat halting in one or two places, and this renders the verse a trifle awkward.

The *St. Mary's Chimes* discusses with its usual ardor and enthusiasm questions of deep metaphysical importance. It is a phenomenon worth noticing that young ladies, who are generally light in their vocal style, are most solemn and serious when they once take up a pen. The critic will have to wait until he has finished Ethics before

he may so much as venture a criticism on the first article, which plunges with feminine power and eloquence into all the subtleties of the human will.

The *Bee* has an article or two that might repay a perusal. The poems, however, are the features of this month's issue. "The Song of the Dying Year" is particularly commendable for its easy flowing rhythm and cadence. It could be sung, and nothing in it would be discordant. The chief beauty of Longfellow's poems was the sonorous and ringing metre. He has proved beyond doubt that metre is of the very first importance, and scarcely comes second to the poetic thought itself. The poem is really beautiful and has many powerful passages which rise above the ordinary, commonplace efforts of young writers.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, '01.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Nan Nobody. By Mary T. Waggaman. *Dimpling's Success.* By Clara Mulholland. Benziger Bros. Price, retail, 40 cents.

These charming little stories for young people add two more volumes to the series by excellent Catholic writers now being published by Messrs. Benziger Bros. "Nan Nobody" is a little miss of twelve with wealthy connections, but doomed to drag out a miserable existence owing to her mother's unfortunate marriage. She is rescued from her sordid condition by a rich relative, but hearing of the dying condition of a former youthful and crippled charge to whom she had become much attached, she leaves her luxurious home to seek him out and care for him. Almost perishing through her devotion, she is found, and with the object of her self-sacrifice restored to happier surroundings.

"Dimpling's Success" is likewise a story of love and self-sacrifice, wherein the little heroine by patient devotion and prayer wins to the faith an aged and wealthy, though irreligious, relative to whose care she had been confided. Both these stories are beautifully Catholic in tone, tastefully gotten out and admirably suited to the Catholic home.

Milly Aveling. By Sara Trainer Smith. Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cents, retail.

"Helpless and helpful" sums up in a few words this interesting record of one year in the life of an invalid,—a young woman, who, though helpless herself, succeeds in helping others and bettering their lives by her kindly interest and the genial influence of her character.

By thinking well of those who came in contact with her, of those especially whom most thought ill of, she teaches them to think better of them-

selves, and by seeking the good in them she discovers it to themselves and encourages them to live up to it. While not a Catholic herself she is surrounded by Catholic influence and is at length blessed with the gift of faith. If anything of an adverse character could be said of the book, it would be its prolixity, considering the slender thread of narrative that it enfolds; but its characters are real and help us to forget the lack of plot.

The book is edited in the usual good taste of the publishers.

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THE FIRST EASTER.

Now faintly beameth the morning light,
As the curtain of night 's withdrawn ;
And the sun-tipped hilltop gleameth bright
To welcome the Easter dawn.

Now the breath of the morn is hushed and low,
And sweet is the song it sings,
As gently its cadences murmuring flow,
Like the rustle of angels' wings.

How deep is the love of the sorrowing heart
Of her who had erstwhile strayed
From the path of right,—far, far apart,
Towards the road with the downward grade.

But that was the past—the sinful past,
When, nearing perdition's abyss,
One ray of grace on her soul was cast ;—
She was saved for eternal bliss.

She had followed her Lord o'er the weary waste,
As His heavy Cross He bore;
She had watered with tears His footsteps, traced
In the blood from each sacred pore.

On Calvary's mount 'neath the Cross she stood,
On that fateful day of doom; [*blood*
And she mingled her tears with her Saviour's
As they placed Him in the tomb.

And now in the light of that blessed morn
She seeks out the rock-hewn bed, [*torn,*
And its pillow of stone on which, bleeding and
Lay her Saviour's Sacred Head.

With a burning love in her penitent soul
She had climbed that toilsome ascent, [*roll*
While she marveled within her: "Oh, who shall
The stone from the monument?"

But, lo! it was done, and the sepulchre
Lay empty,—her heart felt sore,
Till a message and promise of hope, to her
The white-robed angel bore.
[*breath*
"The Lord Whom thou seeketh"—she held her
And drank in his words with fear;— [*death,*
"Has triumphed o'er sin and the world, and
He is risen! He is not here!"

J. Stanislaus Taaffe, '03.

SENT TO SIBERIA.

DURING the reign of the late illustrious Czar, Alexander of Russia, there lived in the ancient city of Moscow a young noble named Ivan Michael. He was a brave, earnest youth of twenty summers, whose open countenance and kind blue eyes inspired in those who knew him sentiments of confidence and affection. Ivan's father, a colonel of the Royal Guard, had fallen bravely during the siege of Plevna in the recent Turko-Russian war, and hence the youth had been enabled to rise to some distinction in the social and military circles of the ancient capital. Having a tender heart, he had proven unequal to the allurements of social life, and had yielded his affections to a young lady of the Russian court, the only daughter of a wealthy count.

It happened about this time that a certain Carl Sankovich, a prominent officer of the Russian secret police, had, with an eye to the old count's money bags, also sought the lady's hand. Sankovich was certainly not a prepossessing man. An almost perpetual scowl rested on his low brow, like the dark cloud which presages a storm. A flowing black mustache, a square chin, a hawk nose, and cruel steel-blue eyes, gave nought but an expression of stern brutality to a countenance which was a true index to his dark soul. Being coldly and justly repulsed, the first feeling which filled the breast of this worthy was one of profound astonishment. Conceit is a vice as eccentric as

universal. Astonishment gave place to rage, and rage to bitter hate. Through his whole life hatred had been a ruling passion, but never had such fuel been fed to its flames. Ivan was the luckless culprit. Ivan was the supplanter. He it was who must suffer. He must learn to regret the folly of having crossed the path of such a man as Sankovich.

Such were the vindictive sentiments of this swarthy villain when fortune, too often the patroness of evil, smiled on his dark designs and gave him promise of quick revenge. An attempt had been made to assassinate the Czar. This was his opportunity. Immediately the secret police, those stealthy servants of vengeance, arrested the leading plotters and a great multitude of others on whom there rested the least shade of suspicion. Secretly and silently all alike were hastened off to a terrible exile in the Siberian mines. Such were the methods of the secret service of Russia. It is unknown whether these people were accorded the privilege of trial, for there is a fixed principle in Russia that in all matters concerning the life of the Czar suspicion, just or unjust, is the same as guilt, and hasty punishment is a virtue. During this reign of terror, when no man was certain of immunity from suspicion, and prominent persons were being arrested throughout the whole country, the home of Ivan Michael was entered one night by ruffians from the secret police under the leadership of the baleful Sankovich, and the poor youth, despite all opposition, was cruelly beaten and dragged off to the city prison. On the following morning Ivan was missing. His friends made inquiries for him and instituted a search in his behalf, but all their efforts were of no avail. The youth had disappeared as completely as if the

earth had opened to receive him. At the prison, that dark dungeon over whose stern battlements the very spirit of Russian despotism seemed to linger, another man had been apprehended, another assassin's guilt sworn to by an officer of the secret police, and another convict had on the following morning turned his gloomy gaze eastward, and commenced the awful march toward the terrors of Siberian exile.

A full month later a small party of Cossack soldiers might have been seen one frosty evening toiling up the sloping hills of the Ural Mountains, that rocky range of high bluffs and lofty peaks which forms so bold and distinct a boundary between the rugged confines of Russia and the snowy wastes of Siberia. The party was conducting a convict to the cruel land of exile. The prisoner wore a heavy, coarse coat reaching far below the knees and distinguished particularly by a large square patch on the back directly between the shoulders. The design and shape of this coat identified it immediately as the garb of the convict, the patch on the back being intended as a target for the rifles of pursuers in case of escape. The prisoner himself, as he raised his dejected eyes from the ground and looked upon the fierce bearded Cossacks who strode on carelessly beside him, discovered to the observer the honest but careworn features of the youth, Ivan Michael. For a long, tedious month he had journeyed wearily on over the rocky hills and valleys of his own native Russia. Not only was the terrible toil of such a march weighing down his youthful strength, but a burden far greater, a burden of humiliation, weakened his manly vigor and unnerved his courage. Yet strange to say,

during the last two days of his journey fresh spirit and strength returned to him in a manner surprising to his guard, and the wearied features of the youth took on an expression of sternness and anger. The cause will soon appear.

Immediately after Ivan's sudden and secret departure from Moscow the officer Sankovich requested a leave of absence from his post. However, owing to the grave necessities of the times, it was refused. Nothing daunted, he presented his resignation, which was also refused. A few days later he was missing from his post. The worthy officer had promised himself the pleasure of accompanying Ivan on his journey in order to gloat over the poor lad's misfortune and torment him as much as lay in his power. But as chance would have it, the youth had gained an advance of two days upon his enemy, since the latter had encountered unexpected trouble in ridding himself of his official duties, and the vindictive officer despite every effort had lost all track of the convict party.

Weeks went by in fruitless search and pursuit, until one unlucky day he gained definite knowledge that a band of ten Cossacks with a prisoner had passed through a certain hamlet lying east of the Urals a hundred miles. Immediately he took up the pursuit from that point, and came up with his quarry just two days before we find Ivan laboring up the steep slopes of the Ural Mountains. At first his arrival on the scene did not meet with particular approval. All friendly advances on his part were met with growling rebuffs, which indeed were returned in kind. Soon, however, Sankovich discovered that the captain of the Cossacks was a man of his own

mould, an individual possessing a dull, brutish countenance altogether villainous. A handful of gold soothed the fellow's surly temper with wonderful success, and Ivan's enemy immediately attained an enviable position in the Cossack's confidence, and thus arrogated himself into the good graces of the party. During his short stay with the convict guard he had used his whole time in finding means to wreak his vengeance on the prisoner. Jests, abuse and curses were heaped upon the youth with spiteful and persistent malice, and when the wretch on one occasion received some scornful answer, he fell into a terrible rage and attacked the lad with all the ferocity of a wild beast. Three or four of the Cossacks were barely sufficient to drag him from his helpless victim, who with manacled hands was compelled to suffer as best he might the brutal attacks of his vindictive enemy. Sankovich was terrible in his wrath; the frenzy of a fiend seemed to possess him as with fearful curses and imprecations he flew to glut his vengeance. But Ivan feared not. His father's spirit filled his breast. His young heart though tender was bold and true, and he met the fierce stare of his cruel enemy with undaunted and fearless eye.

It was evening when the party reached the summit of the mountain, where they paused for a time on the very boundary of the country. Then Ivan turned to look his last upon the Russian sun and bid farewell forever to his native land. In the west the golden orb of day was sinking to the cloudless horizon, and as the last ruddy ray illumined the mountain, despair deep and cruel stirred the very soul of the youth, and falling to his knees moaning and weeping he kissed his native land,

while his hot tears moistened the soil. Before him lay the green fields of his country—that country which had been to him home and happiness; that land which from his earliest hour he had dearly loved was now lost forever, and seemed sinking from him like the sun into the melancholy gloom of night. And as he knelt, his heart riven with the pangs of sorrow, he thought of God, and prayed with passionate feeling for aid and mercy in his hour of need. Then the dark cloud of despair passed from him and consoling calmness like heavenly balm soothed his aching heart, and with new courage and hope he arose and followed on after his guards.

The camp which the party pitched that night on the very summit of the mountain was the last point to which the guard had been ordered to conduct the prisoner. A strong relief force from the mines was expected to reach the mountain before dawn on the following morning and take the prisoner on from that point to the dismal home of exile. Accordingly camp was pitched and the rough soldiers prepared for a genuine Cossack revel, as is customary with them on the last day of their eastward march. Bottles of vudka and mead were brought to light, and by the side of a roaring fire, whose warm glow robbed of its terrors the chill blast of the frigid night, the Cossacks drank long and deeply, until their fierce eyes gleamed with brutal joy and they broke forth into loud roystering songs—songs of love, of war, and of their own wild lives on the desolate steppe. Sankovich was not the last in this revel. Wine seemed to arouse all the brutal passion of his nature, and at the height of his intoxication he acted like a wild beast. At one time a Cossack

offered Ivan a bottle of mead, but the lad being in no humor for merry-making declined the offer. Sankovich, taking notice of Ivan's refusal, insisted with a loud oath that the prisoner must drink. On attempting to enforce his wishes a struggle ensued, in which, finding himself stoutly resisted, the brutal officer with a fierce blow shattered the bottle into fragments over Ivan's head, and the poor lad fell stunned to the earth. A Cossack springing to his feet hurled the ruffian back, and raising the lad, stood nearer the fire to protect him. This act was not altogether benevolent, as the convict soldiers are held strictly accountable for the welfare of prisoners, and the discipline is so strict that in case of escape the officer responsible even pays for his negligence with his life. Not many minutes passed before Sankovich gave another example of his unrestrained brutality. A Laplander, a veritable dwarf, who acted as cook for the party, had the misfortune to stumble over his prostrate form as he reclined in drunken sloth before the fire. In an instant the angry ruffian bounded to his feet, and seizing the luckless dwarf by the throat he dragged him roughly to the fire and plunged his right hand into the living embers. With a piercing shriek the Laplander tore himself away from the inhuman wretch, and falling to the ground writhed about in keenest agony, while his screams awoke the echoes far and wide on the silent mountain. Immediately the Cossacks, many of whom had already sunk into slumber, surrounded the infuriated officer, and the captain of the party glared at him for some time in silence, with a mingled expression of contempt for such fiendish brutality and admiration for such consummate villainy. When the captain had finished his in-

spection, he turned, and without a word flung himself heavily upon the ground, and wrapping his heavy cloak about his shoulders as a protection from the cold blast, prepared for slumber. His example was soon followed by the remainder of the party, and in a few minutes nought but the sighing of the mountain pine as it swayed to and fro in the night wind awoke the silence of the camp.

(*To be continued.*)

THE AWAKENING.

DEDICATED TO MY PREFECT.

Often in the early morning
When I hear the Prefect's warning,
  Much I wish he'd go away ;
For just then I feel a yearning
To seek sleep instead of learning,
  And in bed I long to stay.
But that Prefect, hard, unyielding,
Now a little bell is wielding,
  Wielding much to my dismay ;
And his stern, cold voice commanding,
On the floor I soon am standing,
  Standing at the break of day.

JAS. S. MCCORMICK, '03.

FORDHAM IN THE SIXTIES.

SOME REMINISCENCES BY "JOSH."

First Impressions.

AS one of the advantages of a college to a student is that it is a microcosm, naturally the benefits and enjoyments a student receives will depend very largely on his past experience, or, as some would say, on his "point of view." The writer of these reminiscences came from the country. I know it is sad, in the face of so many people fortunate enough to have come from New York, or even from Yonkers, to have to admit it, but that is one of the features of a microcosm. The boy from New York laughs at the greenness of the countryman, and to the countryman the city boy is a never failing source of joy. In the grammar school the standards were different forty-five years ago. It was probably good to be proficient in one's studies, but it was much better to be handy with one's fists, and each boy's standing was readjusted, from day to day, according to the relative number and quality of his defeats and victories after school at the back of the schoolhouse. His opportunities were many; he might have a great number, and he could not avoid having at least a few. Then, there were the floggings. Mine were scheduled next to the geography class, that is, it was the second exercise every morning. I cannot remember, at this distance, whether I deserved punishment or not, for that was an element not essential, but for a

very large part incidental. Probably I deserved most of what I received, for I now feel no sense of injury or resentment toward those who gave. It was, too, a healthy exercise—for the teachers,—for all my grammar school teachers are alive at this writing. Then, too, there was, forty-five years ago, a poorly concealed bigotry shown by teachers and pupils toward all Catholics. We Catholics felt for this reason that we belonged to the Church militant, and experienced a sort of holy joy, not only in "licking" our enemies, but even in being "licked."

After grammar school we went to the Academy. It was a great change, for the pupils really understood that they went to school to learn, and did learn. Between school sessions I went to work on a farm. After finishing at the Academy, I made up my mind to go to Fordham. I had never seen a Jesuit in all my life ; but had read of them. There was in my father's library a life of St. Francis Xavier by Bartoli. I read it and re-read it, and there was in the library of the Academy a number of anti-Catholic books, which, of course, devoted considerable space to the Jesuits.

It may be guessed that my feelings, as I met the President of the College, were very much mixed. I was, I may say, awe-struck by the fact that I was face to face with a member of that army which Catholics called the "right arm of the Church" and which Protestants admitted were the most powerful defenders of the faith. After a brief examination I was given in charge to one of the "good boys," and was told the class to which I was assigned. After looking over the grounds and buildings for a couple of hours we were summoned to supper, and I was shown my seat at

table. Each table had fourteen students. I soon found out that the two students at the ends were in honor, as they apportioned the food and were in a position to do justice to the sons of their mothers, which they did with filial piety. The rule for reading was suspended, as, in me a new student had arrived, and this was the formal reception. Immediately grace was said a furious din arose. It was the sound of the onslaught,—the rattling of dishes, knives and forks, and above all the voices of the students. Before I had time to see and hear what was going on, the bell again sounded and grace was being said. I was not a little astonished. My mentor afterward explained to me that at meals I must "get away at the drop of the flag, and keep running my best to the wire."

It will be seen that being a "good boy" was not inconsistent with the knowledge of certain events that happened at the neighboring Jerome Park, though this knowledge was not promised in the College prospectus; and it was not considered necessary by the students in this branch to consult the Jesuits for the successful prosecution of their researches. This particular student's father was, I believe, a devotee of this kind of sport, and he had unusual facilities. Next morning at breakfast I had not mastered the lesson given me, and was told that I was "left at the post." I had not cast off my leisurely way of taking my meals, but at dinner and thereafter I did better.

After supper I devoted much attention to a careful mental inventory of the physical equipment of the students, and of each in particular, as I had, of course, no idea of the prevailing standards. It seemed to me possible that the grammar school methods might be in vogue here, and as I was a

complete stranger, I could not help making a mental forecast of my chances. My verdict was reassuring. I made up my mind that if they would come at me one at a time, and give a "breathing spell" between fights, I would soon take a respectable rank. My second night at supper brought a sort of confirmation of my expectations, for I found, on going out, that my pockets had been filled with spoons and knives. I thought, to use more modern slang, that it "was up to me" to declare my intentions and find out what was next on the programme. It did not take me long to find the culprit and to tell him what he might expect on a repetition of the offence. As a matter of fact, he was a cowardly cur, held in contempt by the students generally. My mentor explained to me the code of honor, which was, that it was best not to talk fight, unless one intended to fight, for the students would not only not interfere, but would insist upon some sort of a public settlement of the affair, "*vi et armis.*" The Jesuits would not interfere, even though the battle took place under the eyes of one of them. The moral effect was excellent. There were very few fights. I don't remember that I took part in any, and altogether there were no more than two or three among the students of the first division in my time.

My first impressions, after the first novelty wore off, were most agreeable. It was agreeably strange, for instance, to be in a community of Catholics. I can compare it only to the sensation of warmth which one would experience after being out a long time in the cold. I found the boys to be gentlemanly young fellows, with a very strong sense of fair play, with a courteous and constant

consideration for the rights of others, pious without cant or ostentation, and with a very strong respect for their word of honor. I presume all this will seem very commonplace to the present generation, and I must apologize by saying that those things impressed themselves on my memory. The course, though it is improved, was in my day much as it is. I will not therefore discuss that feature of my college life. Next month, if the editor will permit, I will again tell some things that I presume all know.

JOSH.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

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IN MEMORIAM.

A. J. H.

These classic haunts are drear to-day :
A summons from above
Has taken from our midst away
A comrade we did love.

'Tis hard with that dear friend to part,
Whom Death so soon did claim ;
Now naught remains to cheer the heart
But memory and a name.

'Tis sad to think that never more
With us he'll kneel for prayer ;
'Tis joy to know his toils are o'er,—
He's with God's angels fair.

EUGENE McGEE, '03.

March 22d, 1901.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Reverend Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Continued.*)

MARCH 23d, 1862.—Said mass in a large hall erected by the 16th Mass. My regiment, which was encamped at about one-half a mile off, was marched to mass by the officers. Most of the 16th Mass. were also present. I preached a sermon on the end of man. Saw Major Lamson after mass. Major Lamson is a convert from Western Mass., a great friend of Father Bapst. He received his education in France, where he became a Catholic. He is greatly opposed to the use of pagan authors in the education of youth.

24th—Moved to a new camp beyond Hempsted, further from Fortress Monroe.

28th—Heard confessions in the 9th Mass., Father Scully's regiment. Prepared 34 for Communion. I did this at Father Scully's invitation, who was with the regiment at the time.

29th—Said mass for the 9th Mass. and preached. Went to the 55th N. Y. Regiment, composed mostly of Frenchmen. Found two old Fordham boys, Capt. Edward Binsse and Private Kenny.

April 1st, 1862—Rode to the Fortress with Father Scully. We put up our horses in a stable and walked about for a long time. We attracted attention and were taken for Southern spies, but nothing was said to us. On our return, as we

were crossing a bridge about one-half a mile from the Fortress, the sentinel looked very sharply at us, but said nothing and let us pass. We had not gone far when we were overtaken by a horseman, who arrested us. We must go back to the Fortress and take the oath of allegiance. Father Scully was very wroth. "An oath was a sacred thing; he would not take it." I reasoned with him: "If it was no harm to take the oath once, it will be no harm to take it a second time. Besides, we have no choice; we have no one here to identify us. Either take the oath or spend the night in the lock-up." He yielded. As we were riding back to the Fortress, the horseman said to the sentry at the bridge: "Why didn't you stop them?" "I was told to stop two men on foot," he replied. As soon as we had taken the oath we were let go to our regiment in peace.

2d—Saw Father Martin, chaplain of the 67th Pa., also Major John Devereux of the same regiment. Devereux is a Fordham graduate, ('48).

4th—Broke up camp at 8:30 A. M. On the march until 9:30 P. M., and yet we made only six miles. Halted for the night beyond Big Bethel. This was the beginning of the famous Peninsula campaign. As a general thing during this campaign the marching was badly organized. There seemed to be no plan at all. Often we had to start very early and after walking for a little while we had to wait on the road to let other troops pass, or for some other reason. We were halted sometimes for hours under a pelting rain or scorching sun.

The first part of the day was beautiful. The men were carrying heavy loads on their backs, one or two blankets and an overcoat. They were

not accustomed to this and found it fatiguing. After walking a mile or two, at a halt, they would look at their big bundle and say: "After all, I do not need two blankets," and would throw away one or some other article of clothing. This was some relief, but the load was heavy yet, and they would still diminish it at the next halt. The whole road, for miles, was thus covered with clothing. When the night came, the poor fellows were very sorry thus to have parted with their clothing, for they had but scanty means to protect their bones against the cold.

When we halted at night there seemed to be but slender hope of a comfortable rest. There was, it is true, a house; but it was small and some people lived in it. I had made up my mind to spend the night sitting in some corner, when Dr. O'Meagher called me. He had discovered a small room near the garret, where, with the permission of the mistress of the house, we spent the night.

5th—On the march again at 6 A. M., till 11 A. M., under heavy showers. I was well protected against the rain. McClellan passed us with his staff; he was cheered and cheered. In the afternoon the weather cleared up. We marched through very muddy roads until 5 or 6 P. M., when we halted in the neighborhood of Yorktown. One of the regiments had a band which began to give us some music, but this drew the fire of the enemy, for we were within shell range; so the musicians had to hush.

We had a considerable number of troops, but were poorly prepared to stand a sudden attack. One thousand determined men would probably have swept away the whole of us. The night

was very cold. As our wagons had not yet arrived we had but poor means of keeping warm.

6th—Although it was Sunday, we had no mass, because our chapel was behind in the wagons; but I preached and said prayers. Heard confessions the whole afternoon and late at night, until 12:30, in a small tent, without fire and on the wet ground. I prepared 102 for Communion, mostly from the 63d Pa., 2d Maine, and 38th and 40th N. Y. The men had the fear of the Lord, for they did not know how soon they might have to fight. I was obliged to put off hearing the confessions of my own men.

7th—Cold rain and even snow. Gave Communion to those whom I had prepared yesterday.

9th—Dr. Gesner of the 38th N. Y. said to-day in the presence of three Protestant chaplains: "These chaplains are all humbug; they had no service last Sunday, except the Catholic chaplain, whom I saw preaching from a barrel. I am the brother of an Episcopalian minister, but if ever I want to get religion I'll apply to the Catholics."

10th—Moved our camp a little way into the woods, where it was safer, though swampy. There was stagnant water within six feet of my tent. We remained there nearly one month. I enjoyed pretty good health, though several of the men got sick.

13th—Sunday. A Captain of Artillery passing by my tent called out: "Chaplain, are you going to have service?" "Yes; are you a Catholic?" "No, but no matter; we have no time now to examine differences; we take the first we come across." It was Palm Sunday.

In the afternoon went to McClellan's headquarters, about a mile distant. Was introduced by

Martin McMahon to Count de Paris and the Duke of Chartres, both very unassuming. They would have come to mass, but had been called away at the time. They promised to come next Sunday. Wanted to know if I would have services during Holy Week. They asked me for a palm, but I had none to give them. I invited them to make their Easter duty.

Called on Col. Gantt of St. Louis, Judge-advocate of the whole army. He was at Georgetown some thirty years ago. "If you had been there some years," I said, "they would have made a Catholic of you." "Perhaps so," he replied; "I have no prejudice now. These Protestant ministers have behaved, before and during our troubles, in a way that shall not soon be forgotten. Those chaplains are worse than useless."

Towards evening I heard confessions in the 14th Regiment, Regular Army, Captain O'Connell commanding.

14th--Brought Communion to the men of the 14th Reg. and heard some confessions in the 12th Regiment, R. A. Saw Captain Lay, a student at Worcester in 1845, who is acquainted with most of the Maryland Fathers.

16th—Rode to see Father Ouellet, who returned my visit some days later. There was question about this time of uniting my regiment to General Meagher's Brigade. Most of the officers of our regiment were in favor of it; the Colonel was not opposed to it. I spoke to him, asking him not to consent to this. I had two reasons. There were already two chaplains in the Irish Brigade, one too many. If the union had been effected there would have been three. Then I thought that my men would behave better by themselves.

Many things that I had seen led me to this conclusion. The union was not effected.

19th—Met for the first time Father O'Hagan, S. J., chaplain of Sickle's Brigade.

20th—Easter Sunday. The heavy rains compelled me to say mass in my tent. The Count de Paris and others were present outside. He came into my tent after mass. I called on him a few days afterwards; found him writing at the door of his tent. He rose to receive me and kept standing. I remained but a few moments, not wishing to intrude, and did not speak about confession as I had intended.

27th—Colonel Hardy of McClellan's staff and Captain McMahon came to hear mass.

28th—Pay day. Brought the men's money to the express office at Cheeseman's Landing. Had about 200 packages. During my two years stay in the army I brought thousands of packages to the express. Only one was ever lost, and in this case the money was refunded by the express company.

(*To be continued.*)

THAT NEW STAR.

"Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame,
When with his pois'nous breath he blasts the sky."

STANDING upon the threshold of a new century and casting a wistful glance back upon the achievements in the several branches of the sciences and the arts, a feeling of wonder seizes one, whether aught remains to be done by the investigator of the century to come. The recent discovery of Dr. Anderson of Edinburgh, of the new star Nova Persei, points out unmistakably that the reader, lost in the history of what the nineteenth century has accomplished, is but reading the prelude of the wonders to be revealed in the new-born era, at least so far as the secrets of the heavens are concerned. The new star, whose history begins with February the 21st, is undoubtedly a member of the group known as "variables." Variable stars are those which vary their brilliancy either periodically or non-periodically. They are classified as follows:

1. Those which change slowly and continuously.

2. Those which brighten and darken without any fixed period.

3. Those which blaze out of a sudden and disappear slowly, generally known as temporary stars.

4. Periodic stars of both long and short period.

5. Those stars in which the variation is of such a nature as to make the same appear not unlike the phenomenon of an eclipse,—Algol stars.

It is foreign to the scope of this paper to enter upon a description of these several classes. We prefer to confine our remarks to that group of which our new wanderer is a worthy member, adding a word or two about the theory of the variation in light of these stars.

The earliest record we have of a temporary star is that discovered by Hipparchus, 134 B. C. Of this star we know but little, save that it was of such a brightness as to be easily visible at full-noon. The Chinese annals of Ma-tuan-lin make mention of a star appearing at about the same date in the constellation Scorpio, but reasons are brought to bear out the fact that in this case a comet was mistaken for a star. A lapse of 500 years brings us to the second of these intruders, and astronomers lament the fact that the astronomical day-book furnishes us no information respecting the same. This star appeared 389 A. D., near the star Alpha Aquilæ and reached a maximum brightness of the planet Venus. For data respecting the third of these visitors we are indebted to the celebrated Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe. We take pleasure in quoting Tycho's own words: "One night as I was examining as usual the celestial vault, the aspect of which is so familiar to me, I saw with unspeakable astonishment, near the zenith in Cassiopæa, a star of extraordinary brightness. Struck with surprise, I could scarcely believe my eyes. To convince myself that there was no illusion and to obtain the testimony of other persons, I called the workmen occupied in my chemical labratory, and asked them if they saw, as I did, the star which had so suddenly made its appearance. I learned later that in Germany the cabbies and others of

the people had acquainted the astronomers of the strange appearance in the sky and thereby furnished the occasion for a renewal of the accustomed railing against scientific men." When first seen, the star was of a greater brilliancy than Jupiter. Rising to the brightness of Venus, it remained so for a full week, then began to wane, being visible, however, to the unaided eye for fully sixteen months. Goodricke lays claims to the fact that this same star was seen in 945 A. D., and 1264 A. D., and insists that its period is 312 or probably 156 years. What makes this star particularly interesting is the general credence given to the idea that this star was the "Star of Bethlehem." It is readily seen how such a notion found favor. Allowing the period of this star to be about 321 years, its appearance in 1572 would have been the fifth since it appeared to the Magi, and being of such an unusual brightness it well merited the appellation of "Stella ejus."

The year 1600 revealed the presence of another of these visitors in the constellation Cygnus. It was discovered by the geographer Jansen, but as it never reached beyond the brightness of a star of the third magnitude, merits no special attention. Not forgetting that Kepler, Anthelm, Hind and Anwers handed down the records of the appearance of like stars in 1604, 1670, 1848 and 1860, respectively, we are brought to one which excited no little interest. First noticed in May, 1866, at Tuam by Mr. Birmingham as a star of the second magnitude, it failed to remain in maximum for longer than four days. Spectroscopic observations revealed the fact that it was very like in constitution to our sun, but differed from it in this, that it was entirely covered

with outbursting prominences. The story of Nova Cygni, disclosed in 1876, differs little from that of 1866. It maintained its maximum brightness just one day, and within one month was visible only with the aid of a telescope. Both of these last two stars remain as minute telescopic stars, the former of magnitude 9.5, the latter of magnitude 15.0. Those of 1885 and 1892 appeared in the nebula of Andromeda and the constellation Auriga, and have little uncommon with the foregoing.

Nova Normæ, discovered in 1893 ; Nova Carinæ, discovered in 1895 ; and Nova Aquilæ, discovered in 1900,—mark a new epoch in the disclosure of these heavenly bodies. Of these stars, defiant of the unaided eye and the telescope, the sensitive plate undertook to reveal the hiding place. Mrs. W. Fleming of Harvard College Observatory, whose duty it is to photograph evening after evening the celestial vault, lays just claim to the title of pioneer in this method of detecting temporary stars. We feel that it is quite too soon to indulge in any wild prophecies concerning our new visitor. Of this, however, we are certain, that his period of maximum luminosity was very short-lived and that his color was not unlike the color of most variable stars, that is, red. We may confidently hope that the telescope and the photographic plate in the hands of our able astronomers will shortly betray all of his oddities, if oddities there be.

Touching the question of the cause of the variability of these celestial bodies, we may as well own at once in the words of the Latin poet:

"Superas evadere ad auras, hoc opus, hic labor est."

Even to the untutored in matters astronomical

it is evident that no single explanation will suffice to cover all classes of variable stars. Far from looking for any explanation for the first group, we should rather be surprised at not finding even greater changes than we do, in view of the fact that these vast luminaries have been spending their energy for so many thousands of years. Mr. Proctor somewhere lodges the complaint against astronomers, that it is getting a little out of fashion with them to dwell thoughtfully on past observations, and feels it his kind duty to apologize for the same, on the ground that these men are goaded on simply by the greed for new knowledge. Though it be far from us to cavil at the words of so learned a gentleman as Mr. Proctor, yet we feel it our duty to take exception to this remark in regard to astronomers engaged in the study of variable stars. The fact of the matter is, that it is simply thumbing these dust-worn volumes of observations,—volumes, as Mr. Proctor would have it, of "forgotten lore"—that will tend to satisfy this greed for new knowledge which has taken so violent a hold upon the "watchers of the skies." This is especially the case with those astronomers engaged in formulating a theory respecting the second group of variables. It has been suggested that when the range of variability is quite small, as it is in most cases, there are something like spots on the surface of these stars not unlike those on the sun. A star with such a spot upon it and revolving upon its axis cannot but fluctuate periodically in brightness. Of Mr. Lockyer's attempt to formulate a plausible theory to explain temporary stars and those of the fourth class, we can but own that it is most ingenious. Sir Isaac Newton hinted at the theory long before,

but Lockyer gave it its present tangible form. This theory starts out with the hypothesis that these stars are non-compact bodies, dense swarms of meteorites of vast extent, each accompanied by a satellite which revolves about its primary in an eccentric orbit, no otherwise than comets revolve about the sun. On the supposition that the perihelion distances are very small, then these swarms would of necessity interpenetrate, passing through each other at perihelion. This interpenetration would occasion a great increase of collisions with a corresponding output of radiant energy. The most serious objection to this theory is, that as the orbital motion of these primaries must be periodic, there being no reason to the contrary, and as the frequency of these collisions is a function of this orbital motion, there is offered no explanation whatever for the irregularity of these collisions. Another theory, though far more improbable than the last, is that these phenomena are due to some stupendous process of combustion, some sudden conflagration on the surface of bodies till then obscure. Humboldt, whilst scoffing at the aforesaid theory, favors the notion that perhaps electric and magnetic powers play some part in this gigantic *coup de théâtre*. However these several theories may appeal to the reader, he has always to remember that in this regard, " Adhuc sub judice lis est."

As already mentioned in our classification of stars, the last type embraces those which readily lend themselves to the explanation of an eclipse. This eclipse would be effected by the passage of some opaque body between the observer and the star. Goodricke was the first to suggest that this theory might stand to explain stars of the Algol

type. The advances made of recent years in spectroscopic apparatus and in the construction of telescopes of large aperture have given rise to a new line of investigation known as "Work along motion in the line of sight," whose function it is to determine the rate at which a star approaches or recedes from our planet. Doppler, in 1843, enunciated the principle, that when the distance between the observer and a body emitting regularly periodic pulsations is increased, the number of waves received per second is diminished, and that in consequence the wave-lengths are increased and vice-versa. In the case of light-waves this increase and decrease in distance is determined by the shifting of any one line towards the red and blue end of the spectrum, respectively. Vogel found that from 12 to 18 hours before minimum Algol is receding from our planet at the rate of 5,832,000 miles per hour, and that after eclipse it approaches with the same rapidity. This is just what would be expected if the star had a dark companion and the two were revolving about their common centre of gravity in an orbit nearly edgewise to the earth. Goodricke's theory then seems to be plausibly confirmed.

It might seem trivial that the astronomer, with no companion save the darkness of the night, should waste himself in following the erratic movements of these celestial wanderers, but his feelings are well sung by the Pelignian bard:

> "Felices animos, quibus hæc cognoscere primis,
> Inque domos superas scandere cura fuit!
> Admovere oculis distantia sidera terris,
> Ætheraque ingenio supposuere suo."

—ASTRONOMUS.

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JOHN J. O'DONOHUE, '01,
VALENTINE J. OLDSHUE, ENG., '02.

SANCTUM.

SINCE our last issue the shadow of death has darkened the threshold of our College home, and turned our minds from lighter pursuits to the solemn consideration of life's stern reality.

To depart this life from a house of learning and prayer, from a home where duty to God and duty

to self are so happily mingled, and to fall asleep for the last time on the bosom of Alma Mater, are privileges which shall be enjoyed by few of us when we too are called to our last reckoning. No earthly consolation can lessen the grief we feel at the loss of a friend so justly esteemed for his amiable disposition and personal worth. In the death of Andrew Heide his relatives and fellow-students have suffered a loss which nothing can assuage but the soothing reflection that the loss is all our own and none our departed friend's. His joy has become our regret—a selfish regret it may be, but nevertheless a natural one. To friends and relatives it must be a sublime consolation to remember that the earnest prayers of pious priests and students have arisen like incense with his soul to heaven. It is a subject of rejoicing and not regret that an innocent youth has fled from the vale of tears unto a happier home; for lulled to sleep by angel voices this child of Alma Mater, as we firmly believe, is now dwelling in the land of the blessed.

* * *

As deaths among the students of Fordham are rare occurrences, in order to have some adequate means of expressing their sorrow at the lost of one of their fellows, it was arranged that the battalion should be present at the funeral of Andrew Heide. A military funeral is almost unheard of at Fordham; nevertheless it may well form a precedent in this matter, as a military celebration of any kind is a most imposing and dignified event. Indeed, no more fitting tribute to a departed student could have been suggested. To the chance observer who might have stood at the end of the College

walk when our military battalion streamed forth from among the College buildings and marched with steady and dignified bearing through Fordham, the thought must have come that in our smart young cadets there was every evidence of good material and good training. A well disciplined battalion is something of which any college might well be proud, as it speaks worlds both for the physical and moral training of the students. A well regulated military organization without stern and unyielding discipline is an impossibility except among young gentlemen, and hence we feel a natural pride when we consider that the mild discipline enforced at Fordham has been able to attain, with such eminent success, genuine order, regulation, and soldierly precision.

* * *

On pleasant afternoons the candidates for baseball honors have been diligently practising under the guidance of the coach. Such ambition and loyalty for the old maroon are indeed worthy of praise and encouragement. The material for the team this year is decidedly good and the spirit and dash of the candidates is all that could be desired. As some big games are scheduled for the very beginning of the season, it may be a trifle optimistic to expect an entirely victorious opening of the baseball year. However, we have every reason to be sanguine over the prospects that are expanding before us. The keynote of success is confidence, both at the bat and among the "rooters." Want of courage and want of nerve have ever been the secret of failure on the diamond, just as they have ever been the secret of failure in life and in every enterprise worth undertaking. An enthusias-

tic crowd feels like lynching a player who comes to the bat in a crisis of the game, when a little pluck is needed, and listlessly strikes at the air, with his heart in his boots, and not enough courage and determination to keep alive. Such a player always makes up his mind when the crisis comes that the other fellows have lost the game already, and it doesn't matter much what he does. It is lucky he has this consolation, for otherwise he couldn't stand up to the plate without supports. "Fair-weather" players are not needed on the diamond. They make wonderful reputations as "sluggers" when their own side is ten runs ahead, and there is no reason to fear for the result; but when the tight fix comes they are so frightened that they fall into a cold perspiration, and strive to spare themselves the misery of a complete breakdown by sulking dreadfully at someone else's failings, and by helplessly striking out in testimony of their own severe dissatisfaction with somebody else. Lack of nerve may be a physical defect. If it is, a change of climate is the best remedy; but if it be a moral defect, the only remedy that can be suggested is a vigilance committee formed on the spot to deal out instant execution. To the baseball novice who finds he has not the requisite supply of nerve we would offer the advice, in pure goodness of heart, to give it up, as the "rooter's" fervid soul knows no crime in the whole decalogue equal to an error, and the nervous wretch on the diamond who fails to satisfy the superior being on the stand is bound to reap a full harvest of misery and contempt.

* * *

We extend our heartfelt condolences to the editor of the MONTHLY, who has been temporarily called away from his duties on the staff to the death-bed of his brother. It is our sincere wish that his present absence will be as brief as may be, and that he will soon return to reassume the editorial sceptre, and to delight us once more with his graceful style and facile pen.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, '01.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANDREW J. HEIDE,

Died March 20th, 1901.

IT is our sad duty this month to chronicle the death of a fellow student, "one of our own household." When the last issue of the MONTHLY appeared he was to all appearances as strong and well as the healtiest amongst us,—now we are writing his obituary. What wonder that his death should have cast a momentary gloom over us all and caused even the most thoughtless to reflect for a time on the uncertainty of human existence!

Andrew J. Heide entered the College on Sept. 8th, 1896, and was assigned to the class of Grammar. Thence he passed to the classes of Third, Second, and First Academic, successively, being a member of the last named class at the time of his death. One who was with him from the beginning of his college career says: "His life here at Fordham was distinguished for three virtues—kindness, generosity, and honesty. He was a jolly boy; but whenever he had a chance to extend a kind word to those in trouble, or offer a helping hand to those in want, he was prompt to do so. Never while he was at Fordham have I heard him say a harsh word to anybody. He was a good, noble, and honest boy. He was willing to die, and that indeed was a true sign of his purity of soul, as, if he were a bad boy, he would be afraid of death."

His illness began on Wednesday, March 13th.

Going to the Infirmary the following morning he placed himself under the Brother's care and received medical attendance. It was the first sickness he had ever known; it was destined to be his last. He seemed to realize somehow that he would not recover, and expressed to one of the Fathers who visited him his entire readiness to die. On Monday he made his confession with full consciousness to his confessor, Rev. Father Mahony. The day before his death his thoughts seemed to be turning towards his future home. At one time he said to the nurse who attended him: "Kneel down! Do you not see that Our Lord is present?" That evening his condition became critical, and about three o'clock on Wednesday morning he received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction and the Viaticum. From that time there was little hope of his recovery. The members of his family were summoned to his bedside early Wednesday morning and remained with him during the day. Surrounded by loving friends and assisted by several Fathers of the College, he quietly breathed his last about 5:45 on Wednesday afternoon, while the touching prayers of the Church were being recited for his happy death.

The news of his death was soon passed around amongst the students, and for a time it seemed as though a dark cloud were overhanging the College. For though, naturally, Andrew was known intimately by those only of his own division, yet all remembered him as a boy of a sunny disposition, unselfish, generous, and kind of heart. A proof of his popularity was given at the reading of the monthly marks for February, when a burst of applause greeted him as he went to re-

ceive his testimonial. As he slipped into his seat, somewhat abashed by such an ovation, he whispered to one of his companions: "I'll get another one next month." This time, however, it was to be an oral one,— the "Well done!" of the great Master.

Nearly all the students of the house had received Holy Communion for him on the morning of his death, yet all went to the altar again on the following morning for the repose of his soul. He had finished the visits to the Blessed Sacrament requisite for gaining the Jubilee Indulgence and so was the first of our number to feel the benefit of this great privilege. While, therefore, we feel the utmost sympathy for the members of his afflicted family, yet we cannot but rejoice at his holy and edifying death. In consideration of his good life it might seem to us needless to offer further prayers for his soul. But as we were reminded on the Sunday following his death, this duty is still incumbent on each of us. We who knew him and loved him in life should not be unmindful of him in death, offering up daily to God the Church's cry of supplication: *May he rest in peace.*

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

A TRIBUTE TO ST. JOHN'S HOSPITALITY.*

MR. RIIS describes his landing in New York in 1870, his first impressions and trials of this city, and his going West, and subsequent returning to this city filled with the desire to enlist in the cause of his country which had gotten into war with Persia. Continuing, he says:

"I reached New York with just one cent in my pocket, and put up at a boarding house where the charge was one dollar a day. In this no moral obligation was involved. I had simply reached the goal for which I had sacrificed all, and felt sure that the French people or the Danish Consul would do the rest quickly. But there was evidently something wrong somewhere. The Danish Consul could only register my demand to be returned to Denmark in the event of the war. They have my letter to that effect there yet, he informs me. The French were fitting out no volunteer army that I could get on the track of, and nobody was paying the passage of fighting men. The end of it was that, after pawning my revolver and my top boots to pay for my lodging, I was thrown on the street and told to come back when I had more money. That night I wandered about New York with a gripsack that had only a linen duster and a pair of socks in it, turning over in my mind what to do next. Toward mid-

* The above extract is taken from "The Making of an American," the autobiography of Jacob A. Riis, now appearing in the *Outlook*.

night I passed a house in Clinton Place that was lighted up festively. Laughter and hum of many voices came from within. I listened. They spoke French. I went up the steps and rang the bell. A flunky in a dress-suit opened, but when he saw that I was not a guest, but to all appearances a tramp, he tried to put me out. I on my part tried to explain. There was an altercation, and two gentlemen of the society appeared. They listened impatiently to what I had to say, then without a word thrust me into the street and slammed the door in my face.

"It was too much. Inwardly raging, I shook the dust of the city from my feet, and took the most direct route out of it. Straight up Third Avenue I walked till the stars in the east began to pale, and then climbed into a wagon that stood at the curb, to sleep. I did not notice that it was a milk-wagon. The sun had not risen yet when the driver came, unceremoniously dragged me out by the feet and dumped me into the gutter. On I went with my gripsack, straight ahead, until toward noon I reached Fordham College, famished and footsore. I had eaten nothing since the previous day and had vainly tried to make a bath in the Bronx River do for breakfast. Not yet could I cheat my stomach that way.

"The College gates were open, and I strolled wearily in without aim or purpose. On a lawn some young men were engaged in athletic exercises, and I stopped to look at and admire the beautiful shade trees and the imposing buildings. So at least it seems to me at this distance. An old monk in a cowl, whose noble face I sometimes recall in my dreams, came over and asked kindly if I was hungry. I was in all conscience fearfully hun-

gry and I said so, though I did not mean to. I had never seen a real live monk before, and my Lutheran training had not exactly inclined me in their favor. I ate of the food set before me, not without qualms of conscience and with a secret suspicion that I would next be asked to abjure my faith or at least do homage to the Virgin Mary, which I was firmly resolved not to do. But when, the meal finished, I was sent on my way with enough to do me for supper, without the least allusion having been made to my soul, I felt heartily ashamed of myself. I am just as good a Protestant as I ever was. Among my own I am a kind of heretic even because I cannot put up with the Apostolic succession; but I have no quarrel with the excellent charities of the Roman Church, or with their noble spirit and management. I learned that lesson at Fordham thirty years ago."

IRELAND'S STAR OF HOPE.

Extract from the Address of Hon. Thos. B. Minahan, '74, Delivered at Columbus, Ohio, March 17th, 1901.

HON. THOS. B. MINAHAN, '74, in concluding an eloquent address on "The Flag of America—Ireland's Star of Hope," spoke as follows:

"We look up into the night heavens and contemplate the majesty of the planets in their mighty march along the luminous pathways of the night. We may not fully comprehend just how that 'wondrous clock-work' of the skies is ruled and directed; yet there unmistakably revealed in the sublime mirror of the blazing heavens—there unmistakably revealed we recognize the Almighty grasp of the Hand that moves the universe. So, too, contemplating through the eye of the philosophy of history, the majestic tread and trend of the nations along the pathways of human destiny—each to its destined goal—we bow in equal wonder to mark and note how inevitably, even though unconsciously, the nations, too, in working out, reveal the mysteries of Providence.

"Beneath the surface of all human events, deep down in the philosophy of all human affairs, back of the dreams of the speculative and the deeds of the active,—back and behind and above them all stands the eternal justice of the God of nations.

"In this I have faith for Ireland. Turning aside from the speculative possibilities upon the military checker-board of the embattled camp of Europe, I look into the solemn quiet of the sanct-

uary of Ireland's incomparable altar. I see hanging there to-night a beautiful chaplet, a great tiara, a crown more mystically meaning than any that ever diademed the brow of a nation. Over the first of these I read: 'Ireland received her faith as no other nation ever received it.' Not a drop of blood stained the white robe of a single Irish martyr; over the second I read: 'Ireland has kept that faith as no other nation ever kept it,' through the blood and tears of a thousand years; and over the third: 'Ireland has spread that faith as no other nation ever spread it,' to the uttermost bounds of the earth. In this I have faith. It is the key, the only key which satisfactorily unlocks the most singular of all histories. Facing the dawn of the twentieth century, we look upon Ireland as, I firmly believe, nearing the summit of her national calvary, after standing for ages at the pillar and in the Garden of Gethsemane in defense of her faith, her intellect and her nationality. Yes, the day of a glorious transfiguration must be near at hand. In this hope, the Irish race to-night, in Europe, in Australia, and America, standing in union beautiful as the emblematic trinity of the shamrock on the flag; in this hope, the Irish race circling the earth to-night, all their camp-fires still glowing in the grim, stern, unconquered light of Irish nationality, the Irish race kneels with its great patron St. Patrick, before the throne of freedom's God to offer once again the eloquent, sublime prayer—'God Save Ireland!'"

THE FORDHAM "PROM."

Following is the list of Box Holders and Patronesses for the Promenade to be held at Sherry's on Tuesday evening, April 9th :—

THE BOX HOLDERS.

A. Mrs. Simon Stearne
B. Mrs. James Swanton
C. Mrs. Peter McDonnell
D. Mrs. Mary O'Neill
E. Mrs. Joseph J. O'Donohue
F. Mrs. James Butler
G. Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien
H. Mr. John Dunn
I. Mrs. McAleenan
J. Mrs. J. J. Fallon

PATRONESSES.

Mrs. M. L. Adams
Mrs. Samuel Adams
Mrs. Alfred V. Amy
Mrs. John Aspell
Mrs. S. Ashman
Miss Anna Aspell
Mrs. J. J. Barry
Mrs. Louis Benziger
Mrs. Nicholas Benziger
Mrs. J. M. Bingham
Mrs. John Brady
Mrs. James Brown
Mrs. James Butler
Mrs. James N. Butler
Mrs. Walter Burke
Mrs. J. A. Burns
Mrs. T J. Byrnes
Miss Bruner
Mrs. M. Brennan
Mrs. Pierre Carroll
Mrs. Andrew J. Connick
Mrs. Richard Croker
Mrs. John Dempsey
Mrs. Michael Dady
Mrs. John Vincent Donohue
Mrs. T. J. Duffy
Miss Mary Dunn
Mrs. M. Drummond
Mrs. Robert Emmett
Mrs. Edward Edebohls
Mrs. J. J. Fallon
Mrs. Joseph Farley
Mrs. Martin Fleming
Mrs. Hugh J. Grant
Mrs. W. R. Grace
Mrs. John Grace
Mrs. Martin Glynn
Mrs. Henry Hannigan
Mrs. Peter Hauck, Jr.
Mrs. J. H. Hennessy
Mrs. W. H. Hurst
Mrs. Henry Heide
Mrs. J. Bruner Huppel
Mrs. Charles Givernaud
Mrs. John Jordan
Mrs. Edward Joyce
Mrs. John P. Kane
Mrs. Hugo P. Keller
Mrs. P. J. Kenedy
Mrs. W. H. Kennedy
Mrs. Hugh King
Mrs. M. L. Kelly
Mrs. Clendenin Eckert
Mrs. E. C. Horan
Mrs. D. Harrington
Mrs. F. A. Hoyt
Mrs. Thomas Kelly
Miss Anna Leary
Mrs. George Leitner
Mrs. Gustave Lumbeck
Mrs. Arthur McAleenan
Mrs. Joseph McAleenan
Mrs. Henry McAleenan
Mrs. Robert McCafferty
Mrs. C. J. A. R. McCafferty
Mrs. Constantine McGuire
Mrs. P. McGuire
Mrs. Peter McDonnell
Mrs. S. McPartland
Mrs. J. H. McGuire
Mrs. Samuel McMillan
Mrs. John T. McDonough

Mrs. John A. McCreery
Mrs. P. C. Meehan
Mrs. Atilio Morosini
Miss G. Morosini
Mrs. T. J. M. Murray
Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher
Mrs. Myles O'Brien
Mrs. Morgan J. O'Brien
Mrs. J. J O'Donohue
Mrs. T. J. O'Donohue
Mrs. D. J. O'Connor
Mrs. Mary O'Neill
Mrs. P. Francis O'Neill
Mrs. Henry S. Orr
Mrs. John O'Dwyer
Mrs. J. O'Donovan
Mrs. A. X. Phelan
Mrs. J. J. Pulleyn
Mrs. H. D. Purroy
Mrs. Reynard
Mrs. J. Reynes
Mrs. J. Reynal
Mrs. J. Duggan Schwab
Mrs. Jas. Swanton
Mrs. C. M. Seibert
Mrs. Simon Stearne
Mrs. Jas. T. Smith
Mrs. F. X. Sadlier
Mrs. Sasseen
Mrs. Myles Tierney
Mrs. V. Paul Travers
Miss Julia Treacy
Mrs. Paul Thebaud
Mrs. Whalen
Mrs. Louis Haffen
Mrs. G. D. MacKay
Mrs. Ricardo Rodriquez
Mrs. D. B. Safford

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE CLASS OF FIRST ACADEMIC, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

WHEREAS: The Angel of Death has taken from our midst one of our number whom we had learned to love and esteem, Andrew J. Heide, and

WHEREAS: Whilst we recall with joy his holy life and edifying death, and humbly thank God for the same; yet realizing the sorrow which the death of our dear classmate has caused to his bereaved family, it is hereby

Resolved: That we extend to the family of Mr. Heide our sincere sympathy and condolence in their hour of sorrow and affliction, and be it further

Resolved: That the members of First Academic Class offer up Holy Communion for the repose of the deceased; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that the same be published in the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

JOHN J. GLYNN
EDMUND J. O'CONNOR
HENDRICK TOWN
FRANCIS V. OLIVER
} *Committee.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Monthly Chronicle.

The past month has been rather an uneventful one at College, with one sad exception. For the first time in nearly a score of years death bore from our midst a fellow student, Andrew J. Heide, a member of First Academic Class. He was taken ill on Wednesday, March 13th, and went to the College infirmary. It was soon discovered that he was suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, and medical assistance was immediately summoned; but though everything possible was done for our friend the fell disease continued to gain headway and on Wednesday, the 20th, just one week after he entered the infirmary, about 5:45 P. M., he died. Only that morning the students of Senior and Junior Halls, learning of his critical condition, had received Holy Communion for his benefit. Though their prayers did not avail to save his life, we may piously believe that they were efficacious in obtaining for him his happy and edifying death, for such it was. On the following morning every student in the house again offered up Holy Communion for the repose of his soul, and all of the Fathers offered up their Masses for the same intention.

At the funeral, which was held from the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, West 71st St., on Saturday, 23d, the Cadet Battalion was present and accompanied the funeral procession to the church, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by

the pastor, Rev. Father Taylor, assisted by Rev. Father Murphy as deacon, and Rev. Father Cunningham, S. J., as subdeacon. Rev. Father Gilmartin acted as master of ceremonies. Besides the resident clergy there were present in the sanctuary: Rev. George A. Pettit, S. J., President of St. John's College; also Rev. P. J. O'Carroll, S. J., Rev. J. I. Ziegler, S. J., Rev. J. M. Renaud, S. J., and Rev. M. J. Mahony, S. J., all from the College. At the conclusion of the Mass a brief funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Father Rector. After the sermon the concluding ceremonies were performed by the Reverend Pastor and the large number of assembled friends began to leave the church. The cadets again formed in line in front of the church until the funeral procession had left for Calvary Cemetery.

Reverend Father Rector, with Rev. Father Gilmartin and the Fathers from the College who had been present at the Mass, accompanied the body to the grave, where, after the *Benedictus* had been sung, the final absolutions were given. The members of First Academic Class were also present, and eight of their number were chosen to act as pall bearers.

His death has left a deep impression upon all of us, and the exclamation has fallen from many lips: "I hope that my death shall be as happy as that of Andrew Heide!"

Visitors.

During the past month we have numbered amongst our visitors Rev. Joseph J. Zimmer of Raritan, N. J.; Rev. James Lee of Revere, Mass.; Rev. Wm. A. Livingston of Newburgh, N. Y.; Rev. Thos. E. O'Shea of Passaic, N. J.; Rev.

Daniel H. O'Dwyer, '84, and Rev. Terence E. Gilmartin, of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, West 71st St.; also the Rev. Fathers Thos. J. Campbell, S. J., Thos. J. A. Freeman, S. J., James J. O'Connor, S. J., Francis J. Lamb, S. J., J. Brant Matthews, S. J., and Francis M. Connell, S. J.

Amongst the "Old Boys" recorded are: Mr. Sherlock, who was at Fordham in the forties; John M. Dempsey, '81; Dr. Jas. N. Butler, '84; John C. McNeilly and Thos. Gaffney Taaffe, '90; Edward M. Lamb and Daniel E. Kiernan, '95; Francis O'Neill and John McAleenan, '96; John P. Joyce and Robert E. McDonnell, '97; J. Tufton Mason, Gerald J. Barry, and John E. Claffy, '98; James A. Treacy, Michael J. Larkin, and Stephen St. John McPartland, 1900; George Reynard and Thos. Kelly, students here last year.

Students' Meeting. An enthusiastic meeting was held in Armory Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 24th, for the purpose of interesting the students in the coming "Prom" to be held at Sherry's on Easter Sunday, April 7th. Dr. Butler, chairman of the committee, called the meeting to order and explained the object of the meeting, *viz.*, to insure the attendance of as many students as possible at the promenade. Mr. Francis O'Neill, secretary, then made a report of the financial condition of affairs, showing the necessity of the students earnest cooperation in the work of selling tickets, thus insuring the success of the promenade. Rev. Father O'Dwyer then made an earnest and eloquent appeal and succeeded in rousing up great enthusiasm amongst the students assembled. Father O'Dwyer dwelt

on the importance of the students themselves putting their "shoulders to the wheel," as the "Prom" is intended solely for their benefit, the proceeds all going to the athletic fund. Moreover, as this is the initial "Prom.," the future success of such affairs will largely depend on its success this year.

Mr. Edward J. Swetnam,'02, was then elected to fill the place of Mr. Henry Heide, '01, and take charge of the tickets. Addresses were made by Messrs. Swetnam, Donohue and Clark, after which the meeting adjourned with three rousing cheers for Rev. Father Rector.

Fordham Oratory. Hon. Thomas B. Minahan, '74, in addressing a large audience at the Board of Trade Auditorium, Columbus, Ohio, on the evening of March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, proved that he is worthy to be numbered amongst the most eloquent of Alma Mater's sons. One of the local papers, reviewing Judge Minahan's address, speaks as follows:

"His address last evening was an oratorical gem, and from an elocutionary standpoint nothing finer than it has been heard in Columbus for years. His picture of Ireland as she is to-day was a masterpiece of word painting, and when he told of the sufferings of the past many eyes were filled with tears."

We give elsewhere a short extract from it.

Obituary. Dr. George W. Wren, ex-'96, a favorite with the students and Faculty in the nineties, died at St. Vincent's Hospital, N. Y. City, on March 23d, of typhoid fever contracted in his practice. The funeral took

place from the Sacred Heart Church adjoining the home of Dr. Wren's father in Bridgeport, Conn. Among the pall-bearers was Dr. John Aspell, '82. Rev. Fr. Rector, who was Dr. Wren's professor during the latter's last year at the College, attended the funeral. The doctor's bereaved parents and family have our sincere sympathy.

Joseph Thoron, LL. D., '83, died of pneumonia on March 28th, at Cannes, in the south of France. Mr. Thoron at the time of his death was a resident of Marseilles and was only on a visit to the French health resort.

Mr. Thoron was seventy-three years old. He was born on the island of Crete, where his father was Consul for Russia and Holland. After he came to New York, in 1853, Mr. Thoron was prominently identified with Catholic Church work and Catholic charities. He was one of the founders of the old Xavier Union, now the Catholic Club. Pope Leo XIII. made him a commander of the Order of St. Gregory, and he was created a commander of the Order of Our Saviour by the King of Greece, in recognition of services to Greek residents in the city of New York.

We omitted to mention in our last issue the recent death of Martin Dyer, grandfather of John J. Dyer, '96. Mr. Dyer lived in three centuries, since he was born in November, 1800, lived through the 19th, and died in the 20th century. He outlived his five children, and is survived by some fifteen grandchildren and several great-grandchildren.

Martin H. Glynn, '94, has been appointed one of the United States Commissioners to the St. Louis World's Fair, at a salary of $5,000 a year.

We extend our sympathy to Thomas D. Wadelton, '04, on the death of his grandfather.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE SENIOR CLASS, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

WHEREAS: The members of Senior Class have noted with deep regret and profound sorrow the affliction which has lately befallen the families of two of their number, Dennis J. Haggerty and Henry Heide, Jr., and

WHEREAS: We humbly bow to the will of our most merciful Father; we realize, nevertheless, the great misfortune that has fallen upon the families of our dear friends and classmates; hence, be it

Resolved: That we, the members of Senior Class, extend to them and their families our most sincere condolence in their bereavement; and be it further

Resolved: That the members of Senior Class receive Holy Communion in a body for the souls of the deceased; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to our classmates, and that the same be published in the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

JOHN J. DONOHUE
JOHN D. SULLIVAN
THOMAS MACMANUS, JR.
} *Committee.*

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God, Who orders all things for our good, to summon to Himself the uncle of our esteemed friend and classmate, Edward S. Magee, and

WHEREAS: Though we humbly submit to the decrees of His Divine Providence, we nevertheless fully realize how grievous must be the sorrow which has befallen our classmate; therefore be it

Resolved: That we offer him our sincere condolence in this his hour of affliction, and be it further

Resolved: That we offer our prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family, and that the same be published in the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

JAMES H. MCDONALD
SELDEN B. MCLAUGHLIN } *Committee.*
ALPHONSE J. EDEBOHLS

FORDHAMENSIA.

ALL are awaiting with interest the result of the first baseball game, and judging from the number of candidates for both the Varsity and the Reserves, and the spirit with which they have entered into the game, it seems that Fordham will not be lacking in two worthy representative teams.

Spring is coming and so is golf. Every day the enthusiasts may be seen on the links, doing their own cross-country running, as caddies are at a premium.

On March 3d, the semi-annual debate took place in the Science Hall. After the roll-call, the Rev. President briefly explained the question to be debated: Resolved—"That the Ship-Subsidy Bill is to the best interests of our country." After an interesting and well-contested debate, the Rev. President complimented each speaker. They were Messrs. Kane and Donohue on the affirmative, and Messrs. Sullivan and McLaughlin on the negative side. The students of the College course and several members of the faculty were present. After summing up the arguments of both sides the Rev. President decided the debate in favor of the negative.

The next regular meeting of the Debating Society was held on March 24th, the Rev. President occupying the chair.

The question was: Resolved—"That Cuba re-

ceive unconditional independence." The speakers on the affirmative side were Messrs. Macmanus and McKenna, while the negative side was defended by Messrs. Krauss and Hoyt. At the close of the debate the Rev. President, after favorably criticising the speakers, decided the debate in favor of the affirmative side.

Following are the new officers for the second term: Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Edward F. Joyce, '01; Recording Secretary, Mr. James P. Fitzpatrick, '02; Treasurer, Mr. Andrew J. Ewald, '02; Librarian, Mr. Richard V. Harrington, '01.

The Rev. President then announced the subject for the next debate: Resolved—"That the American Government have the right of fortifying the Nicaragua Canal." Messrs. Ewald and Edebohls were appointed on the affirmative, and Messrs. Joyce and Curley on the negative side.

W. HENRY HOYT, 02.

We are now entering upon the most pleasant season of the year; no time passes so quickly for the college boy as spring, and this is largely due to the many sports which may be indulged in during this season. Baseball and track athletics have been successfully launched, but we have still to hear from the tennis and handball associations.

The Junior Debating Society organized Sunday evening, Mar. 10th, by electing Wm. P. McEniry, '03, President; Henry F. Toohey, '04, Vice President; Jas. P. Clark, '04, Treasurer; and Chas. McMorrow, '04, Secretary.

The first debate was held Sunday evening, Mar. 24th, the question being: Resolved—"That

the literature of the Elizabethan age was superior to that of the Victorian." Messrs. McEniry and Clark upheld the affirmative side of the question, while Messrs. Blauvelt and Toohey argued for the negative. The decision is still in abeyance.

The candidates for the Reserve baseball team, numbering over twenty men, have been practising daily, preparing for the approaching season. Henry F. Toohey, '04, has been appointed temporary captain.

The Varsity baseball team will be much stronger than was anticipated. The new men who have won positions on the team have been playing good ball, and we anxiously look forward to the season's opening on Mar. 30th, with the C. C. N. Y. team, which game was postponed, at the request of their manager, from Mar. 27th.

At the joint meeting of the alumni and undergraduates on Mar. 24th, addresses were made on behalf of the student body by Manager Donohue and by Shortstop Swetnam of the Varsity baseball team, also by Manager Clark of the track team. A full account of the meeting will be found in another column.

JAMES S. MCCORMICK, '03.

JUNIOR HALL.

The Invincibles began their outdoor practice early in March. The candidates for the team are showing great improvement in their playing and are fast getting into shape for their first game, which will be played on March 30th. Of last year's team E. Healy, W. J. Murray, E. O'Brien, C. Murn, M. Linnehan, J. Radel and J. McLaughlin are again seen on the diamond. Besides these F. Oliver, E. Maguire and J. Farrell, all of last year's Morris High School B. B. T., are showing up to good advantage. The Invincibles this year will be greatly strengthened by the catching of W. E. Keane, whose abilities as a baseball player are already well recognized. The new uniforms will be here in time for the first game.

In order to make this season the successful one that it now promises to be, it is necessary that all the students should cooperate with, and assist the manager as far as they can. A great deal is expected of the coming play, and therefore all the students of the division should unite in disposing of the tickets.

CHAS. J. MURN, '03.

In the death of Andrew Heide Junior Hall has suffered the loss of one of its most zealous and popular students. Kind, generous, and cheerful, he had won the esteem of all who knew him, and his death has cast a gloom over our hearts, so often lightened by his kindly disposition and cheering words.

The high regard in which the deceased was held by his fellow students was attested by the many sacrifices and prayers offered up in their associate's behalf during his sickness and death.

The election of officers for the second term of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin resulted as follows: Prefect, William J. Murray; First Assistant, Raphael Delli Paoli; Second Assistant, Chas. J. Murn; Secretary, Edward J. O'Brien; First Lector, William Fallon; Second Lector, Arthur Hurley; Consultors, Jerome Kelly, Matthew Linnehan; Sacristan, John McLaughlin.

On Monday evening, March 25th, the following students were admitted as members of the Sodality: Chas. McMorrow, Gregory Dillon, Dana Redmond, Thos. Stack, William Keane, Henry Andino, Stuart Agen, Nelson Murray, Andrew Douglas, Abelard Ledesma, Rudolph Ledesma, Valentine Rivero, Matthew Linnehan.

On Saturday evening, April 20th, the students of Junior Hall will present a comedy in three acts entitled "The New Tutor." The play will be under the competent direction of Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, which is an assurance of its success. Of the talent at hand, it is sufficient to state that the students who merited such praise in last year's production, "Rip Van Winkle," will be found in prominent rôles in "The New Tutor." A large number of tickets have already been disposed of, and from present indications the play promises to be one of the finest ever given by the students of the College. The play is produced under the auspices of the Athletic Association.

An experiment by one of our amateur and in-

experienced chemical students in study hall one evening, in which iron sulphide and sulphuric acid played prominent parts, was the cause of considerable discomfort and a general display of handkerchiefs, also of the ejection of the youthful experimenter from study hall. Needless to say, he has concluded to confine his genius and chemical observations to the laboratory in the future.

MATTHEW LINNEHAN, '04.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

On March 7th the Tyro baseball team was organized and is now rapidly getting into shape. We are proud to say that we have as good material as in former years. Paul Gleises has been elected captain, and Joseph Coogan, manager.

A Camera Club has lately been organized with Mr. Tracy, S. J., as Director.

The old tool house has been fitted up into a developing room with carpeted floor, colored glass windows, and benches. Edward Suarez has been elected President; Nestor Lattard, Secretary; Joseph Belden, Treasurer.

The billiard tournament wound up with an exciting finish. Fred Cella came out first, and was presented with a gold ring set with five blue stones. Leo Murray, who was only one point behind, received a stick pin as second prize. George Richter was the winner of the second-class pool tournament.

On March 22d the Class of Rudiments held a

debate, the subject being "Which is the more useful to man, the steamboat or the steam-engine?"

George Richter was the presiding officer. Bryant Ashman and Thos. Leibell spoke on the merits of the steamboat, while Edwin Brehany and Ignatius Amor stood up for the steam-engine. After a very interesting contest the latter carried off the palm by a vote of three to one.

The manager of the Tyros is now answering challenges on a very tasty sheet of note paper ornamented with his own name and that of the captain of the team.

Chas. McKenna, '01, has very kindly offered to coach the Tyro team, and has been quite pleased with the fine showing of those who aspire to positions. The following positions are being contested: catchers, Thos. Morrin, Rudolph McGovern, Hubert McNally and Jos. Suarez; pitchers, Edmund Kraft, Paul Gleises, John De Ona; 1st base, Wm. McGovern, John Hinchliffe; 2d base, Jos. Coogan, Daniel Corcoran; 3d base, Fred Cella; short stop, Chas. Malhami; left field, Paul Gleises; centre field, John De Ona, George McNally; right field, Denis Dowd.

Within a week the new baseball diamond will be laid out. The players on the old field were at a disadvantage owing to the sun being in their eyes during the games. This difficulty will be obviated, to some extent, on the new diamond. We shall have a large range for batting without having to chase the ball down the hill. The new back-stop will be put up as soon as we can get the material.

The "Tyro Reserves" have also organized and have elected John Curley, capt., and Vincent O'Reilly, mgr. Those who are trying for positions are as follows: catchers, Rudolph McGovern, Hubert McNally; pitchers, Victor Gleises, Harold Dady; 1st base, John McGraw and Nestor Lattard; 2d base, Stephen McTague and Edward Suarez; 3d base, Jos. Suarez and Vincent O'Reilly; short stop, John Curley; left field, Alfred Mackay; centre field, Louis Hinchliffe and Walter Fitch; right field, Lawrence Curley.

After a stay of six weeks at Toledo, Ohio, George McNally returned last Sunday, much improved in health. Now that he is with us again, we wish him every success. It is to be hoped that he will take his old position on the diamond.

JOHN HINCHLIFFE,
Third Academic.

EXCHANGES.

IN the last number of the *Holy Cross Purple* is a scholarly and strongly written article, which treats of the Catholic spirit of Henry W. Longfellow, and is bound to gain the admiration of all who give it a perusal. When a man who is generally considered the greatest of American poets has given so many proofs of his belief in Catholic doctrines, traditions and sentiments, it is certainly strange that so few Catholics should have claimed him for their own. Yet such is the case with Longfellow. It is generally conceded that the author or poet will most frequently express his own sentiments through his heroes and heroines. In "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" the whole tone is Catholic. We admire the characters of Evangeline and Father Felician principally for their Catholicity. We revere the saintly "black-robe," probably Father Marquette, as a great apostle of the true faith. The writer of this able article in the *Holy Cross Purple* gives a great number of quotations from Longfellow in proof of his thesis, thereby manifesting a most intimate knowledge of the poet's works. When we consider that Longfellow is so Catholic in the spirit of his poems, that a great number of his metaphors and comparisons are drawn from this source, we cannot reasonably believe the poet insincere. Since the tone of all his great works is purely Catholic, we can justly claim him; since he is America's premier poet, we have reason to be proud of him; but since he did not possess the courage to openly profess his belief in the Catholic faith, we are compelled to censure him.

When one reads the *Stylus* for February there occurs to him the curious truth that the poetic muse sometimes inspires young writers so strong-

ly that, spurning prose as an absurd medium of thought, they dash into unnumbered lines of fervid poetry, to unburden their seething imaginations. But that is not the worst of it. You might mistake the effusions for epics—by the length, at least. Frequently, however, the rhyme and metre bear a strong family likeness to "Bill Nye's" famous lines:

> "Who could a fairer funeral appoint,
> Than one which would take at least three quarters
> Of an hour to pass any single given point?"

But let no one think that these invidious comparisons are meant for the *Stylus* poets. The only thing we object to is that too much space is given to poetry and that one or two of the pieces are rather prolix. "In Memoriam," by Mr. Benson, is an excellent and fitting tribute to a departed member of the Society of Jesus. "My Valentine," though the theme is old, is also quite praiseworthy.

By merely glancing at the titles of the various articles that make the *Fleur de Lis* so attractive for the month of March, we can see immediately that the literary young men of St. Louis University greatly admire music, poetry and the many beauties of nature. This is refreshing, and we might add, almost a departure in college journalism. It is true, strange as it may appear, that youthful journalists almost entirely ignore the beautiful in God's creation, a theme dear to all men of imagination and observation. "Sketches from Southern Italy" is a splendid piece of work, orderly, original and imaginative. The writer showed considerable temerity in boldly venturing on a description of fair, sunny Italy, a subject already elaborated by the prince of novelists, Charles Dickens. For this reason he has more cause to be proud of his success. "When at Rome do as the Romans do," is a wise motto, and if the author of this article had closely followed its mandate, he would surely have avoided the

only blemish we can see in his description—a somewhat fervid, superlative style. Vastly well suited for Italian readers, it is true; but they of northern climes cannot well understand the fervor of southern blood. One would say to the gentleman who criticizes "Verdi" so harshly, "Nil de mortuis nisi bonum." Besides, we beg his pardon, but are compelled to differ. Why is Wagner so greatly censured by many music lovers? Because he allows the words of the opera to guide the music entirely. Verdi is not such a one. Because the opera is immoral, it does not follow that the music is also to be condemned. When listening to Verdi's operas, the words sink into insignificance, and the music is alone considered, a glorious harmony. That Verdi's music is what our friend declares, is merely his opinion. We fear he may not find many to agree with his opinion.

Congratulations are in order, as that bright little paper, the *Agnetian Monthly*, has celebrated its tenth birthday. Our wish that it may survive to a hale old age is well supported by the articles it contains. "Modern Journalism" is an essay deserving great praise, being clear and well written. The articles are a little too short, but otherwise excellent.

SELDEN B. MCLAUGHLIN, '02.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Cave by the Beech Fork. A Story of Kentucky—1815. By Henry D. Spaulding, S. J. New York, Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cents.

This story of Kentucky life in the early part of the last century makes a wholesome and very interesting book for boys. Owen Howard, the hero, is a manly little fellow, and we are glad to see the success that crowns most of his undertakings. Of course marksmanship such as his is almost incredible in a boy of fifteen, but we must remember that it is the privilege of fiction to invest its heroes with extraordinary powers. The mystery surrounding the cave is well sustained, and the apprehension of the illicit distillers and subsequent destruction of the cave is really very exciting. Coon-Hollow Jim will be beloved of every boy from the time when he takes upon his shoulders the young hero who would, and subsequently does, outshoot him, till he lands in jail the lawless cave-dwellers. We had looked for his conversion to the faith, for which Owen's prayer prepared us, and we think that this would have been the deserving crown of his many good works. The character of Father Byrne gives a pleasing Catholic tone to the story. We almost wish that we could have spent that night in the hay-loft with the youngsters of his catechism class while the storm raged without and they nestled comfortably in their beds of new-mown hay.

The author speaks of the interesting sports of hunting, trapping and fishing, with an accuracy of detail that is evidently born of experience. But we were surprised to learn, on page 159, that Irving in "The Angler" describes "various contrivances" for fishing. This sketch of our popular American writer speaks only in very general terms of the piscatory art. Can it be that the reverend author had in mind Izaak Walton's famous little classic, "The Complete Angler"?

The book is tastefully edited by the publishers and will afford many a happy hour of reading to the boy who is fortunate enough to own it.

AUTHENTIC INFORMATION IN REGARD TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

ADMIRAL DEWEY, during the months after his victory at Manila and before the arrival of the United States Commissioners found that he could obtain the most reliable information with regard to the Philippine Islands and the natives from the Jesuit Fathers in charge of the observatory at Manila. The Commissioners asked the Jesuits to arrange all the data with reference to the Philippines, and allow the United States Government to print them. This is the origin of two volumes (in Spanish) which have just been issued from the Government press in Washington, entitled " EL ARCHIPIELAGO FILIPINO, being a Collection of Historical, Geographical, Statistical and Scientific Data concerning the Philippine Archipelago, collected by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in charge of the observatoryat Manila."

Of the 1,500 sets of the work (consisting of 2 Vols. and Atlas) thus issued, 500 were reserved by the Government for its own use, and 1,000 were given to Father Algue to be sold for the benefit of the famous observatory at Manila of which he is director. Of these latter, 200 sets will be disposed of by Father Algue from Manila : the remaining 800 sets have been placed for distribution with his agent, JOHN J. WYNNE, 27 and 29 West 16th Street, New York City.

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OUR LADY OF THE QUADRANGLE.

O Maiden Fair, Sweet Virgin, hear my prayer,—
I use no words of pompous tone,
My heart with love, my heart alone
In raptured song thy name doth murmur long:
Maria!

I bring no gift, no gilded heart to lift
Within thine ancient temple dim,
To prove my love for Thee and Him
Who reigns with Thee for all eternity,
Maria!

But, lo! I stand in nature's temple grand,
Whose vault of blue betokens hope,
Whose emerald lawn in gentle slope
Around thy shrine, speaks faith in Thee and Thine,
Maria!

And when, afar, the morn and evening star
Of darkness past and coming light,
Thy symbols, bless our enraptured sight,
My soul serene proclaims Thee Heaven's Queen,
Maria!

'97.

DEERFOOT, THE GUARANIS.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

IT was the eve of Corpus Christi. About midday a small, ill-shaped coracle might have been seen skimming along the smooth waters of the Empaldo, deftly guided in and out amongst the sharp projecting rocks that rose up at irregular intervals. The fierce rays of a tropical sun beat down upon the two occupants of the little boat. One was a magnificent specimen of young, vigorous manhood, with the beautiful bronze skin of his tribe and the muscular frame that told he was of a race of warriors. He was lithe as the sapling of his forest home and fleet as its deer, so the tribe had named him Deerfoot, and he was their trustiest messenger. Under his powerful practised stroke the coracle sped onward, obedient to the least movement of the guiding hand.

The other occupant of the canoe offered a sad contrast, at least physically. Of medium height and slight build, his frame was almost emaciated by the life of toil and hardship that had been his for over twenty years in the virgin forests of Paraguay. Born of noble blood, Father Montoya had early entered the Society of Jesus, and after ordination offered himself for the well known hardships of the Paraguay mission. Never robust, he was now but the shadow of his former self. But the spirit had strengthened as the body weakened, and now from his countenance shone the spirit of zeal that gave him supernatural strength to suffer all to gain all.

Reaching a point opposite to where a small clearing was visible amidst the heavy over-hanging foliage on the shore, a slight movement of the paddle turned the prow landward and one or two strong strokes brought it grating on the pebbly shore. The young Indian leaped lightly into the water and brought the boat well up on the beach, where the priest might step dry-shod upon the ground.

"Dost remember the place, Alphonso?" said the priest in the language of the Guarani, as his faithful guide handed him from the boat. "'Twas here twenty years ago I found thee, a happy, smiling infant of a few weeks, lying all unconscious of danger in the shade of yon sturdy beach. 'Twas the feast of St. Alphonso, and I named thee in his honor. The old cacique has done well by thee, for thou hast reached a vigorous manhood and well repaid our care. Thou surely wert sent of heaven to me, for blessings have attended thee and thou hast been my guide and deliverer in many dangers."

Apparently unobserved, these two began to occupy themselves, the priest to pace along the shore continuing his office of the day, while Alphonso, or Deerfoot, as we shall call him, gathered some dry twigs to cook their midday meal of maize. They were apparently unobserved, I say, for if one more closely scanned the border of thick and tangled brush that fringed the clearing, he might have seen two glittering eyes that watched their every motion. Suddenly there was a movement of the brush as the priest came opposite the lurking savage; an arrow shot out, and piercing the folds of the missionary's gown, fell harmlessly into the stream. Quicker than it

takes to tell it, Deerfoot plunged into the thicket. A short sharp encounter and the savage was flung upon the shore, crouching at the missionary's feet. Deerfoot lifted up a heavy stone as if to crush him, but the Father raised his hand. "Let him live, Alphonso; we have not come to destroy life, but to give it. He may serve us yet. I see he bears the Mameluke brand upon his arm. Perhaps in exchange for life he will tell of the present plans of this marauding band." The young Indian reluctantly lowered his arm, for he put no trust in the mongrel horde that had already snatched away so many of the neophytes either into slavery or to death.

Among all the obstacles that the missionaries to the Paraguay Indians had encountered, perhaps the greatest came from the outlaw bands of half-breeds known as Mamelukes or Paulistas. They were called Mamelukes from the terror which their fierce piratical expeditions had infused into all who suffered from them, and Paulistas from the settlement of St. Paul, or Pirantininga, which they had established on a high, almost inaccessible, rocky eminence a dozen leagues from the sea. Originally Portuguese, outlaws for the most part, they had married Indian women, and their offspring had degenerated almost to the savage condition of the original inhabitants of the country. They despised labor and the peaceful cultivation of the fields, and subsisted on the labors of the newly made reductions. Upon these they would descend in destructive raids, carrying off the crops and sometimes, too, the poor defenceless Indians, who were not allowed the use of firearms for their own defence.

On closer examination of his prisoner Father

Montoya seemed to recognize something familiar in his features, and in answer to his questions drew from the sullen redskin the information that he had indeed been one of the Father s little flock in the prosperous village of St. Joachim. Taken by the Mamelukes in a recent raid, he had forgotten former favors and was now in quest of the reward offered for the missionary's head.

By earnest exhortation and the promise of forgiveness and protection, the priest succeeded in winning again the confidence of the savage, and learned from him that the Mamelukes were preparing for another descent upon St. Joachim, as their supply of provisions was running low. The Feast of Corpus Christi was fixed upon for the raid, the outlaws thinking to surprise the neophytes in the midst of their celebration when they would be less prepared to resist.

Realizing the importance of the intervening hours, Father Montoya and his companion hastily despatched their frugal meal, and drawing the canoe well into the thicket, where it was made fast, they began their inland journey. Deerfoot preceded, keeping a sharp lookout for ambuscades, and in a few hours they came within sight of the little village. Here, indeed, was presented a scene of activity. Among all the celebrations of the year, and they were as numerous as the more important festivals of the Church, that of Corpus Christi held the place of honor. The missionaries spared no effort to make the celebration of this feast in every way worthy, as far as their limited resources would permit, of its beautiful and sacred character. In a short history of the missions of Paraguay we read the following description of this festival: "It would be proclaimed at noon of

the preceding day by blast of trumpet and beat of drum; bonfires and rockets, of which the Indians were passionately fond, would illuminate the village in the evening, and bands of children might be seen dancing gaily to the sounds of musical instruments which were made by the neophytes themselves, and on which many of them played with great taste and feeling. In the midst of these anticipatory rejoicings, the preparation for the morning's festival would still be going steadily on, many of the Indians, in fact, having occupied themselves with them for weeks. Some, with their bows and arrows, had killed tigers and other beautiful but formidable animals, whose rich and robe-like skins were needed to lay as carpets of tapestry before the altars; others, with lasso, had succeeded in securing their prey alive, and with these carefully chained and guarded, it was the delight of the Indians to grace their procession—much, perhaps, in the spirit in which conquerors of old caused their war captives to follow their triumphal car. Altars on which the Blessed Sacrament was to repose, and triumphal arches beneath which it was to pass, had been erected at intervals along the broad avenues of the reduction; and both had been adorned with all that nature lavishes of beautiful and sweet in those southern climates. There were garlands of the graceful passion-flower, and boughs of silvery acacia; wreaths of violets and magnificent white lilies mingling with the golden fruit of the orange tree and the lime. Pineapples everywhere scattered their delicious odor, and bunches of tamarinds and clusters of ripe bananas displayed their deeper hues among the purple fruitage of the vine, as it trailed its graceful

foliage over the trellis-work of the arches. Perhaps a gazelle, bright-eyed and gentle, might be discovered feeding amid all this wealth of beauty or a young smooth tiger might startle the visitor with its fiery glances; or, from the perch to which they were fastened by a long string, some of the rarest and most beautiful of the feathered tribe might describe airy circles above his head; ..... and when the blue night of the south had closed over all, myriads of luminous insects, fire-flies, like wandering stars or sparks of winged fire, would sweep along the summer air, and settling ever and anon on flower and fruit and thick leaved foliage, make them glitter as if powdered with dust of diamonds.

"The street through which the procession was to pass would also be carpeted with flowers and herbs of sweetest odor. The houses on either side, like arch and altar, would be decked with garlands, or hung with tapestry, wrought in that beautiful feather work then deemed no mean present even for the king of Spain, so rich and various were the colors, and so strange and wonderful the skill with which they were blended together; and each neophyte would be careful also to place before his door, baskets containing maize, roots, grain—everything, in fine, which was to be sown or planted in the course of the ensuing year, that the Lord Himself might bless them as He passed along. Within the church there would be the smoking of perfumes and the sprinkling of sweet waters, flowers scattered on the pavement and lights innumerable burning on the altar. At the conclusion of High Mass a volley of musketry would announce the setting forth of the procession, and the Blessed Sacrament would be

borne through the streets beneath a canopy upheld by the chief Indians of the reduction, while the others followed in regular order, company after company, but all—men, women, and children—lifting up their voices (and the Indians ever sing most sweetly) in hymns of joy and welcome to the living Jesus.

"When the religious services of the day had been wound up with vespers, the Indians would assemble in the great square, where sports of various kinds soon engrossed all their attention. Shooting at a mark, trials of skill with the sling and lasso, were always of the number; but the 'sortija,' or riding at a ring, was the favorite amusement, as it argued no small share of address and courage in those who were successful."

Contemplating the beauty of his surroundings and the labors of his Indian children, it grieved the missionary's heart to think how soon all might be a mass of smoking ruins and his little flock led away to captivity or death. Fired by a new resolve, he called Deerfoot to him and bade him summon one hundred of the strongest and most intelligent warriors of the settlement to meet him within an hour at an outpost of the reduction about a mile from its western boundry. To this place was carried the stock of rifles and ammunition that had been carefully stored for years in the missionaries' residence. The use of firearms, as we stated above, had been forbidden to the Indians for many years after the missionaries came among them, but a petition to Madrid, explaining the unprotected and defenseless state of the neophytes and the frequent raids by Mamelukes and other enemies, drew from the Spanish king a rescript removing the injunction, and now

for the first time Father Montoya determined to use this lawful means of self-preservation about which he had long hesitated. The Indians were filled with fear at the first exhibition of the powers of this new and terrible weapon, and only after some time could they be brought to handle it. But their fear soon gave place to surprise, and then admiration, and before sunset of that day every warrior was familiar with a rifle, some even expert in hitting their mark, so steady of arm and sharp of eye had long practise with the bow and arrow made them.

They were then informed of the intended raid and all charged with secrecy lest fear of the approaching danger should mar the celebration for which they had prepared so long and earnestly.

The night was divided into watches, but dawn broke without sign of the enemy's approach. During the day word was brought that some Mamelukes had been seen in the vicinity, and Father Montoya concluded that they were scouts sent to observe the Indians and determine upon a suitable place of attack. The missionary meanwhile had not been idle. A picket line was stationed to guard the village and an abatis backed by a mound of earth was constructed on the side on which the enemy was expected to advance. Towards evening he was informed that a body of men, apparently about two hundred, were encamped in the forest about three miles distant. Ordering the church bell to be rung, Father Montoya called his little flock from their games, and gathering them in the church he explained in a few words their imminent danger, but bade them be of good courage and uplift arms of prayer that

the good God who had thus far brought them safely through every danger would not desert them now. The old men and the women and children were kept in the church, a guard being formed around it of those not provided with fire-arms, as it was determined to make the final stand here for their altars and their hearths, should the outworks be carried. Behind the earthworks was stationed the chosen band commanded by the intrepid priest. They had not long to wait. The setting sun had scarce shed its last rays upon that devoted settlement when a great shout was heard on the outskirts of the village and the dreaded Mamelukes, rejoicing in anticipation of an easy victory, descended upon them in a disorderly rout. The band of Guarani had been instructed to reserve their fire until the enemy was within close range, and now, at a signal from the priest, they poured a shower of lead into the advancing foe. Taken by surprise and at a great disadvantage, more than thirty of the Mamelukes fell at the first volley, either dead or disabled, and the remainder retreated to a safe distance to gather together the scattered band and determine upon a more orderly advance. They had brought with them but a few rounds of ammunition, having come prepared to oppose the arrow and not the bullet. Their second advance was more cautious. Creeping from tree to tree they directed their aim at any feathered head that remained long enough above the breastwork to allow them aim. So well did they thus protect themselves that their loss was slight, but their ammunition was giving out and the firing became desultory. Father Montoya was the first to perceive this, and drawing his men together, he ordered a sally from the entrenchment

in order to dislodge the enemy. Accustomed to follow up every advantage, his warriors eagerly rushed foward, and so sure was their aim that the Mamelukes were rapidly thinned down to half their original number. They retired before the advancing Guarani, those who still retained some ammunition covering the retreat of the remainder. Father Montoya ordered his men to cease firing, and return to the village. They had suffered some losses, but these were small in comparison with those of the enemy. All immediately repaired to the church to give thanks for their victory and then directed their attention to the care of their own and the enemy's wounded, and the burial of the dead.

In dead and wounded the Mamelukes had lost nearly one hundred, while the loss to the reduction was but ten dead and about a dozen wounded. One was missing. Deerfoot had not returned.

(*To be continued.*)

QUEEN OF MAY.

See, Virgin Mother, at thy shrine
  All nature hastes to lay
Her vernal gifts, a wreath to twine
  For thee, our Queen of May.

The rose bedecked by dews of night,
  When kissed by morning's ray,
Exhales its odors with delight
  For thee, our Queen of May.

The little birds from bush and tree,
  That carol forth their lay,
In each sweet note of tuneful glee
  Proclaim thee Queen of May.

The babbling brooks, that through the dell
  With joyous laughter play,
In notes of silvery sweetness tell
  Thy praises, Queen of May.

F. S

FORDHAM IN THE SIXTIES.

MORE REMINISCENCES BY "JOSH."

Pies and Soda and Some Other Things.

THE appetite of the average student is, I found, a matter of great concern. Two fundamental conditions confront the procurator,—the food must, to use a rustic phrase, be very "fillin'," and be abundant in quantity. The old adage, "God sent food, the devil sent cooks," was applicable to Fordham in my day, as it was elsewhere. The quality of the material served up was good, I may say, very good; it was cooked in a way that left something to be desired. When it came upon the table it was digestible and good, but it was cooked without any frills, in fact, without one frill. College cookery is in a class by itself, and having had experience with a number of institutions, I can conscientiously say that the Fordham cookery is still easily the best, in my recollection. We did our grumbling, and this brings to mind a class that was in Fordham, in the "sixties." It was remarkable in this, that an unusually large number of distinguished clergymen, lawyers, doctors and others came from it, and are spoken of even to this day. The students must not infer from their after success that they were model students. It is a long deferred duty to unmask them. The butter was bad, one time, for two or three days. Not of course positively bad, but relatively. It devolved upon the philosophers to

register the complaint, and it was expected to be efficacious as the procurator was also professor of philosophy. Is it not St. Athanasius that is the patron saint of mental reservation? Anyway, whoever he is, this class would have gladdened his heart. The plate of butter they took for a sample proved upon inspection to be good, so they carried it up to the laboratory and treated it with nitric acid and other drugs, until it "smelled to high heaven." They then gravely addressed the good Father at some length upon the deficiencies of the food in general, and of the butter in particular, winding up with the question, "What do you think of that?" The professor admitted that it was vile, and hastened away for what may be presumed was a "bad quarter of an hour" with the Brother who did the buying. The good, pious and unsuspicious Father and the efficient Brother are dead; went to their graves without a suspicion of the treachery accomplished upon them.

The pupils had been favored by Father Rector many times in being permitted to go in bands to Morrisania, to see baseball games at the triangle. One time however, for some reason unknown to the writer, he refused permission, when there was a match between the champion Unions of Morrisania, and the ex-champion Mutuals of New York. It was noticed during the afternoon that there were very few students on the division, and a round up showed that about four-fifths were absent, including four-fifths of this model class of philosophers. It was a pleasant sight afterwards, for all excepting the graduates, to see them serving out a month in night bounds, and that month next to commencement.

Their next feat was the "capsheaf" of all their rascalities. There were in the College at that time three sets of students, to whom French was the native tongue. They were well satisfied with themselves, and the boys of each set thought themselves to be the only real article. Some were from Canada, some from Louisiana and some from France. There was constant bickering between them, which wound up in a pretended open quarrel between two, a big fellow from St. Martinsville, and a little fellow from France. The little fellow, as usual, had most to say, and told a whole lot of things he would do to the big fellow before he had done with him.

There was, at that time, an institution, a little to the south of the new building, which for the purposes of this article I will call the temple of Cloacina. It was a brick structure, about thirty feet long, and five or six deep. Back of the temple, on the side toward the lawn, was a lake, say forty feet long, about ten wide, and three or four deep. The lake was made up of the excavations from the temple. When the talking had worked the students up to active expectation and vigilance, the plot was sprung. Just after supper one evening the shout was passed along the division, "fight! fight!" and boys hurried to see as much as possible. There was a little gap in the hedge, well known to surreptitious visitors to Fordham.

The battle ground was discovered back of the temple, and directly opposite the gap in the hedge. The students poured through the gap like bees, and forgetting in the darkness the pool, immediately found themselves nearly to their waists in it. There were perhaps between ten and

fifteen in the difficulty. The conditions for after admittance to the new building involved an open air bath and a complete change of clothing. The conspirators soon settled their difficulties, and appeared arm in arm on the division, very happy about something.

Pies and soda? Oh, happy memory! They were sold, with a lot of other things used by students, from a little shop in the second division. The pies were of three kinds. The plum, gorgeous in its purple richness, partly concealed, partly disclosed by a cross-barred crust; the apple, and the peach, distinguished from each other by scollops, or slashes in the crust. I ask the old boys, who have had forty years of eating since these pies, to tell me if there is or has been on earth a more delicious, soul-satisfying feast than the pie we had at Fordham in our time. They cost ten cents each, and were about six inches in diameter. I think I hear a unanimous answer that they "filled the bill," that they "scored a bull's eye" every time, and that they stand proudly, triumphantly ahead of any and of all the inventions of Delmonico, Sherry, and in fact of anybody in any place, or part of the world. And the soda! Delicious handmaiden of the pie! We thought that the nectar and ambrosia of the gods must have been vile in comparison to the soda and pie at St. John's. One old boy admits the pre-eminence, but suggests that possibly two pies and two bottles of soda might be better than one. *Prima facie*, this might appear to be true, but analysis will expose the concealed fallacy. There is a book titled "Mixed Drinks," by the "Only William." It is the law and the prophets to artistic barkeepers. In that book he lays down the funda

mental principle that no man who is a steady drinker, say even of two or three glasses of strong drink daily, or of pints or quarts of beer or wine, can be a proper judge of mixed drinks. In fact, the artistic connoisseur is not possible in the gluttonous swigger. So it was with the pie, and the old boys will all say so. The glutton, who thought only of filling himself as speedily as possible, could not appreciate the finer flavors and qualities of the pie, in which, after all, was the real triumph of cookery. One pie and one bottle of soda brought one to the zenith of satisfaction.

There was a difference of course in the degrees of Fordham feasts. There was the ferial. That was what we received from the boy who stood at the back door every afternoon, with a big basket filled with bread, and a fork. It was not properly to be called a feast. Of course we were able, by scooping out bread crusts, to bring butter in the pocket from the refectory ; but, after all, this was a far cry from pie and soda. We might call the every day feast a "double." If we won the pie at baseball or handball, or otherwise, that might be called a "greater double." I can't recall more than one feast that ought to be called a "first class double with an octave." That was when we beat the first nine. They ought, by traditional and unwritten law, to have given us of the second nine, say ten or fifteen runs, as a handicap. Father Prefect had put up a dollar for the pies, according to the rule,—one for each of the winning nine, and one for the umpire, for his justice, wisdom and integrity. But this particular time, after the Father had put up the money in the umpire's hand, the first nine allowed that they would like to eat the pies on schedule time, right after the

game, and intended to do so, and would give us no runs to start with. An appeal to their honor, as well as an appeal to the donor of the money, failed, so there was nothing left for us but to battle for it. Of course the students of the house heard of their ungenerous and tyrannical disposal of the dispute, and gathered around the diamond, having nothing but applause, and plenty of that, for us; and nothing but condemnation, with plenty of trimmings, for the first nine. To make a long story short, we fought an uphill fight and beat them twenty-six to twenty-two. The taste of that pie lingers in my mouth even after all those years. The first nine disappeared very promptly after the game. It was a wholesome chastisement, and they were bound to be chastened in spirit. I think really that this defeat taught them to realize the gambler's saying that nothing is so dangerous as a sure thing, and I think that we ought to have been credited with the victory they won over the Actives the first time in several years. But that is another story. I think I will have to tell, next time, about baseball in my time.

JOSH.

SENT TO SIBERIA.

(*Continued.*)

HOURS rolled by—cold, gloomy hours for the unhappy prisoner who lay tossing sleeplessly on the frozen ground. He was sick with sorrow. He could neither weep nor moan. His eyes burned in their sockets, a grasping pain parched his aching throat, and dull, dumb agony racked both heart and brain. Pale phantoms rose up out of the empty darkness, like the grim genii of the night, and stalked with stately mien before his fevered fancy. The fire was now flickering lower and lower into the glowing embers, when suddenly Ivan beheld directly above him a strange little face peering into his very eyes. He started and a cry of terror was rising to his lips, when by a sudden flare of the fire he discovered that the apparition was none other than the puny dwarf. The youth was beginning to wonder what the little man could want, when with a start he felt the cruel bonds which bound his hands cut asunder by a sharp blade. In another moment the Laplander had severed the cord which bound the prisoner's legs, and then without a word darted off into the darkness of the surrounding night.

At first the youth was dazed, but soon recovering from his astonishment he rose cautiously from his cramped position and hastened after his deliverer. He had not gone far, however, when he discovered that pursuit was vain; the

dwarf had vanished like a shadow lost in the gloom of night. He now anxiously bethought himself of his convict coat, which would surely betray all hope of escape, and was beginning to remove the heavy garment when a fierce gale of wind nearly froze the blood in his veins and warned him against such folly. Some remedy must be found. He recalled the fact that there were coats about the fire, and hastily retraced his steps back to the camp. Nearest the fire, in deep sleep, lay Sankovich wrapped in his heavy coat. It was the work of a moment to raise this garment from the prostrate man and exchange the exile's garb for that of the sleeper's. In doing so he chanced to touch the man's face, and the latter with a start opened his eyes. Ivan waited to see no more, but rushed madly off into the darkness. With a loud shout Sankovich aroused the camp, and quickly explaining what had happened, was the first to take up the pursuit. The Cossack chief when he understood the situation was wild with rage and fear. He gave orders, cursed furiously and struck blows. His life would be forfeited if the convict escaped, and so, rifle in hand, he and his men scattered rapidly over the mountain in eager pursuit.

Meanwhile Ivan fled wildly away, closely followed by his alert enemy. Fortune seemed no longer to smile upon him. Dawn was already breaking, and by the hazy light pursuit was rendered easy. The youth heard behind him on the mountain the sharp reports of rifles. He did not understand its significance until a moment later, directly before him, the firing was repeated with menacing sharpness. Terror filled his heart. The relief party was at hand; it had answered the signal

from the mountain, and had itself entered on the pursuit. The youth felt that he was lost. He was rushing into the very arms of his enemies. Behind was Sankovich, before him an armed band, and he himself was sinking with fatigue. He had barely comprehended his danger when three men suddenly appeared in the dim light before him. Giving himself up for lost, the lad fell with a groan into the bushes beside him. But the men had not seen him, and passing within a few yards rushed on toward the approaching Sankovich, who, all unconcious of the fact that he was attired in Ivan's convict garb, ran on, shouting loudly to them to catch the prisoner. The soldiers were too clever to be deceived by this supposed ruse, and seizing the angry wretch they hurled him roughly to the ground. But they had reckoned to some extent without their host. Sankovich was a madman when opposed, and a struggle of the fiercest nature immediately ensued. But numbers finally prevailed, and when the ruffian was bound hand and foot, the entire relief force stood about him looking down into his fierce face. Ivan witnessed the fortunate turn of affairs with amazement and alarm. He knew that the mistake of the relief force would soon be corrected, and his own capture immediately result. Already the former guard were approaching the scene of Sankovich's discomfiture, and the captain, his face inflamed with joy at the prospect of the prisoner's capture, came rushing gladly up to the scene of action. But when he recognized only the distorted and malicious countenance of his late friend, he started back in consternation and alarm. He realized the awful blunder. The real prisoner had escaped, and with that escape a whole train of dreadful

consequences passed before his mind. The captain of the relief force perceiving his consternation stepped forward, and asked somewhat sternly, "Is this the man?" The dull Cossack composed himself with an effort. Some new idea seemed revolving in his mind and a cunning gleam shone in his eye. When the question was impatiently repeated, he raised his head, and looking his questioner coldly in the eye, said simply, "You have your prisoner."

It would be useless to describe the blasphemous rage of Sankovich, and the demoniacal frenzy which wrinkled the face of the fallen tyrant. Suffice it to say, that evening when the great orb of day was sinking down into the bosom of Russia, a real plotter, cruel and vindictive, was journeying on to a merited exile, while on the mountain top overlooking the western country a youth stood eagerly watching the sunset, and as he raised his eyes up to the azure dome of heaven, and thought again of that Supreme Being whose mercy he had known that day, his young heart burned with gratitude and he blessed God.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, 1901.

FATHER O'SHEA AND FATHER McCREA.

You might search the world's ends,
But you'd find no such friends
As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea.
And oh ! such a volley of fun they were pokin'
The one at the other, as good as a play,
With their ready replies, an' their innocent jokin',
When Father O'Shea met with Father McCrea.

Now, on a March Sunday it came for to pass
Good Father McCrea
Preached a very fine sermon and then, after Mass,
Met Father O'Shea.

"'Twas a very appropriate sermon for Lent,
You delivered this minute ;
For the season of fasting 'twas very well meant—
I could find no meat in it !"
Said Father O'Shea.

Then as quick as the laughter that gleamed in his eye,
Good Father McCrea
Raised a hand disapprovin' and made his reply
To Father O'Shea.
"Faith, I'll have to be working a miracle next
To comply with your wishes.
Dare you ask me for meat, my dear sir, when the text
Was the 'loaves and the fishes ?'"
Said Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit
Was Father O'Shea,
But as droll every bit
Was Father McCrea.
Though you'd search the world's ends,
You would find no such friends
As Father O'Shea and Father McCrea.

T. A. Daly, '91.

Catholic Standard and Times.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Rev. Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Continued.*)

MAY 3d, 1862.—We were shelled the whole night; the sight was beautiful. Only one shell fell near our camp.

4th—Early on Sunday morning it was ascertained that the enemy had evacuated Yorktown and the shelling of the previous night was only a ruse. We struck our tents at 12 M. and were on the march at 2 P. M. We passed through Yorktown and halted in the woods at 8 P. M.

5th.—Reveille at 3 A. M. It was to be the last day of more than one of us. On the march at 8 A. M. under a heavy rain which lasted pretty much the whole day. We rested awhile at about 2 P. M. At 3 we were suddenly called upon to fight. Hooker's division had been engaged for many hours with the rebel rear-guard, which had turned on him, and he was very nearly played out. We were hurried through a woods, the road being literally knee deep with mud. I had agreed beforehand with my men that I would give them absolution as we neared the enemy.

Among those who passed me, one handed me his money, over one hundred dollars, to be sent to his mother. He was a poor fellow—an officer, who had been very pious in his younger days, but who had positively refused to go to confes-

sion. Time and again during winter, while we were in Camp Michigan, I had urged him to make his peace with God, but to no purpose. Finally one day I told him: "I have done my duty in regard to you. If anything happens to you; if you are killed and go to hell, you will have no one to blame but yourself." "That is true," he replied, "you have done your duty; I take the whole blame on myself." The day of the battle he seemed very sad, and said to some one that he thought he would surely be killed. And so he was, at the very beginning of the battle. I remember distinctly giving absolution when he was but a few paces ahead of me, after he had handed me his money. If he was contrite then, he may have been pardoned in time.

I distinctly remember to this day (Feb. 9th, 1875) the awful impression made on me when we were told that we must "go it." I felt as if my heart were sinking into my boots. Many of my poor men seemed to feel pretty much the same.

The fight was going on in the woods. There was a deafening rattle of musketry and the booming of a few guns, but we could see nothing. I halted with the surgeon in the rear of the battlefield. We were within reach of the enemy's muskets, but as the place was a kind of hollow we were pretty safe. A few balls whistled among the trees, but no one there was hit. Very soon they brought us wounded men and I was kept pretty busy.

We often read of chaplains flying about on the battlefield from one wounded man to another through the thickest of the fight. I doubt whether it was ever done; at all events it should never be done. It is customary at the beginning of a

battle for surgeons to choose a place,—a house, if there be one, or a cluster of trees, where they hoist a red flag to show that it is the hospital, where the wounded are gathered. It is an understood thing that the guns of both armies respect the red flag. That is the post of the chaplain. He should expose himself as little as possible. If he does expose himself he may be of service to a few—which is doubtful,—but if in so doing he is killed, he will deprive numbers of others of his services after the battle. But even with the greatest precautions a chaplain may be very much exposed, owing to the shifting of the battlefield. A place which is very safe now may become the hottest in a very short time.

My experience has taught me that there is not much good to be done the day of a battle. Most of the wounded are left scattered on the field. Even when they are gathered in one place the first thing they want is a nurse or surgeon, someone to attend to their wounds. Then they are generally packed so close, especially if it be in a room, that it is out of the question to hear a confession, independently of the din, shouts, yells, "confusion worse confounded." It may be easier in an army wholly Catholic, where the chaplain wears a cassock and is recognized by all at once. There is a better chance of doing good after the battle, when the wounded are distributed in houses or tents. The place for a chaplain to do good is in the camp. If he does no good there, he had better stay at home.

The fight lasted until about 6 P. M. We went into the fight (8 companies) hardly 600 strong. Of these, 30 were killed on the field; many were wounded, and of these some died of their wounds.

The men had to spend the night in the woods, without fire, among trees dripping with wet, on soft, wet ground, without any other supper than a cracker and a piece of pork, many without anything at all, and most of them drenched to the skin.

After having done what I could for the wounded I rode some distance to the rear, out of the woods, to find some place to spend the night. It was then dark. After riding about a good while I found a house, which I entered. It was small and full of wounded men, with a few soldier nurses to attend to them. I was very tired, but could find no place to lie down. It was cold; the wind was blowing through several of the windows which were broken. Sleep was out of the question. The wounded were constantly asking for drink, moaning, lamenting, etc. There was a fire near the house where several were warming themselves. Some had been wounded and were uttering piteous sighs. I longed so much for daylight! I did what I could for these men.

6th—At daybreak I rode back to my men. The day was beautiful. After a few hours we moved out of the woods and encamped near Williamsburg. The battle was known as the battle of Williamsburg. I was the only Catholic chaplain present. Only a small portion of the army was engaged, but those engaged suffered severely. We rested the remainder of the day; we needed rest sadly. I was lucky enough with a few of my officers to get possession of a shed where there was some straw, and had a long and sound sleep.

7th—Spent the whole day in riding about from house to house, within two miles of the fight, to visit the wounded. Found it very unpleasant

business. I would get into a room or barn where perhaps there were fifteen or twenty men. None knew me, except when there might be one from my regiment. The first thing was to ascertain whether there were any Catholics. That required some conversation. Often there were only one or two Catholics, and unless dangerously wounded they did not care much to make their confession while in close proximity with many Protestants. There is probably as much good to be done any day in Bellevue hospital.

8th—Visited the hospitals in Williamsburg, both Northern and Southern. There were but few Catholics among them.

9th—On the march again. Halt late at night. Sleep, or try to sleep, on a board by a fence. Never could sleep on the bare ground.

10th—On the march. Camp near brick house, in the neighborhood of Permourky Creek.

11th—Sunday. Mass early in the morning.

14th—On the march.

15th—On the march. Rain the whole day. Reached Cumberland Landing in the afternoon. A few days rest.

19th—Leave Cumberland Landing at 7 A. M. Move two miles towards New Kent court-house. In the evening we heard a locomotive whistle. Cheered it as we would a friend who had been long absent. All the woods around are alive with whippoorwills that keep up the whole night their dismal song, which is enough to make the most cheerful man feel gloomy.

20th—On the march at 5 A. M. Encamp near Baltimore Store.

23d—Broke up camp suddenly in the afternoon.

25th—Sunday. No chance of saying Mass.

Crossed the Chickahominy over Bottom Bridge; encamped in the woods.

27th—Sent our luggage to the rear, over the Chickahominy. No Mass. All seems so gloomy.

30th—Change of camp to a short distance.

June 1st—New change of camp. We were hardly ten miles from Richmond. At about 1 P. M. we were startled by a sudden and fearful rattling of musketry. It could hardly be a mile distant, in the direction of Richmond. The battle of Seven Pines or Fair Oaks had begun. Casey's and Couch's divisions had been surprised by the enemy while at their meal. The fight came nearer and nearer. Our regiment was detailed to occupy rifle pits dug along a woods, at the lower end of a large opening, not far from our camp. While the men were there I rode along the line, outside of the pits, and gave the men absolution.

At 4 P. M. we were suddenly called away from there and led into the fight. I halted near a house with the surgeons. My regiment was soon out of sight in the woods. Five or six spent balls struck near us, but did no harm,—also a few small cannon balls. After a while a crowd of stragglers began to rush by like sheep. Some officers had hard work to rally them, threatening them with their swords. I remained alone with a man who held my horse. We were some six hundred yards from the opening into the woods. Suddenly heavy fire was heard at the entrance into the woods. I said to the man who held my horse: "Fall back with the horse. I'll wait here. I'll probably have work after a while." I remained alone. After a few minutes five or six balls whistled by me, evidently intended for me. Luckily there was a deep ravine close by, through

which I hurried away. I was soon with the man who had charge of my horse. We were standing near a house, and as it was somewhat of a hollow we thought ourselves safe.

After a few moments four or five balls hissed by. One struck my horse. He fell, got up, walked as far as the other side of the house, fell again to rise no more. I took off the saddle and walked with it in the direction of the rifle pits.*

It was nearly dark when I reached the rifle pits. My regiment was there before me. They had come back by another road. The Government afterwards paid me for the loss of my horse.

The result of the fighting, as regards my regiment, was—twelve killed and several wounded.

2d—Attended the wounded men on the cars from 2:30 P. M. to 1:30 A. M. Slept on the floor at Heintzelman's headquarters.

3d—Went back to the camp. Baptized Tilliterson in a ditch.

5th—Went to the White House, some fourteen miles, I think, to procure express envelopes. Cars off the track several times. They were only freight cars. People travelled inside, if there was room, or on top.

6th—Pay day. We made a collection for those whom the battles of Williamsburg and Seven Pines had made orphans. There were twenty-five orphans, the children of eleven widows. I put down my name for $25. We raised $675, which was over $30 for each child. When in

* This action was witnessed by one of the staff-officers of General Berry, the Brigadier General. The officer reported it to General Berry, who, in his report of the battle, mentioned Father Tissot as the model chaplain of the Army of the Potomac.—EDITOR.

New York, in August, I went with Mr. McGrath, a man in the service of the commissioners of public charities, to hunt up the various families.

7th—Brought the men's money to the express at the White House. Reached the place late. There were many before me. The receipts were all written out, but they had to be signed. It was near midnight when we were through. I took a bite of something which the expressman kindly gave me and snatched a few hours sleep in the express office on a mattress given me by one of the expressmen.

8th—Pentecost Sunday. At 4 A. M. I started from the White House for my camp. I was with my men at about 10 and was about to begin Mass when there was a sudden alarm. We had to move about a mile forward. It was a false alarm. Could not say Mass, but was able to hear it in Father Ouellet's camp.

(*To be continued.*)

FAITH.

A LEGEND.

Hard by a pleasant verdant glade,
Where o'er its roof was thrown the shade
Of lofty trees, a chapel stood
Within the confines of the wood.

Within that humble building blest,
Where all earth's troubles are at rest,
A statue of the Mother mild
Stood, holding in her arms the Child.

Before the shrine a peasant kneels
While in her heart grief's pangs she feels;
An infant in her arms she bears,
And from her eyes fall bitter tears.

"O Mother, end this bitter woe
That goads me like a heartless foe;
Oh, give an answer to my plea,
Restore my baby's life to me!"

No answer comes. And now she dares;
From Mary's arms the Child she bears,
She clasps the Infant, turns to speak
Again unto the Virgin meek.

"O Mary, Mother undefiled,
When my boy breathes I'll place thy Child,—
Who is my Lord, Who's free from harm,—
Upon Thy loving, tender arm."

* * * * *

'Tis morn,—upon the Virgin's breast
She lays the Blessed Child to rest.
Her happy soul bereft of cares,
Her living babe she homeward bears.

J. Stanislaus Taaffe, '03.

"THE NEW TUTOR."

How the Students of Junior Hall, Fordham, presented him to their friends.

Hamlet.—"Bid the players hasten * * * Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue * * * Be not too tame, but let your own discretion be your tutor."—*Hamlet, Act III., Scene II.*

IF old Jupiter Pluvius ever had a grudge against the Juniors of St. John's College,—and I can see no reason why he should,—he certainly did his best to get square with them on the evening of Saturday, April 20th, when he sent his greetings in the shape of a storm of wind and rain, such as the poet possibly had in mind, when writing the pathetic ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter." I may possibly wrong old Pluvius, but the only other hypothesis which comes to hand, to account for the storm on the night of the presentation of "The New Tutor" on the College boards, is that the clerk of the weather office may have gone wrong in his calculations, and anticipated the advent of St. Swithin's anniversary, with the usual results. Whatever may have been the moving cause, however, we (the writer and a host of others) experienced the full effect, the result being that after running the gauntlet of the storm, between the trolley and the welcome portals of St. John's, the writer at least was by that time like a river god—dripping at all points. But the antici pation of something good in store sustained him, and he was not disappointed.

The occasion was the presentation by the students of Junior Hall of an adaptation of " The Private Secretary," under the title of " The New Tutor," to a large and appreciative audience. The plot of the piece readily developed itself in the hands of the talented amateur wearers of the " sock and buskin," as the play progressed, and this was the thread of the story as told on the stage.

Mr. Marsland, a gentleman at one of the nearby resorts on Long Island, requires the services of a tutor for his two nephews, *Frank* and *Charlie Vernon*, and engages by letter *Mr. Robert Spalding, A. M., Ph. D.*, for the position. *Mr. Marsland* had a son—*Harry Marsland*, who has a chum in New York, *Douglas Cattermole*, living in bachelor apartments. *Harry* visits his friend, partly to arrange for the payment of a tailor's bill, in which they were jointly interested ; and partly to meet *Mr. Spalding*, the new tutor, and take him with him to the Marsland home. Young *Cattermole* has an uncle living in Cuba,whom he never saw, but who writes him regularly, authorizing him to " sow his wild oats " at the proper time and have done with them, and that he, Uncle *Cattermole*, will foot the bills.

One of these encouraging epistles had reached *Douglas Cattermole* on the morning of *Harry's* arrival, and the two friends are turning over various plans, while enjoying themselves over a game of cards—when *Gibson*, the tailor, to whom they owe the money ($300), is announced and makes a deal of fuss, finally quieting down and willing to compromise if they will help him in his desire to get into good society.

Gibson then leaves, and *Spalding*—the " New

Tutor"—arrives. *Harry* next suggests to *Douglas Cattermole*, that in order to begin to sow his "wild oats" in proper form, in obedience to his Uncle *Cattermole*'s directions, it would be a good joke to visit *Marsland's* home in Long Island, representing himself as *Spalding, A. M., Ph. D.*, the "New Tutor," while *Spalding* would be placed in possession or occupation of *Cattermole's* lodgings to represent him. This is all agreed upon.

In the meantime *Douglas Cattermole* has been piling up debts here and there, among others, as already stated, to *Gibson* the tailor—and when he and *Harry* leave for Long Island, *Gibson* follows them and turns up at the Marsland home. They have, however, hardly left New York when Uncle *Cattermole* arrives from Cuba, and finding *Spalding* at the apartments, takes him for his nephew, whom he never had seen, though in frequent correspondence with him. Uncle *Cattermole*, who is an overbearing, choleric, elderly man, with the appearance and manners of a Cuban or Southern planter, or slave holder, fairly terrifies *Spalding*, and after some amusing situations, the scene changes to the Marsland home where *Douglas Cattermole* is playing the part of the New Tutor, and passing himself off as *Spalding*. There he meets with *Professor Storckmar*, a spiritualist, who is also a scientist, charged with the development of the scientific faculty in the *Vernon* boys. In due course Uncle *Cattermole*, who is an old friend of *Marsland*, turns up, and about the same time the real *Spalding*, with "all his goods and chattels," makes his appearance in obedience to a call received by telegram from *Marsland*.

Harry Marsland and *Douglas Cattermole*, to cover up their deception, set about trying to hide

Spalding on various pretenses, enlisting *Professor Storckmar* in the effort by representing to the professor that *Spalding* is a medium. Uncle *Cattermole*, who is ashamed of his nephew, also endeavors to keep him out of sight, and in the efforts made by the different parties, each working under a separate motive, lies the fun of the piece. *Gibson*, the tailor, adds to the embarrassment by getting drunk at the hunt breakfast; and finally the true situation is developed through the discovery of *Spalding* hidden away behind a curtain, who is not known and is taken for a burglar. Explanations, as usual, clear up everything: Uncle *Cattermole* meets his real nephew; the Professor loses his spiritualistic medium, and *Mr. Marsland* has at last secured his New Tutor. This is the outline of the piece; and following is the Cast:

ROBERT SPALDING, A. M., Ph. D. ..... FRANCIS V. OLIVER, JR.
MR. CATTERMOLE ..... ARTHUR L. HURLEY
DOUGLAS CATTERMOLE ..... CHARLES J. MURN
MR. MARSLAND ..... MATTHEW M. LINNEHAN
HARRY MARSLAND ..... THOMAS H. STACK
PROFESSOR STORCKMAR ..... ARMIN J. SIBBEL
GIBSON ..... WILLIAM I. RODIER
FRANK VERNON ..... WILLIAM J. FALLON
CHARLIE VERNON ..... STUART J. AGEN
STEAD ..... EDWARD J. O'BRIEN
KNOX ..... THOMAS J. MCLAUGHLIN, JR.
JOHN ..... J. OSWALD LOMBARD
GARDENER ..... GREGORY DILLON

"The New Tutor," like most other pieces, has its principal and its subordinate characters, and it has not fallen to my lot to chronicle a better performance on the stage of Old St. John's. Every member was thoroughly up in his part, both as regards the dialogue and action, and consequently it went off with a snap and a vim that were refreshing. There was not a single hitch in the

performance, that I could notice, and the short delay between the acts added very much to the enjoyment.

The principal character, or to be exact, the title role, *Spalding, A.M., Ph. D.*, the "New Tutor," was sustained by Mr. Francis V. Oliver, Jr., with astonishing ability and irresistibly comical effect. His make-up was, in a way, a cross between that of a divinity student and an eccentric book-worm, knowing little of the world; and his plaintive "*Do you know*," which prefaced nearly every one of his utterances, while it tended to convulse the audience at each repetition, was spoken with an undisturbed calmness that was astonishing and at the same time so unconsciously funny. Between his mishaps; his care of "all his goods and chattels," anxiety about his "umbrella," and his "goloshes"; his childish good faith in every thing; and his unwavering patience throughout a series of the most unimaginable situations,—there was not the slightest departure from the line to be pursued in the rendering of the character, as evidently laid down from the beginning, when he made his first entry, until the curtain call at the close of the performance. His rendering of the character was an unqualified success.

Douglas Cattermole (Mr. Charles J. Murn), and *Harry Marsland* (Mr. Thos. H. Stack), the arch-conspirators of the piece, were as much at home and at their ease in their respective parts as though it were some "lark" of an every day character they were engaged in; while Uncle *Cattermole* (Mr. Arthur L. Hurley), a difficult role to sustain, was another surprise;—the part of the choleric planter, always spelling his name to insure its correct pronunciation, had the fullest justice at Mr. Hurley's hands.

Professor Storckmar (Mr. Armin J. Sibbel), with a make-up resembling Ibsen, made an admirable scientific genius, with a hankering after spiritual seances, and in other matters affecting communion with the spirit world. With a perfect German accent and manner, he hit off the character to perfection; and by his careful attention to every little detail, helped very materially in insuring the success of the performance.

Gibson, the tailor with social ambition (Mr. Wm. I. Rodier), contributed no small share to the general success. His desire to get into society, and his first essay at the Marsland home, were sources of fun and keen enjoyment to the onlookers. His display of the effect of the generous viands at the hunt breakfast "brought down the house"; while *Mr. Marsland* (Mr. M. M. Linnehan) conveyed an excellent impression of his familiarity with his obligations as the host of the assembled company. *Frank* and *Charlie Vernon* (Masters W. J. Fallon and S. J. Agen), his nephews, also deserve commendation for doing their parts so naturally.

The remaining roles, viz.: *Stead*, the landlord (Mr. E. J. O'Brien); *Knox*, the process-server (Mr. T. McLaughlin); *John*, the Butler (Mr. J. O. Lombard); and the gardener (Mr. G. Dillon); were admirably dove-tailed into their respective places.

The stage managers were Messrs. John A. McLaughlin, C. A. Dana Redmond, and Modie J. Cherry; and the property man, Mr. Roland L. Bourke.

The play, I should state, was produced under the direction of Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, and the music was furnished by the College orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Frederick Halm.

The piece in itself is full of side-splitting situations; and when, as I have already stated, every one of them was gone through with close fidelity to the requirements of the occasion, I feel that I am justified in saying that "The New Tutor," in the method of its presentation, may take rank as one of the best of the many excellent performances it has been my pleasant privilege to have witnessed at Fordham. Two or three curtain calls were given, the last being at the close of the performance, when the mistakes have been all cleared up, and when I fully expected to hear *Spalding* address his plaintive "Do you know" to the audience, in connection with their umbrellas.

Notwithstanding the storm which we had early in the evening to brave, and which we would have again to face, I do not believe any one regretted the discomforts, in view of the pleasure afforded in the excellent representation of "The New Tutor," by the students of Junior Hall. May their shadows never be less!

SPECTATOR.

MOUNTAIN SCENE.

O'er the purple mountains breaking
Flash the golden beams of morning,
Swift upon the clinging night-mists
Fly the arrows of the sun-god.
Lo! the dark shades of the evening,
And the dew clouds, baffled, routed,
Fly before his darts triumphant,—
Flee up to the lofty summits,
Where the snows of winter linger,
Like a crest of purest ermine,

Resting on the azure mountains.
Now the sun-god in his glory,
Ushered in with radiant splendor,
Bursts asunder night's dark mantle,
Scatters wide the mists of morning,
And reveals a little hamlet,
Nestled in the verdant valley,
Like an infant in its cradle.
Gently stoops the rising sun-god,
Smiles upon the slumb'ring village,
Kisses every roof and chimney,
Gilds the vane upon the steeple,
Wakes the farmer from his slumbers,
And the housewife from her pillow.
Soon the ways throughout the village
Are alive with early risers.
Faint upon the morning breezes
Comes the tinkle of the cow bells,
Comes the calling of the herdsmen,
And the shouting of the teamsters.
All earth's sounds are sweetly blended
Into one melodious echo,
That reverberates and trembles
On the clear, cool mountain breezes.
Far aloft, like sentries guarding,
Grim and greyish in the distance,
Keeping watch above the valley,
Loom the hoary snow-capped mountains.
Here are treasures that the wealthy
Cannot barter, cannot borrow ;
That the wisdom of the learned
Cannot find in books or numbers
That the power of the mighty
Cannot draw from gold or conquest.
Here is wealth of air and sunshine,—
Here are waving fields and meadows,—
Here abound both peace and plenty.

WHITNEY ECKERT, '03.

The Fordham Monthly

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SANCTUM.

AS summer draws near and the weather permits us to enjoy ourselves more and more out of doors, college life loses one of its greatest drawbacks—monotony. In fact, were it not for the dark and ominous shadow through which we see in the future the dim outlines of

that dread spectre—Examination, most of us would agree that college isn't such a dreadful bore, after all.

We now find ourselves very near the end of the college year—dangerously near, as some would express it. It behooves us then to put on an extra amount of steam, so to speak, during these last few short months, and do our best to make a good finish. The review of examination matter, soon to begin, will enable us to see in one short month all that has been gone over during the term. Certainly there is little chance that those who have been lagging in the past will be able to astonish their colleagues by the brilliance of their "finish"; but it has happened that those who have almost given up hope of passing at all, by dint of hard and earnest work during the review, have surprised even themselves by securing a very creditable mark. So there is hope for all of us, and now is the time to plunge boldly into the fray, determined to come out victorious, or to die like—well, let us say, Christians.

***

We hear a great deal these days about "college spirit." Almost every college magazine which we chance to pick up has an article setting forth the many advantages of this important factor of college life. It is of course quite an easy thing to yell and cheer loudly when we see the Maroon waving triumphantly over the color of a rival team; but when at times it happens,—as happen it must—that the *other color* waves triumphant,—ah! then comes the trial of our loyalty. We forget the fact that success is not necessarily the test of merit and that a defeat well met may be,

and often is, a better indication of character than victory. As the poet has said :

> " 'Tis a glorious thing to win the crown
> Of a well deserved success.
> He who knows how to lose,
> Has won a crown
> Which I esteem not less."

***

We greet with pleasure a new-comer in the field of Catholic literature, known as *The Catholic School Journal.* It does seem surprising that up to this time " the parochial school system, with its 40,000 teachers and more than a million pupils, has had no professional journal, no educational paper, specially devoted to the parish school."

As the salutatory editorial says, very truly, " A Catholic teacher's journal is a stimulant to better methods in the school-room, better organization of the school system, and a medium through which ideas may be exchanged among those engaged in the upbuilding of the parochial school system, whereby that system may secure better support as well as better equipment."

A mutual communication of ideas between those engaged in teaching our parochial schools, concerning methods found useful or otherwise, cannot but prove beneficial to both teachers and pupils. We think that the undertaking is a step in the right direction, and we wish the editors Godspeed!

D. J. H., '01.

A LETTER FROM GOVERNOR ODELL.

Among the letters of regret received by Rev. Father O'Dwyer from those who were unable to attend the Fordham Promenade on Easter Tuesday, was the following from His Excellency, Governor Odell.

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.

ALBANY, April 4th, 1901.

REV. D. H. O'DWYER,
144 W. 71st St., New York City.

Dear Sir :—

I regret exceedingly to say that I will be unable to accept your cordial and much appreciated invitation to attend the Fordham Prom. to be held on Tuesday evening next. As you are no doubt aware, my presence is demanded here, for the Legislature is about to adjourn and my time is completely occupied by my official duties.

Thanking you very much for your kindness, and wishing you a very successful affair, I am,

Yours very truly,
B. B. ODELL, JR.

A LETTER FROM THE HISTORIAN.

WE take pleasure in publishing the following letter from Dr. Walsh, '84, Historian of the Alumni Association,—the more so as Dr. Walsh's letters are like angels' visits, few and far between. The poem referred to will be found on another page of the MONTHLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

Dear Sir:—

I feel that it is my duty as historian to call your attention to the enclosed poem. It is by a Fordham man who is doing some excellent work in the humorous line. You will have noted, I am sure, the number of witticisms that are being copied from the *Catholic Standard and Times* by the press of the country, especially such papers as the *Sun*, the *New York Times* and *Life*. They are most of them from the pen of Tom Daly whom Fordham boys of '85 to '90 will remember very well. Tom used to write serious poetry in the old days at Fordham, and occasionally got into the columns of the *Catholic World* and some of the other magazines. Needless to say, he was a member of the FORDHAM MONTHLY staff, because all the editors of the MONTHLY afterwards do good literary work.

"*Si vis exemplaria circumspice.*"

The enclosed poem is in Tom's best vein and is, I think, worthy of insertion in your columns as a sample of what one of the old boys is doing.

If you care to publish this letter as an introduction to it, "Barkis is willin'."

Yours very sincerely,

JAS. J. WALSH, '84.

A COMMUNICATION.

After mature deliberation,
And serious premeditation,
Joined with some prudent consultation,—
Though not without some hesitation,
For fear of causing altercation
And rousing up vain disputation,—
(For which I have no admiration),
Without ado or affectation
I proffer this consideration:
Let a selected delegation,
Chosen by vote or nomination,
After the proper preparation,
Wait upon the administration,
And, having made a salutation,
Offer this humble supplication:
"Dear sirs,—we've made this visitation
To ask a little relaxation.
'Twill violate no regulation,
'Twill interrupt no occupation,
'Twill counteract no obligation,
To grant a day for recreation.
Our joints need sadly lubrication,
Our stomachs crave some renovation,
Our lungs desire respiration,
Our systems want new animation,—
In fine, we need recuperation,
Wherefore we ask a day's vacation,—
It is but just remuneration."
I'm certain such a deputation
Need have no fear of a negation.
So now in glad anticipation
Of one full day's emancipation
From studies, books, examination,
And such like causes of vexation,
I will conclude this lucubration,
Omit all lengthy peroration,
And simply sign me—

EXPECTATION!

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Monthly Chronicle.

The Easter vacation this year began on the 3d and ended on the 10th of April. The Yale game was scheduled for the day of departure, April 3d, but owing to rain it could not be played. This fact, added to the inclement weather of the holidays, made our vacation less enjoyable than it would otherwise have been, and may have accounted for some of the "late arrivals" after the vacation.

About sixty or seventy students remained at the College during the holidays and assisted in the Holy Week services in the chapel, many of them spending an hour in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament on Holy Thursday. Very Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, S. J., Provincial, who was making his visitation here during Holy Week, officiated at the various services, assisted by the Fathers of the College and several of the students, who acted as altar-boys. Masters Agen, Fitch, Vila and Keane deserve commendation for their labors in this respect.

The Fordhams and Invincibles remained at the College during the holidays for the purpose of practice, but owing to the rainy weather they were not able to do much outdoor work.

School reopened on Wednesday, the 10th, and classes were resumed next day. On Saturday, 13th, we defeated C. C. N. Y. a second time,—to the score of 16-2. The game with Syracuse Uni-

versity resulted in another victory for Fordham; the score being 6-3. Many of the Alumni were present at this game, and high hats were much in evidence, which was accounted for by the fact that the wearers had just come from the wedding of Gerald Barry's sister.

The game with Bucknell, scheduled for April 20th, was cancelled by their manager, owing to his inability to secure other games in the city. As the day turned out to be a very rainy one, this disappointment proved a gain from a financial point of view.

On the evening of the 20th, Junior Hall produced "The New Tutor," under the direction of Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, A. M. The play was a brilliant success and the large number of spectators who braved the inclemency of the weather to witness it were well repaid for their sacrifice.

The Princeton game scheduled for April 24th, was not played, owing to rain.

The game with Holy Cross on the 27th resulted in a victory for Fordham. Score, 10-2.

Month's Mind.

On Saturday, April 20th, a month's mind requiem Mass was celebrated in the church for the repose of the soul of Andrew J. Heide, who died on March 20th. The celebrant was Rev. William F. Cunningham, S. J., assisted by Rev. James T. Hughes, deacon; and Mr. Paul R. Conniff, S. J., subdeacon. The Mass was attended by the family and several relatives of Mr. Heide and by the student body. Rev. Father Rector with the members of the Faculty assisted in the sanctuary. The music was rendered by the College choir,

under the direction of Mr. Francis R. Donovan, S. J. At the conclusion of the Mass, before the final absolutions were given by Rev. Father Rector, a chorus of boys from St. John's Hall sang very prettily the verses beginning,—

> "Angels ever bright and fair,
> Take, oh! take him to your care."

Junior Play. The play given by the members of Junior Hall on Saturday evening, April 20th, entitled "The New Tutor," was certainly a great success and reflects much credit on all concerned with it. The selection of the play was a happy one, for it was sufficiently light to be entertaining, yet not so much so as to be vulgar. The various unhappy predicaments of the unfortunate tutor gave rise to no end of fun, while the side plays of some of the other characters, especially Gibson the tailor, were worthy of the pen of Dickens. The play proved that the histrionic talent which has distinguished Fordham in the past is still to be found here in abundance. It bears witness also to the painstaking efforts of the boys who took part, and of Mr. Taaffe, under whose direction it was produced.

Visitors. Our visitors the past month have numbered Very Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, S. J., Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S. J., Rev. Joseph M. Stadelman, S. J., Rev. John Brosnan, S. J., Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., Rev. John C. Hart, S. J., Rev. John J. Neary, S. J., and Mr. J. T. Langan, S. J.

Amongst the "Old Boys" recorded are Rev. Father O'Dwyer, and Doctor Butler, '84; Rev.

Charles T. Murphy, '86; Dr. William E. Howley and Dr. Francis L. Donlon, '88; Rev. James N. Aylward, and Michael J. Sweeney, '89; Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, John C. McNeilly, Kenyon J. Fortescue, and David W. Orpheus, '90; Edward J. Tomney, Eng., '93; Harold A. Callan, '88-'95; George Hurst, '89-'94; John P. Joyce, Robert E. McDonnell, '97; Gerald J. Barry, John E. Claffy, J. Tufton Mason, Leo J. O'Donovan, '98; Chas. J. Vion, '99; James A. Treacy, Michael J. Larkin, and Stephen J. McPartland, 1900.

Echoes from "The Ladies."

No one who was present at the Alumni banquet can have doubted that Mr. McNeilly merited well of the ladies for his eloquent address in their behalf. Now comes a note of approval from the ladies themselves—young ladies, too, who perhaps have less reason to be grateful to Mr. McNeilly for his gallant words than their seniors. We take much pleasure in quoting the following from the *Echoes from the Pines*, published at the Ursuline Academy, Chatham, Ontario, relative to our March number The FORDHAM MONTHLY was as gladly welcomed as ever by the pupils of 'The Pines.' This issue is exceptionally fine and entertaining, especially are the speeches of the Alumni full of interest. 'The Ladies' is a splendid article, and Mr. McNeilly has our highest commendation for so gallantly proving himself such a champion of the 'fair sex.' It is to be hoped that some day in the near future he may be able to fully realize the deep meaning contained in this verse from Holy Writ. 'Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing.'"

To which we are sure that Mr. McNeilly's many friends will answer sincerely, Amen!

Easter Sermons. The Fathers of the College preached at the following churches on Easter Sunday :—

Fr. Mahony, St. Elizabeth's Church, N. Y. City; Fr. Bridges, Williamsbridge; Fr. Ziegler, White Plains; Fr. Minister, St. Roch's Church, N. Y. City; Fr. Raymond, Newburgh; Fr. O'Hara, Syracuse; Fr. Rector and Fr. O'Carroll, St. Thomas the Apostle; Fr. Renaud, Mt. Vernon; Fr. Cunningham, Mamaroneck; Fr. Fox, Brooklyn; Fr. Wm. Gannon, St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y. City; Fr. Gleason, Scranton, Pa.; Fr. McGinney, Sacred Heart Church, N. Y. City; Fr. Cassidy, St. John the Evangelist, N. Y. City; Fr. Wallace, St. Mary's, N. Y. City; Fr. Coughlan, Phila., Pa.; Fr. Stanton, Washington, D. C.; Fr. Lamb, Kingston, N. Y.

During the illness of the Pastor, Rev. Fr. Gregg, our Fr. Ziegler conducted the Holy Week services at St. Augustine's Church, and Fr. Fox preached on the Seven Words at the same church Good Friday evening. Our Rev. Vice-President preached the Passion sermon on Good Friday at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle.

Honors for Dr. Burrow. We take the following from the *Virginian-Pilot*, published at Norfolk, Va.

"Word has been received here to the effect that Dr. Trigant Burrow has been appointed to a membership in the volunteer staff of Dr. Von Winckle's Hospital, connected with the Royal University of Munich, Germany.

"Dr. Burrow is a young Norfolkian, being the son of the late John W. Burrow. He took an A. B. degree at Fordham College in 1895, and was declared to be a Doctor of Medicine by the University of Virginia in 1899. Having received this last degree, Dr. Burrow went abroad for the purpose of securing additional knowledge in his profession, and his appointment to the above named position by one of the foremost physicians of the German nation is quite a compliment, not only to himself, but to his home and his Alma Mater."

Bishop McQuaid of Rochester, St. John's oldest living student, has obtained for his seminary, St. Bernard's, the privilege of conferring on deserving students all degrees in philosophy and theology. As one of last year's class is now a seminarian at St. Bernard's, we look forward to the time when he shall be adding the D. D. to his name.

Mr. William L. Tierney, '98, delivered a lecture recently at Port Chester on "Erin and Her Sons," which drew many encomiums from a large audience. In the words of a local paper: "From the account received, Fordham has one more alumnus testifying to its excellent curriculum."

Very Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, S. J., Provincial of the New York-Maryland province of the Society of Jesus, made his annual visitation to this house from the 2d to the 9th of April.

The baseball management gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions to the athletic fund: Rev. Daniel H. O'Dwyer, '84,

$10.00; Rev. Thomas R. Halpin, '86, $10.00; Rev. Richard B. Cushion, '88, $5.00.

The Fordham "Prom." held at Sherry's on Easter Tuesday, April 9th, was a brilliant success, socially and financially. We had hoped to give a more extended notice of it in this issue, but our correspondent failed to send in his copy on time.

A TRAGIC DEATH.

John P. Macauley, who was a teacher here during the years 1875–76, was one of the victims of the Galveston flood. A Jesuit Father, writing from Galveston after the storm, gives the following account of his death. "A hopeless victim of paralysis, he lived in an apartment house on the very edge of the gulf; 'For,' said he 'I love to hear the sea forever telling of the vanity of human life and of the greatness of the God to whom I am going.' The day before the storm one of our Fathers brought him First Friday Communion. 'Father,' said he, when taking leave, 'the prayer of my life has been to die on the seashore.' His prayer was heard. During the storm generous friends carried the cripple in their arms from room to room to escape the invading tide. Reaching the last refuge, he said: 'Friends, this is the end. I thank you for your assistance, but will no longer impose on your generosity; look now to your own lives. I believe my time has come, and I will meet the end here.' They laid him on his bed; he requested before parting, that they clasp hands, kneel around his bed and say the Our Father. This done, all retired. A few moments later the apartment collapsed and the Christian was with his God."

FORDHAMENSIA.

THE baseball season has opened most auspiciously; thirty-five runs to our opponents seven in the first three games is indeed a good beginning. It was most unfortunate that rain interfered with the Yale and Princeton games, for while we do not presume to say that the Varsity would have lowered the colors of Eli and Nassau, yet we are sure they would not have displaced the Maroon without a hard struggle. While the team has been successful thus far, nevertheless we feel that they have had but one severe test—that of the game with Syracuse. The University boys from "up state" secured the lead early in the game, but the Varsity soon settled down, determined to win out; an account of the decisive manner in which they did so will will be found in another column.

On Saturday, March 27th, the Varsity defeated Holy Cross at Worcester. We are old-time rivals with the wearers of the Purple, and rejoice to chronicle a victory over them. On the same date the Reserves—who have a strong team in the field—journeyed to Poughkeepsie to meet the Riverview Military Academy team; but they were defeated.

The members of the track team are daily seen on the track preparing for the spring games. We will be well represented at the Inter-Collegiate Championship games, to be held in this city, and at

the I. C. A. A. A. A. meeting, to be held at the Pan-American Exposition. The annual spring games will be held as usual on Rector's Day; the management has spared no expense to make this year's games the most successful ever held at Fordham. It is worthy of note that Fallon, Hardy, O'Connor, Teevan, and Seitz are again seen on the cinder-path.

A new "Frat." has been founded at Fordham; the name suggests the object of the club, and we deem it sufficient to say Jim White, '02, is President of "The Hungry Five."

We offer our heartiest congratulations to the youthful Thespians from Junior Hall who so admirably presented "The New Tutor" on the evening of March 20th.

A new baseball team has been organized on First, known as the "Latin" team. Sr. Horcasitas, manager of the "Latins," informs us that he has still several dates open and would like to fill some with good teams. Following are the players:

Chas. Corona, 2b. (capt.); R. Cabrera, c.; F. Diaz, p.; J. R. Noriega, 1b.; G. Malhami, s. s.; F. Obregon 3b.; M. A. Paredes, l. f.; J. Rivero, c. f.; V. Rivero, r. f. Substitutes: M. Cagiga, N. Remon, R. Trevino. On April 14th they beat the Tyros, 12 to 5.

J. S. McCormick, '03.

JUNIOR HALL.

Now that the comedy, "The New Tutor," is an event of the past, it is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon the success scored, as a careful review of the play will be found on another page. Suffice it to say that the success of the production was attested by the hearty applause and words of praise of the audience. Owing to the inclement weather the attendance was within the seating capacity of the theatre.

We desire to thank Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, under whose direction "The New Tutor" was presented, for his untiring efforts to make the play a success; to his excellent supervision we are indebted for much of the favor with which the play was received.

We also desire to thank our Reverend Father Minister for the excellent repast provided immediately after the play for all the participants.

The prize offered to the student disposing of the largest number of tickets for the recent play was won by William Rodier, '04; Clendenin Eckert was second, and Paul Gleises third. The prize consists of eight beautifully bound volumes of the University History, valued at $40.00.

We are pleased to note the recovery of Brother Hallahan from his recent serious illness. May he long continue to cheer the shop with his presence, and relate to eager listeners his reminiscences of the palmy days of yore!

The ferocious looking canine which has been so frequently seen with Brother "Hooley" of late has been the cause of so much comment that an explanation is necessary.

The numerous burglaries which have occurred in the Borough of the Bronx during the past few months have caused the Brother so much uneasiness that he purchased the bloodthirsty brute, and keeps him securely chained and padlocked in the shop, so that in the event of a visit from midnight marauders the contents of the safe will be secure.

M. LINNEHAN, '04.

BASEBALL.

The Invincibles have started the season well by winning their first three games. The members of the team are as follows:

W. Keane, c; J. Radel, p; C. Murn, 1b.; W. J. Murray, 2b. (capt.); L. Hartman, s. s.; E. Healy, 3b.; F. Oliver, l. f.; E. Maguire, c. f.; E. O'Brien, r. f.; J. McLaughlin, p.; G. Foley, p.; and J. Farrell, s. s.

The first game was with the "Poly Prep." team of Brooklyn on April 13th. The visiting team were no match for the Invincibles and were badly beaten. Score:—

										R.	H.	E.
Invincibles	2	3	0	1	2	9	5	0	x	22	13	2
Poly Preps	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	4	4	9

Batteries—Keane, Radel, McLaughlin and Foley; Miller, Shea, and Green.

The following day the Invincibles defeated the Montauk A. C. Judging from the size of their

opponents it looked as if the Invincibles would lose, but the Montauks were unable to find Radel's pitching. Healy's home run with the bases full was a feature of the game. Score:—

										R.	H.	E.
Invincibles	3	1	2	1	0	0	4	2	x—	13	9	4
Montauks	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	0—	4	4	5

Batteries—Keane and Radel; Burke and Mulligan.

On Wednesday, April 17th, the Invincibles met the Betts Academy team at Stamford, Conn. The game throughout was close and exciting. Keane's terrific batting won the game. His three-base hit in the eighth, and his two-base hit in the ninth innings brought in five runs. Hartman played a good game at short. The score:

										R.	H.	E.
Invincibles	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	3—	11	12	5
Betts	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	5	2—	9	13	6

Batteries—Keane and Radel; Wolfe and Sullivan.

The second team on the Division, known as the "Actives," will soon appear on the field, uniformed and alert. There are so many competitors for the various positions that we cannot at present writing venture to pick out the nine.

CHAS. J. MURN, '03.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

The Easter holidays which began on April 3d ended April 10th, and although it rained during the first part of the holidays, we trust that the boys enjoyed themselves, so as to study harder during the coming term.

The Minims were organized recently. George

Richter was elected captain. We wish them success in all their games. The positions are as follows:

Pitcher, Jos. Rivero; catcher, Thos. Morrin; 1st base, Emeterio Pozas; 2d base, Jos. Zambrano; 3d base, Jos. Belden; s. s, John Molloy; r. f., Ignatius Amor; c. f., Lorenzo Zambrano; l. f., Geo. Richter.

On April 14th the Tyros played the "Latins" of the First Division, and notwithstanding the good playing of the Latins, the Tyros managed to score a few runs. The score was 12 to 5 in favor of the "Latins."

On April 20th we were permitted to honor the memory of Andrew Heide at the Mass of month's mind by our select choir of soprano voices.

Many boys have enlisted in the races which are to be held on Fr. Rector's day, May 7th, and are daily practising for the coming events.

The "New Tutor" was a great success, and although it rained during the evening, a large number of people had assembled when the curtain rose.

REGINALD T. LYNCH,
Third Academic.

ATHLETICS.

THE baseball season opened here March 30th, with the College of the City of New York.

All the men on the squad were given a chance, and for the first game of the season played remarkably well. The team batted very well, Scanlon getting a two-base hit and Swetnam a three-bagger. McKenna pitched a splendid game, allowing the visitors but five hits and striking out nine men.

The score is as follows:

FORDHAM.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss	2	1	2	0	1
Joyce, 2b. / Dempsey, 2b	1	1	1	1	1
Butler, c.	2	3	12	2	0
Mitchell, rf	1	1	2	1	0
Horan, lf	0	1	1	1	0
Scanlon, cf. & p.	0	1	1	3	0
McKenna, p	1	1	0	1	0
O'Brien, 1b	1	0	8	1	1
Ewald, 3b	2	0	0	1	0
Totals	10	9	27	11	3

C. C. N. Y.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goldberg, cf	0	1	1	1	0
Sullivan, p	0	1	0	4	0
Lauzenbaum, lb.	0	0	9	0	0
Roberts, ss	0	1	3	2	2
Hamilton, 3b	0	0	0	1	0
Thompson, 2b	0	1	4	3	0
Krank, lf	0	0	3	0	0
Ruskie, rf	1	1	1	0	0
Acker, c	1	0	3	0	0
Totals	2	5	24	11	2

Fordham	2	1	2	1	2	1	1	0—10
C. C. N. Y.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0— 2

Struck-out—By McKenna, 9; by Scanlon, 2; by Sullivan, 3. Base on balls—Off McKenna, 3; off Scanlon, 1; off Sullivan, 8. Two-base hit—Scanlon, Sullivan. Three-base hit—Swetnam. Umpire—Mr. Lamar.

FORDHAM, 15; W. N. Y. F. C., 6.

On March 31st the West New York Field Club met defeat at the hands of the Varsity, the score being 15 to 6. Frank Murphy, '00, who last season played left field for the Fordhams, played

second base for the visitors. He got his usual hit. Scanlon pitched a fine game, the visitors getting but four hits, while the home team managed to get six two-baggers and one three-bagger, also three singles. The score :

										R.	H.	E.
Fordham	0	4	7	0	1	3	x	x	x—	15	10	3
W. N. Y. F. C.	2	3	1	0	0	0	0	x	x—	6	4	7

Batteries—Scanlon and Butler ; Livingstone and Lamar.

FORDHAM, 19 ; C. C. N. Y., 2.

Saturday, April 13th, C. C. N. Y. played their second game with the Varsity, and suffered a bad defeat. Only seven innings were played, but that was sufficient time for the Fordhams to roll up nineteen runs, while the best the visitors could do was to score twice. Heide's batting was a feature of the game, he getting three runs and four hits, one of which was a three-bagger.

The score :

FORDHAM.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss	4	2	2	3	1
Butler, lf	2	0	0	1	0
Scanlon, cf	3	1	1	2	1
McKenna, p	1	2	2	3	0
Mitchell, rf	1	1	1	0	0
Heide, 1b	3	4	9	0	0
Dempsey, 2b	2	0	1	4	0
O'Brien, 3b	1	0	0	1	0
Joyce, c	2	2	5	0	0
Totals	19	12	21	14	2

C. C. N. Y.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goldberg, p	1	0	2	1	1
Sullivan, lf	1	2	2	0	0
Suling, ss	0	2	3	2	1
Lauzenbaum, 1b	0	0	4	1	1
Thompson, 2b	0	2	2	1	0
Roberts, 3b	0	0	0	0	0
Murphy, cf.	0	1	2	1	1
Ruskie, rf	0	1	1	0	1
Toohey, c	0	1	2	1	0
Totals	2	9	18	7	5

Fordham	1	4	6	1	1	6	x	x	x—	19
C. C. N. Y.	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	x	x—	2

Struck out—By McKenna, 4 ; By Goldberg, 2. Base on balls—Off McKenna, 0 ; off Goldberg, 4. Stolen bases—Heide, Mitchell, Butler, Suling. Three-base hit—Heide. Umpire—Mr. Lamar.

FORDHAM, 6 ; SYRACUSE, 3.

On April 17th, Syracuse Univ. was defeated by Fordham, the score being 6 to 3. The game in detail is as follows :

1st inning.—Fordham took the field. Adams, the first man up, hit to Swetnam, but reached first safely on Heide's error. House forced Adams out at second, McKenna to Swetnam.—One out. House was forced out at second, Atwell going to first, Swetnam to Ewald.—Two out. Henderson out, Ewald to Heide.—No runs.

Swetnam flied out to Henderson. Butler hit a hot one past short and reached first. Scanlon flied out to Henderson. Mitchell out, Reed, unassisted.—No runs.

2d Inning.—Cummings got a base on balls and stole second. Dillon out, McKenna to Heide. Baker reached first on O'Brien's error. Reed struck out. Dissel hit to McKenna and was caught at first.—No runs.

Heide struck out. O'Brien got a base on balls; forced to second on Ewald getting a base on balls. Joyce struck out. Swetnam also fanned. —No runs.

3d Inning.—Adams singled to right, and went to second on Heide's error, House reaching first. Atwell singled to left. Adams and House scored on Henderson's two-base-hit to centre; Atwell going to third. Atwell tried to score, but was caught at the plate, McKenna to Butler. Henderson out at third on Cummings' hit to McKenna. Dillon reached first, and Baker struck out.—Two runs.

Butler hit to right field, and went to second on Scanlon's sacrifice, Dissel to Reed. McKenna struck out. Mitchell out, Reed, unassisted.—No runs.

4th Inning.—Reed out, O'Brien to Heide. Dissel hit to Ewald, who threw to first. Adams out, McKenna to Heide.—No runs.

Heide struck out. O'Brien singled to right. Ewald fanned. Joyce out, House to Reed.—No runs.

5th Inning.—House flied to Swetnam. Atwell struck out. Henderson singled to centre. Cummings retired the side by striking out.—No runs.

Swetnam got a base on balls. Butler reached first on Reed's error, Swetnam going to second. Scanlon sacrificed, advancing Swetnam and Butler. McKenna hit to right. Butler and Swetnam scored. McKenna stole second. Mitchell singled to left, McKenna going to third. Heide struck out. O'Brien got a base on balls, and Ewald fanned.—Two runs.

6th Inning.—Dillon fouled out to Butler. Baker singled, but was caught stealing second, Butler to Swetnam. Dissel struck out.—No runs.

Joyce singled and went to third on Swetnam's hit. Butler reached first on House's error. Swetnam went to second and Joyce tried to score, but was caught at the plate. Scanlon singled to right, Swetnam scoring; Butler going to third. McKenna singled and Butler scored. Scanlon reached second, stole third and scored on Mitchell's sacrifice. Heide singled and McKenna scored. O'Brien flied out to Cummings.—Four runs.

7th Inning.—Adams out, Swetnam to O'Brien, House fanned. Atwell fouled out to Butler.—No runs.

Ewald got a base on balls, Joyce sacrificed, Baker to Reed, Ewald going to second. Swetnam flied out to Henderson. Butler flied out to Adams.—No runs.

8th Inning.—Henderson hit to centre, but was caught at third by Scanlon's good throw. Cummings singled and stole second; scored on Dillon's

hit. Baker struck out. Reed out, McKenna to Heide.—One run.

Dillon muffed Scanlon's high fly. McKenna out, Dissel to Reed. Mitchell struck out. Heide flied to Henderson.—No runs.

9th Inning.—Dissel out, McKenna to Heide. Adams struck out. House singled, and Atwell ended the game by hitting a fly to Mitchell.—No runs.

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	SYRACUSE.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss	2	1	3	2	0	Adams, rf	1	1	1	0	0
Butler, c	2	2	11	2	0	House, 3b	1	1	0	1	1
Scanlon, cf	1	1	0	1	0	Atwell, ss	0	1	0	0	0
McKenna, p	1	3	0	7	0	Henderson, cf	0	3	4	0	0
Mitchell, rf	0	1	1	0	0	Cummings, lf	1	2	1	0	0
Heide, 1b	0	1	9	0	1	Dillon, c	0	1	10	0	1
O'Brien, 3b	0	1	2	1	1	Baker, 2b	0	1	0	3	0
Ewald, 2b	0	0	1	2	0	Moore, 1b	0	0	9	0	1
Joyce, lf	0	1	0	0	0	Dissel, p	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	6	11	27	15	2	Totals	3	10	24	7	3

Fordham ..... 0 0 0 0 2 4 0 0 x—6
Syracuse ..... 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 0—3

Struck out—by McKenna, 8; by Dissel, 9. Base on balls—off McKenna, 1; off Dissel, 5. Stolen bases—Scanlon, 2; McKenna, O'Brien, Cummings. Two-base hit—Henderson. Umpire—Mr. Lamar.

FORDHAM, 10; HOLY CROSS, 2.

On April 27th Fordham defeated Holy Cross at Worcester by the score of 10 to 2. McKenna pitched a splendid game, allowing the home team but three hits and striking out sixteen men. The batting of the Varsity was terrific; Mitchell and O'Brien each getting a home run, Scanlon one two-bagger, and Joyce and McKenna two. The game by innings:

1st inning.—Swetnam, the first man up, hit a hot one to Joyce and was put out at first. Butler

singled. Scanlon struck out. McKenna singled, and Mitchell fanned.—No runs.

Baldwin was hit. Dyer sacrificed, sending Baldwin to second, Butler to Heide. Noonan struck out. Duggan got his base on balls. Joyce out, McKenna to Heide.—No runs.

2d inning.—Heide fanned. Duggan dropped the ball, but threw to first in time to retire Heide. O'Brien sent the ball over the right field fence for a home run. Ewald fanned, Duggan to Connor. Joyce flied out to Baldwin.—One run.

Conner flied out to Joyce. McCarthy reached first on Joyce's error. Quigley fanned and was followed by Coakley.—No runs.—Score, 1–0.

3d inning.—Swetnam out, Coakley to Connor. Butler reached first on Dyer's error. Scanlon sacrificed him to second, Coakley to Connor. McKenna got his base on balls. Butler and McKenna scored on Mitchell's two-bagger. Mitchell caught off second, Duggan to McCarthy. —Two runs.

Baldwin singled. Dyer sacrificed, Butler to Heide. Noonan struck out. Duggan also fanned. No runs.—Score, 3—0

4th—inning. Heide fanned. O'Brien reached first on Joyce's error, but was caught napping, Coakley to Connors. Ewald out, Connor, unassisted.—No runs.

Joyce knocked out a two-bagger. Connor out, McKenna to Heide. McCarthy out, Swetnam to Heide. Quigley fanned.—No runs.

5th inning.—Joyce got a two-bagger. Swetnam flied out to Noonan. Butler reached first on pitcher's choice. Joyce was caught at the plate, Scanlon fanned.—No runs.

Coakley fanned, Butler to Heide. Baldwin

was hit, stole second, and reached third on Dyer's sacrifice. Skelley took Noonan's place and singled, scoring Baldwin. Duggan struck out.—One run. Score, 3–1.

6th inning.—McKenna knocked out a two-bagger and scored on Mitchell's home run drive over right field fence. Heide singled and stole second. O'Brien sacrificed, Coakley to Connor. Ewald fanned, and Heide scored on Joyce's two-bagger. Swetnam singled and Joyce scored. Swetnam stole second and scored on Butler's single. Scanlon flied out to Quigley.—Five runs.

Joyce out, O'Brien to Heide. Connor struck out. McCarthy was hit. Quigley fanned.—No runs.—Score, 8–1.

7th inning.—McKenna out, Joyce to Connor. Mitchell singled. Heide hit to right. O'Brien reached first on fielder's choice, and Heide was caught at second. Ewald out, Dyer to Connor. —No runs.

Coakley fanned, Baldwin doing the same. Dyer reached first on Swetnam's error. Skelley hit to McKenna, who threw wild, the ball going under the bleachers. Dyer scored. The ball was thrown out to McKenna in time to catch Skelley at the plate.—One run.—Score, 8-2.

8th inning.— Joyce flied out to Skelley. Swetnam fouled out to Joyce. Butler fouled out to Connor.—No runs.

Duggan fanned. Joyce flied out to McKenna. Connor out, McKenna to Heide.—No runs.

9th inning.—Scanlon doubled and scored on McKenna's two-bagger. Mitchell fanned, Heide doing the same. O'Brien singled, scoring McKenna. Ewald out, McCarthy to Connor.—Two runs.

In this inning Reid batted for McCarthy, Quinn for Quigley, and Moore for Coakley. McKenna ended the game by striking them all out.—No runs.—Score, 10-2.

FORDHAM.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss	1	1	0	1	1
Butler, c	1	2	18	0	1
Scanlon, cf	1	1	0	0	0
McKenna, p	3	3	0	5	0
Mitchell, rf	1	3	0	1	0
Heide, 1b	1	1	8	0	0
O'Brien, 3b	1	2	0	1	0
Ewald, 2b	0	0	0	0	0
Joyce, lf	1	2	1	0	1
Totals	10	15	27	8	3

HOLY CROSS.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Baldwin, lf	1	1	0	0	0
Dyer, ss	1	0	0	1	0
Noonan, rf	0	1	4	0	0
Duggan, c	0	0	9	2	1
Joyce, 3b	0	0	1	1	0
Connor, 1b	0	0	11	0	1
McCarthy, 2b	0	0	1	0	0
Quigley, cf	0	0	1	0	1
Coakley, p	0	0	0	6	0
Totals	2	3	27	10	3

Fordham	0	1	2	0	0	5	0	0	2	—10
Holy Cross	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	— 2

Struck out—By McKenna, 16: by Coakley, 9. Base on balls—Off McKenna, 1; off Coakley, 1. Home runs—O'Brien, Mitchell. Two-base hits—Scanlon, McKenna 2, Joyce 2, Joyce. Sacrifice hits—Scanlon, O'Brien, Ewald, Dyer. Umpire—Klobedanz.

"Somebody let loose the real thing in the shape of a baseball team from Fordham College, and it was that team against which Holy Cross stacked and was beaten 10 to 2. If anybody ever had doubts that Holy Cross didn't get all that was coming, he should have seen yesterday's contest."—*Worcester Sunday Telegram.*

Owing to rain, the games with Yale, Princeton, and Bucknell could not be played.

RESERVES, 13; DAUNTLESS F. C., 5.

The Reserves opened the season here April 18th by defeating the Dauntless F. C. by the score of 13 to 5. The feature of the game was the pitching of Seitz, who had nine strike outs to his credit. The score:

										R.	H.	E.
Fordham Reserves	3	0	3	4	2	0	2	x	x	—13	10	2
Dauntless F. C.	0	0	0	0	1	1	3	0	x	— 5	4	6

Batteries—Seitz and Toohey; Deegan and Brown.

RESERVES, 2; RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, 11.

On April 27th the Reserves met defeat at Poughkeepsie. The features of the game were the fielding of Dady for the Reserves, and the pitching of Plunkett of the home team. The score:

										R.	H.	E.
Reserves	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	2	7
Riverview M. A.	5	3	0	0	1	0	2	0	x	11	5	3

Batteries—Seitz and Toohey; Plunkett and Fessend.

RESERVES, 11; CATHEDRAL B. B. C., 10.

On April 28th, in a fast and exciting game, the Reserves defeated the Cathedral B. B. C. by the score of 11 to 10. The score:

										R.	H.	E.
Fordham Reserves	1	0	0	2	0	3	1	3	1	11	15	6
Cathedral B. B. C.	0	0	1	2	1	0	5	1	0	10	7	10

Batteries—Woollett and Toohey; Wartz and Grimly.

The result of good hard training was fully demonstrated on April 20th, when C. Seitz won the 60 yds. novice at the Eighth Regt. Games. He deserves great credit for his perseverance, which finally enabled him to win his novice.

V. J. OLDSHUE, Eng., '02.

EXCHANGES.

THE *William and Mary College Monthly* for April is up to the usual standard which it has set for itself. It is bright and brief. It is a publication which aims to please the young and boisterous undergraduate rather than the sedate senior and alumnus. It is by no means literary, though quite as interesting as it undertakes to be, and perhaps more truly interprets the limitations of juvenile journalism than its more sober and ambitious contemporarieswould like to admit. Still, it is open to debate what is the true aim of college journalism ; whether to improve the style of writers at the expense of readers, or to entertain readers at the expense of writers. We are inclined to sympathize with the writers, as their earnest efforts and hard labor will produce lasting results under any conditions, while the readers of a magazine full of idle fun and light trash will enjoy a most transitory and empty benefit, and will lay aside their magazine as poor mentally as when they picked it up.

The *Abbey Student* has not attained in this issue its usual standard of excellence. There is a poem of some merit styled " Green Erin : A Song of the Gael," which shows at least considerable capacity for verse structure and a good selection of metre. The latter feature possesses a sweep and a swing that is decidedly pleasant to the ear. The description and word painting reveal a certain degree of fertility and invention.

The prize composition, " If I had a Thousand Dollars," speaks rather poorly for those who failed in gaining the prize. The merit of the story lies in the fact that it gives evidence of a good imagination and a rough vein of humor, but this is all. The writer strives to be witty, but he

should remember that a certain dignity attaches to literature which is inconsistent with the least taint of buffoonery. Wit can be literary and humor can be refined. When wit fails in these qualifications, and descends to the absurd and the trivial, and makes use of slang, it becomes colloquial and vulgar. In several places the writer fails to be idiomatic, and in one instance he is even ungrammatical. These failings might perhaps explain the use of slang, which is profusely indulged in, and not even accompanied with the apologetic quotation marks which signify "I have borrowed this expression from the vulgar,—please excuse." The writer edifies his readers toward the close of his article with one extraordinary burst of native wit. He forms a pun on the word "bill," making it apply at the same time to the human countenance and to a paper demanding payment. This is an excess of bad taste, and savors largely of the negro minstrel.

The quality of the *Dial* is not so rare, and the literary matter not so profuse as we might desire. "A Vision of the Night" is interesting. The flow of language gives evidence of a wide vocabulary, and the choice of adjectives shows a delicate appreciation of what is correct and strong in verse. "Curiosities of Language" is an interesting and instructive article which almost possesses the merits and literary flavor of a lecture. A considerable degree of study and technical knowledge is displayed.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, '01.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Rosary, the Crown of Mary. By a Dominican Father. Benziger Brothers. Price, 10 cents, retail.

This little volume contains much information about the devotion of the Rosary which we have not seen elsewhere. It will be found useful for the better understanding of the devotion itself and the mysteries which it commemorates.

Questions asked by Protestants, briefly answered by a priest of the diocese of Buffalo. Published by Rev. M. Philipps, 3347 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Price, 10 cents.

Klauder's Revised Edition of the Baltimore Catechism, Nos. 1, 2, 3. Price, $2.50, $3.50, and $15.00. respectively, per hundred. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

The Catholic Directory, April number. M. H. Wiltzins & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

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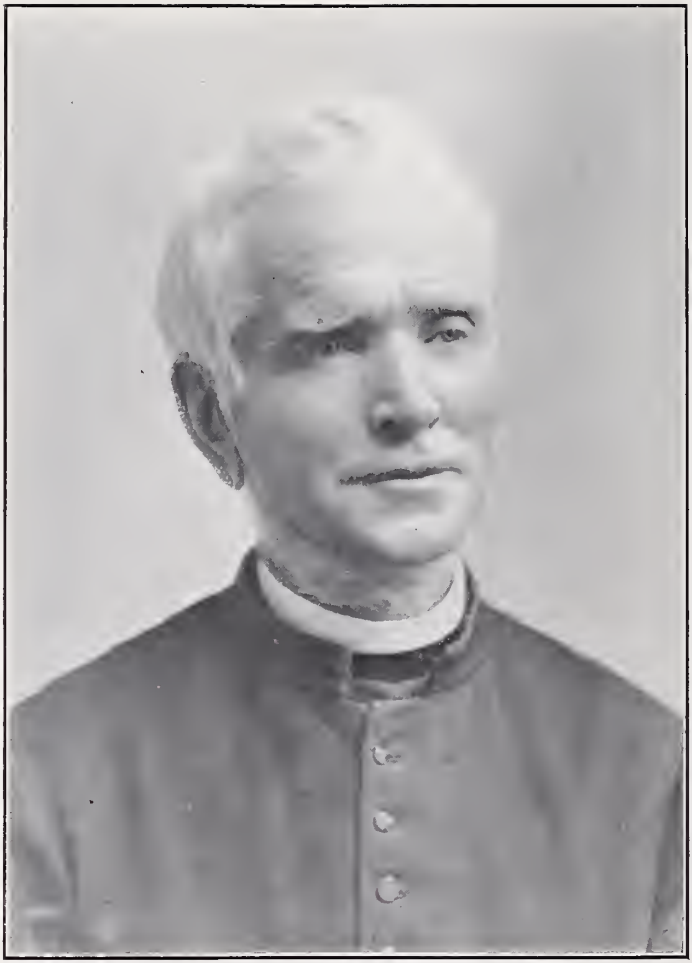

The Very Rev. Dean William McNulty, '53, LL. D.

The Fordham Monthly

Edited by the Students of St. John's College Fordham N.Y.

Vol. XIX. JUNE, 1901. No. 9.

After the Storm.

The storm has ceased: the thunder's boom
Is hushed, and through the breaking gloom,
As if to bless the parting day,
Forth shines the Sun with mellow ray.
He floods the world with golden light,
Then slowly fades upon the sight.
So in the evening of our life,
Though passed perchance mid tears and strife,
One ray of hope will soft illume
The gloomy confines of the tomb:
The sun that sets to-day in sorrow
Will rise in glory on the morrow.

F. S., '63.

FORDHAM IN THE SIXTIES.

FURTHER REMINISCENCES BY "JOSH."

Baseball and Spiritual Direction.

TO the profane it may seem profane to mix up baseball and spiritual direction, but to the student of the Jesuits it seems the most natural thing in the world. By the generic term "baseball" I include sport of all kinds. In winter we had shinny. Two scantlings were set about 15 feet apart at each end of the pond, which stood where the Boulevard now crosses the College grounds. There were, say, two hundred pupils attending College, and sometimes sides would be chosen; sometimes one class, or two, would stand against the rest of the College. It may seem a little suggestive of Munchausen to say, what was the literal fact, that one class, eighteen pupils in number, beat the rest of the College four times, and the fifth was a draw game; no goal was made by either side. It was simply a case of organization and team play against mob effort. We had a teacher whom I will call Brown, for the simple reason that the Editor of the MONTHLY won't let me mention names, and that wasn't his. Mr. Brown was fond of sport, and played all games with skill, especially shinny and baseball. He was an excellent teacher, one of the kind that cheated one into learning by sugar-coating the dose. But the boys were artful in their endeavors to draw his attention from the class matter, especially after some day of unusual dissipation, like a match

game. After a quarter of an hour of class one would ask, in the most innocent way imaginable, "Mr. Brown, did you ever expect Jones to make such a fool of himself as he did in placing the men of the first nine?" Slap would come a vehement hand upon the desk. "Silence! Not a word about anything but your lessons!" Another quarter would pass. "Mr. Brown, Mr. O'Neil (teacher of Classics) says that last win at shinny was a rank scratch." Mr. Brown smiles. "Didn't I tell you not to talk? He does, does he? We can do it all the time. Now, you boys can't get me on a string, so go to work." Another period of class. "Mr. Brown, we came pretty near losing that last game. Fallon lost his head, and if you had not helped him out we were done for." Mr. Brown surrenders, especially as it is about twenty minutes from the bell. "Well, boys, it was a hard fought game; the others have improved wonderfully, and have learned some of our tricks. I have been thinking the matter over, and I think we will make a change." (Takes his place at the blackboard). "Now, Robinson, this will be your place (making a diagram of the pond). You must not stir from it. Higgins, Fallon and myself will do the roughing this time. When we drive the ball to you, hold it until the mob gets pretty close, then send it across the pond to Chase, whose post will be here. The mob will by this time be tangled up trying to untie themselves, whilst we will be up here, and Chase will send it up to the goal to us. Now, don't let us lose our heads, and we will win every time." If all this would not work, we had an unfailing resource in doubts. "Mr. Brown, why did God create men to be damned?" (Mr. Brown sighs wearily). "Robinson, I'm

ashamed of you, both for the matter and form of the question. I have already answered that question a hundred times." "Yes, but I did not pay attention, and the question came up yesterday, and I was not posted." A quarter of an hour in explanation brought us to the bell.

Well, you may ask, what has spiritual direction to do with all this? Very much. When I speak of spiritual direction, I don't mean that which would be required for the couselling of St. Teresa, or St. John of God, but that influence which permeates the every day lives of every day plain people, listening to the voice of God, and groping, one may say blundering, along the way. Children are, on the whole, the only honest, because the only unsophisticated people. The boy, from fifteen to twenty—say the average Fordham boy—develops rapidly in his character, and a master hand is needed at every turn. For this reason a Jesuit is a boy with boys, just as under other circumstances he might be a Brahmin with Brahmins, or an outcast with outcasts. Baseball, shinny, billiards, teaching—all are elements in the great game that the Jesuit plays for souls. In the excitement of a match, or sitting on a bench watching the game, on a walk, in the class-room, the influence, the direction, ever goes on toward the end to be attained.

I met a Jesuit, a couple of years ago, who was a professor of social science, in which I happened to be interested, and congratulated myself on the chance meeting, and the prospect of clearing up certain difficult points. I could not get him to talk on the subjects that interested me most, but he was willing to talk any amount of baseball and to tell why his college was eminent in that sport.

He had again become a boy, and was unwilling to be the professor, even temporarily.

Baseball, in our day, was superior to any effort ever made, before or since, at Fordham. It always is so. The undergraduate marvels at the skill of his own particular epoch, wonders how the college will get on without him when he goes. He comes back, after a year or two, to show the boys how the great team of his day did things, goes back home very quietly, and ever afterwards says he has lost all interest in baseball. Many changes have been made in baseball since I played it at "Fordham in the sixties." I give, for a text, the summary of a game played on Oct. 26th, 1865. At that time all baseball nines claimed to be amateurs, although many of them were really professional. Among the best of the real amateurs was the Enterprise Club of Morrisania.

Rose Hill.	O.	R.	Enterprise.	O.	R.
O'Byrne, c.	3	5	Nicholson, p.	2	3
Bettinger, r. f.	1	6	Jarvis, 3b.	4	1
Brady, p.	3	4	Hanigan, c.	3	3
Colliere, l. f.	3	4	Van Antwerp, s. s.	2	3
Jones, c. f.	2	6	Humbert, 1b.	3	2
F. Purroy, 3b.	4	4	Haskins, 2b.	2	2
O'Donnell, 2b.	1	6	Walton, l. f.	5	1
H. Purroy, 1b.	4	3	Swift, r. f.	3	1
De J. Whitlocke, s.s.	5	2	Norton, c. f.	3	1
		40			17

Runs made in each inning.

Rose Hill	4	6	2	4	0	3	4	11	6	—40
Enterprise	1	3	0	5	3	2	0	0	3	—17

I can imagine the smiles that will confront this page when the new-century Fordhamite sees it. And yet some things were better then than now. Baseball is to-day a more scientific game, but there were as good individual players then as I have seen since. I have seen nearly all the best professional catchers since the day that game was

played, and have never seen a better one than O'Byrne. In those days the ball was thrown underhand, supposed to be pitching, but, according to the rules, delivered with the hand below the belt. I have never seen swifter pitching since than I saw at Fordham. The modern low scores were brought about in 1870-71, by three causes: (1) The curve delivery, introduced by Arthur Cummings, of the Stars of Brooklyn, in 1868. He pitched what would be called a medium-paced out-curve. Martin, of the Mutuals, at that time pitched what would now be called a medium-paced drop-ball; the in-curve was not then invented. (2) Team work, introduced by the famous Red Stockings of Cincinnati in 1869-70, under the direction of Geo. and Harry Wright and Asa Spaulding. The men on that famous team, which suffered only one defeat, and that gained by rowdy playing on the part of the Atlantics of Brooklyn, in 1870, were players of moderate ability, with the exception of George Wright; yet their playing marked the death of the old system, and the birth of the present system of team work. (3) The "dead ball." As the old-fashioned lively ball was largely the condition for home runs and high scores, so with the red "dead ball," introduced by the Kekionga Club of Fort Wayne, Ind., in an Eastern tour that made them famous, came low scores. The old-fashioned hard hitters found difficulty in driving the ball out of the diamond, and very hard to drive it half the former distance. The immediate result was a decided quickening of the game. So the scores, instead of being like that given in the text, became two figures. I think that the smiling modern player will admit that the change is not all due to his skill. Moreover, the player of the sixties

had no protection for face, hands or chest. Now the mailed warrior sallies forth with a cage on his head, a mattress on his chest, and a base bag on his hand. The curved ball is perhaps more dangerous to the unprotected player than the old straight-away swift ball. Yet in our day it was not unusual to see a player stretched out insensible, whilst broken fingers were the rule, not the exception. In a match game our catcher was disabled by a foul tip which split the flesh between the second and third fingers for more than an inch. He bound the fingers with rubber bands and caught the game out. In our day the Actives of New York were the champion amateur team, and after them came the Stars of Brooklyn and the Alphas. The Actives had, at times, beaten every one of the professionals, the Atlantics, the Eckfords, the Mutuals, and the Unions of Morrisania.

We were allowed two games a year with outside clubs—one in the spring and one in the fall. The Actives were our time-honored opponents, and though we sometimes won, they generally gave us good drubbings. In 1869 the Stars displaced the Actives as champions, and after a crushing defeat by the Rose Hills we heard from them no more. They were nice, gentlemanly fellows, from the brokers' offices generally, and some of them are now eminent in financial circles in New York.

I want right here to say a word of the dearest friend to all the boys in the College. I hope the Editor will print his name, dear old Father Legouais. He was a little man, perhaps nine inches taller than an ordinary walking stick, and almost as thin. There was a tradition in the College that after the roundup of Jesuits in Italy, Father Leg-

ouais was discovered in some crevice, and was sent on a warship to France. It was very rarely that the boys had the privilege of seeing him in "worldly clothes," but the sight was well worth waiting for. A Jesuit, we were gravely told, should, according to the spirit of the order, always dress in the clothing of a man of the world when going abroad. A Jesuit dressed in worldly clothing was always a cause of joy to the students, for their clothing was made by the mile, and cut off in lengths to suit; but Father Legouais was the capsheaf—the worldliest of the worldly. Like old Grimes, he wore a long old coat "all buttoned down before"; an ancient, moth-eaten dicer covered his head; shoes about two sizes too large; great big round spectacles on his eyes; a walking stick, the knob of which reached as high as his chin, and carried a foot or more in advance,—these were the features.

He was the Spiritual Director of the College, but, like the other Jesuits, he had other attractions "on the side." It was the rule of the house that any student could go to the director at any time, and it was surprising how frequently the privilege was used. It was the rule to bring back, if we went from the study hall, a ticket which the old boys will remember was a little billet of paper, with the surname only, thus:—

SMITH?

What that interrogation point stood for was a puzzle. It suggested a doubt, but of what? The boys had, many of them, a secret devotion to the goddess Nicotine, and they used to ask to go to the confessor, that they might incidentally offer incense to her in the temple of Cloacina. Then, too, a fellow would get hopelessly tangled up in

a chorus from Hecuba or Helen, and he would at once need spiritual direction. I can almost hear the dear old man saying, "Yes, it is hard, but maybe we can make it out together." He would go over the difficult passage, making everything clear. Did the interrogation point reveal anything of this? Next day Mr. Brown, our teacher, would listen with great suspicion to a fluent translation and explanation of difficult passages, and upbraid us for our lack of appreciation of the beauties which would be revealed only to the diligent seeker. He would declaim against Father Director as a conspirator against good order and an accomplice of lazy students. Perhaps a student would get into difficulties with his class teacher, or prefect, through a hasty and soon repented word. The dear old man was the unfailing resource in the conflict between pride and honor, and always piloted the delinquent out without leaving a sting. Father Legouais had the rare gift of inspiring an affectionate confidence, such as a boy gives to his dearest friend only, an affection in which head and heart worked together. In that little room souls were guided into life paths, hesitating uncertainty gave way to settled purpose. From the doors of that room some sought the altar, others the hearthstone, the mart of commerce or the forum,—but all went to their appointed work with a clear idea of God's will and a firm determination to follow it. Dear Father Legouais, many have been the battles along the paths you pointed out to the old boys of the sixties, many times of victory, sometimes of defeat; but the sweet memory of your gentle, fatherly guidance and counsels have ever been inspiring of strength and hope. We are sure of your inter-

cession, and may this be your deliverance, in the day of judgment, to Him for whose glory your life was spent, "Of those whom Thou hast given me, I have not lost one."

JOSH.

DEERFOOT, THE GUARANIS.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

(*Continued.*)

LET us now follow the fortunes of our hero. Few were more active than Deerfoot during the battle, and none surer of their aim. Pressing eagerly forward in the excitement of the sally from the entrenchment, he was soon far in advance of the other members of the band, when suddenly two of the enemy leaped out from behind a large tree, and knocking his rifle from his hand pinioned his arms behind him, and throwing him upon the ground, crouched beside him. Here they remained until the Mamelukes had been worsted and the Guarani had returned to the village. Then Deerfoot was bade to rise and follow the retreating enemy. He obeyed sullenly, trusting to more fortunate circumstances in the future to attempt an escape. After about an hour's journey through the forest they came up with the Mameluke band in a clearing where they were encamped for the night. His captors were received with an ovation at the appearance of the unexpected prize. Deerfoot was known to them and thoroughly hated for the services he had rendered the missionaries. He was given some coarse food and, bound hand and foot, was placed under guard for the night. At dawn they resumed their march and continued it for several days and nights, resting during the heated part of the day, and marching during much of the night

when in open country. During most of the fifth day Deerfoot noticed that they were travelling over gradually rising ground, and at evening they came upon several small villages situated at the foot of a great rocky mountain. In these villages lived the merchants through whom the outlaws did most of their trading. After a short rest they began the ascent of the mountain, by a narrow, winding path, the only approach to its summit. So difficult, indeed, of access was this lofty stronghold of the Mamelukes, that a handful of men could easily hold in check a large army. Here in their rock-bound city of St. Paul the robber band defied the laws of the mother country, obeying them only when it was to their own interest. The little army reached the summit as the last rays of the dying day were casting lengthening shadows over the country. And now what a beautiful panorama opened out before the gaze of the untutored savage. To the eastern or ocean side of the mountain, huge precipices, a thousand feet high, formed a natural barrier. Beyond these a low, rolling country intersected by winding streams and covered with a varied growth of forest trees and low, stunted shrubbery stretched away to meet the sea, which opened out in the still quiet of the summer evening like the great, gently-heaving bosom of mother Earth. Deerfoot observed his surroundings as carefully as his guarded position would permit, with the hope of attempting an escape at the earliest opportunity, but the result of his observations was not reassuring.

That night a council of the elders was held, and a report of the expedition, necessarily very unsatisfactory, was made. Plans were discussed, and most of the speakers were for a renewal of

the attack on St. Joachim, which they knew to be one of the most flourishing towns of the reductions. Their stock of provisions was now very low and action must be immediate. But a deterring consideration was the terrible loss of life that must now pay for any success. During the whole discussion an aged grey-haired warrior sat in the back-ground, silent, but drinking in every word of the speakers and turning over in his mind each plan proposed. He had been the captain of the band and his reputation for bravery and skill in the foray had been untarnished, till advancing years compelled him to yield the leadership to his son, who had proved himself no unworthy scion of such valiant stock. The old warrior now arose and was listened to with breathless interest. He proposed a plan as ingenious as it was cruel—a plan, he allowed, little in keeping with their former methods of open warfare, but one that would meet the changed conditions of the case and be certain of success without loss of life. His son, the captain of the band, who had inherited some of his own persuasive eloquence, was to don the black robe of the Jesuits, and taking the crucifix, traverse the country, preaching to the Indians after the manner of the missionaries. And when he had gathered about him a large number of the confiding savages, he was to lead them to the vicinity of St. Paul's, with the pretense of selecting a place for a settlement. The band would be awaiting in ambush and at a given signal they would surround and disarm the unsuspecting savages. The prizes would find a ready market with the slave-trainers of Rio Janeiro, and the remuneration would provision the town for many moons. This unique proposal met with

unanimous approval and the council was dissolved.

Meanwhile Deerfoot had not been enjoying the undisturbed slumber in which his guards fancied him; but while feigning sleep, he diligently watched their every movement, and when after a few hours watching they fell into a heavy slumber, he released himself from his bonds with some difficulty and stole cautiously away. He had not advanced far when the great council-fire and group of elders sitting around it attracted his attention. He approached as near as he could without danger of discovery, then throwing himself upon the ground face forward, wriggled, snake-like, into a clump of low trees immediately behind the gathering. He was just in time to hear the proposal and acceptance of the plan we have narrated above. He remained in his hiding place until the council had dissolved, and then began his preparations for escape. To leave the mountain by the narrow path on the western boundary was impossible, for sentries kept watch there through the night. The only side left unguarded was the eastern, rock-bound boundary, as this was its own natural defence. Yet by this side he must leave if he would escape at all. Examining the precipice, he found that for about thirty feet from the top it was a straight, smooth wall of rock; then it jutted abruptly forward for about ten feet, and from this point to the plain beneath were huge irregular stones piled upon one another in every conceivable manner. Hastening to the guard house, he procured the rope with which he had been bound, and this with several other pieces he found lying about made a length of about twenty-five feet. Deliberately fastening the end to the trunk of a small tree that grew

near the edge of the precipice, he slid down its length and dropped into a clump of bush growing upon the projecting ledge. Thus far his descent had been easy. Now came the more difficult part, for the rocks were either very smooth from the battering of many storms, or else offered sharp projecting points upon which an uncertain step would certainly impale him. Already faint signs of the approaching day began to appear in the east, and delay meant discovery and certain death. So nerving himself to the task he began the descent from rock to rock, and just as the sun showed the rim of its disc above the horizon, he dropped upon the plain below, bruised, sore and bleeding.

When the sleepy guards awoke to find their prisoner gone, a great fear came upon them, and to cover up their unfaithfulness they agreed upon a story in which they had been set upon by a rescuing party and had only escaped with their lives. Little credence was given to the tale, as the guards on the outpost steadily averred that no one had passed their line during the night. But their story had at least the effect of saving them from the very unpleasant experience of "running the gauntlet." Scouts were immediately sent in all directions to scour the country throughout the day, but their search was fruitless.

(*To be continued.*)

BRONX ADVENAE.

"Rivule, qui lætis strepitas argenteus undis,
Unde voles, quæram, qualia rura petas?

"Saxorum tenebrosorum de pectore labor
In roseos campos ac hederæ cumulum;

"Dum sinus æthereis radiis recreatur amœnus,
Altaque dum Zephyrus flamine nostra fovet.

"Advena, ne rogites latebras quas ipse requiram,
Is reteget limen qui reseravit iter."

—T.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Rev. Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Continued.*)

JUNE 11th, 1862.—Moved to the extreme left of the army. Our regiment was the very last. We reached our new and last camp in front of Richmond at about 1 P. M. It was a dismal place, with swamps nearly all around, and only one road by which we could retreat. Our prospects seemed so dark! People were sick and dispirited; the enemy could shell us from beyond the swamp and come on us by a road across the swamps. We spent the afternoon in digging a ditch, or rifle-pit, and putting up some breastworks along the line, opposed to the enemy. At about midnight a solitary musket shot was heard a little distance ahead, towards the enemy. At once the sentry was heard to say in a loud, shrill tone of voice: "Get up! to the ditch!" The men were in the ditch in a moment. I had my horse saddled and was ready. We waited about half an hour, but nothing more was heard and we went to sleep again. There was another alarm about one hour later, and the men had to go to the ditch a second time, but I did not get up.

12th—Said Mass. Visited the 1st N. Y., encamped near us. While talking with Lt. Leslie of Albany I suddenly fainted and dropped down. It was, I think, a slight sunstroke. Since that

time I cannot, without protection, stand a hot sun as I could before.

19th—Saw Felix, alias Alphonse David, of the 1st N. Y., who had been a servant at the Manhattanville Convent. He committed suicide after the war. Entering a gun factory in New York, he asked to try a revolver, under pretence of buying it, and blew out his brains.

25th—Sick. Could hardly get anything which I could eat.

26th—Continue sick and very low.

27th—Still sick. Much firing all day on pickets, but no one hurt. My poor men were half dead,—five days out of seven on picket duty, which was very hard on them owing to the constant anxiety and the necessity of being at all times on the lookout, as the enemy might be on them at any moment. Then it was very unhealthy being out at night. The days were very hot, but the nights were cool and the dews heavy.

Asked for a furlough. It was granted only in case of almost certain death. I obtained it, but before I could use it the enemy had intercepted our communications by taking the White House. This was the first of the seven days. The fight was going on at our extreme right, some six miles off. In the evening the rumor spread that we had gained a great victory and there was much cheering and rejoicing.

28th—Early in the morning I sent a messenger to Father O'Hagan to come to see me. He was encamped about a mile off. I left the camp in the course of the morning, never to return to it again, and went to our Quarter-Master's headquarters, about a mile in the rear. I expected to be more quiet there and more likely to get some-

thing to eat. It was a nice dry place in the woods, by the roadside.

Father O'Hagan, who was away when I sent for him, learning on his return that I wished to see him, came to my camp at once and from there to my new place. It was early in the afternoon. He asked me what I would like to take. "Some fresh milk," I answered. With the true devotedness of a brother Jesuit he rode seven miles under a burning sun to the farm of Dr. Carter, with whom he was acquainted, and procured a champagne bottle full of milk, and to be sure that it was pure, he wished to be present himself at the milking. He gave me a tin cup full of the milk, which revived me considerably. Before we parted for the night we agreed that we both would go to Dr. Carter's early the following day.

I spent the night alone in that place, sleeping but little, though comfortable enough, for I was in a tent and had a mattress or something equivalent, but I was full of anxiety and gloomy thoughts. I did not know at the time that we had lost another battle and that we were going to move away the following day; I knew, however, that all was not right. I would hear at times in the dead silence of the night a distant solitary shot. I wondered whether it was not the signal for an attack, and whether the enemy might not be on me at any moment, for their advance pickets were not much more than a mile distant. I was not afraid, however, for I did not care what became of me. Father O'Hagan's brigade was between me and the enemy.

29th—Up at daybreak. I waited for some time for Father O'Hagan, but as he did not come I

rode to his camp. Riding was very painful for me. We started together for Dr. Carter's. The retreat had begun; the road was full of men, officers and privates, cavalry men, wagons, etc. There was no rush, however, nor any disorder. All had to pass in close proximity to Carter's house, and travelled in view of it for a good distance.

Dr. Carter was at the same time a physician and a farmer. He had studied at Philadelphia. His wife, I believe, was a Northern lady. Although the Northern troops had been in his neighborhood about a month, very little or no harm had been done to his property. It is true, some sick officers had spent some time at his place; there were one or two at his house then. Dr. Carter at once examined me and gave me a good dose of blue mass. I took possession with Father O'Hagan of the only room on the upper floor, where we were quite comfortable. The Northern troops were passing along the whole day. A few would step aside occasionally and come as far as the house to fill their canteens, for there was a magnificent spring just by the house. They behaved remarkably well; there was no stealing or injury of any kind. In the afternoon I told Father O'Hagan to leave me and follow the army. It might be too late the following morning. But he insisted on staying with me until the following day.

Meanwhile my poor men were on the march also, but were proceeding by another road, somewhat shorter. That morning they had come to the camp from their pickets at about dawn. They were given about an hour to rest a little, eat what they could, take what they could carry,

and then start. They were loaded with 150 rounds of ammunition and with rations for eight days. My chapel and other possessions were put into one of the wagons. Unfortunately the man who drove that wagon got tipsy and stuck in the mud somewhere in White Oak swamp, and I lost all. I had with me only my shawl, a bag containing a few small articles, and a fair supply of money (gold).

30th—When we woke up in the morning after a sound sleep, the first thing was to look out of the window. Soldiers were passing still; but on closer inspection we noticed that they wore grey instead of blue. The fact was, that the Northern army had done passing and the Southerners were after them. To be sure, we would be prisoners. At about 8 A. M., a file of soldiers, led by a sergeant, surrounded the house and formally made us prisoners. We were all ordered to walk or ride to Richmond. I answered the man that I could do neither the one nor the other, and I was allowed to stay. I gave my horse to Father O'Hagan's servant, and remained alone with one of Father O'Hagan's officers who had been left behind like myself. Mrs. Carter was very kind, gave us chicken broth, etc. We could not have been better treated.

In the course of the day I was visited by a Dr. Barry of the 4th Alabama Regiment. He was from Baltimore, had a pew at the Jesuits' church, and a son at their College. We had a very friendly chat. He tried several times to bring politics into the conversation, but I as often kept them out. Looking under the bed, he saw my boots and took them. "Drop those," said I, "those boots are mine." He put them back and

seemed very much ashamed. In the evening the chief Confederate Generals, Hill, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, etc., took tea in the house. I kept out of their way.

July 1st, 1862.—I woke up much improved in health. In the course of the morning a man came, stating that he had positive orders to remove every one from that place. "Very well," said I, "but I can neither ride nor walk." He said nothing, but came back after awhile with a country cart. This time I had to go. After taking an affectionate leave of the Carters, and paying my bill, I started with one or two more. We were taken to Savage Station, about five miles from Carter's and eight or ten from Richmond. Several times we met with soldiers; there was not a word of abuse, not a remark.

Savage Station was the late headquarters of General McClellan. There were about 200 Northern soldiers there, mostly sick or sickly, with a few wounded. They were in tents around the house, which was small, and were left to shift for themselves as best they could. Some had food, others none; I was one of the latter num ber The forty or more Confederate soldiers, with a major at their head, who had charge of the place, did not interfere with any one. I found a room upstairs occupied by a wounded officer and his nurse. There was a vacant corner near the window, where I squatted and took possession; nobody objected. I left my shawl there as a sign that the spot was occupied, and then went about trying to do something for the sick, hear their confessions, etc. I could not do much. There were very few Catholics among them, and I was so weak. There was a supply of ice in the place.

I got about a half-pound of it and ate it for my supper. It did me much good. In the evening, until late at night, we heard the guns of Malvern Hill, for the battle was then going on. Although the distance was considerable, probably more than fifteen miles, the noise was awful.

2d.—Breakfasted on some dry potatoes and a piece of salt pork which some of the soldiers gave me. In the course of the morning I called on the commanding officer, told him who I was, and expressed the wish to go to Richmond. He received me very kindly and told me to be ready by 2 P. M. The cars would pass then and he would introduce me to the conductor. I did as told, but the conductor said he had no room, as he had to fill the cars with wounded, then arriving fast from Malvern Hill. I took my stand on the platform outside, determined to stay there unless forcibly ejected. After some delay the cars started and I with them. Nobody said anything to me. When reaching Richmond, I stepped off without being molested or questioned by anyone.

After walking some time through the streets, I inquired for the nearest Catholic church. I happened to be quite near the Cathedral. I was received very kindly at the Bishop's residence, where Father O'Hagan had preceded me. Besides the Bishop there were three priests at the Cathedral: Father Hagan, a young man; Father McMullen, an ex-Jesuit; and Father Andrews, a young convert from Alexandria, an excellent man. None of them seemed to care about politics. It was not the same with Father Teeling of St. Patrick's Church. He and one of the Southern chaplains were rabid Secessionists. There were then four

Southern chaplains in Richmond: three were Jesuits, Fathers Hubert, Gage, and Bixio; the fourth was a Redemptorist. They were frequently at the Bishop's. There were three Northern chaplains, Fathers Scully, O'Hagan, and myself. Father Scully stopped with Father Teeling, but often called at the Bishop's.

Father Teeling, finding me alone one day in the Bishop's library, began to read me a homily on the North, the war, etc. I listened for awhile without answering him. When I thought he had said about enough, I continued my reading, which he had interrupted. This brought him to a dead stop.

I was especially careful to avoid talking politics with the Bishop. He was very kind, but very strong in his Southern convictions. It would have been very unwise to pick up a quarrel with him. When Corcoran was taken to Richmond after *Bull Run*, the Bishop called on him. Corcoran made some complaint regarding his food and lodging. "Well," said the Bishop, "you gave us no warning of your coming. We did not expect you; did not know that you were coming. You must not be astonished if we have made no preparation to receive you."

Before leaving Richmond I asked him for faculties in his diocese. It was an understood thing that we had faculties when we could not apply to the Bishops, but that we should apply if we had a chance. He readily granted me faculties for the Northern soldiers, but did not seem inclined to give them for civilians (Southerners). This did not satisfy me. I explained how I might be in some place where there might be Catholics living. Why could I not hear their confessions?

"Well, you may," he said, "provided you do not talk to them against the South." He did me the honor to make his confession to me. Before leaving, Father O'Hagan and I offered him some money, which he refused to take.

Richmond was then under military rule, a very despotic rule. General Winder was the military commander. It was necessary to have a permit from him to buy even Mass wine. The Bishop supplied me with this, but I wished to have some for my own use. I therefore called on General Winder with Father McMullen, who knew him. He was kind, and said to my companion with a smile: "Father McMullen, you are in bad company."

Richmond was then a dismal place, full of empty stores. At the Bishop's the food was rather scanty and not of the best kind; sufficient, however, for a man in health. The bread was good. There was considerable distress in the city. At that time, however, people did not exactly suffer from hunger. One day I bought some fruit from a boy on the sidewalk and gave him a quarter—a genuine silver quarter. He jumped at the sight and said to one of his companions: "See what this gentleman gave me."

(*To be continued.*)

JUVENAL'S GREEKLINGS.

"EVERYBODY reads, everybody admires, but nobody believes Macauley," is a verdict now accepted as true by all thinking men. Macauley sacrificed truth to style, and the public recognizing this fact place little credence in his works. Yet many men who mistrust Macauley, an Englishman writing English history, will quote as an authority on Grecian affairs Juvenal, a Roman, and one most hostile to Greece and the Greeks. Quotations from his famous satire, the third, are heard frequently and uttered with the utmost assurance of their truthfulness. Without stopping to consider the animosity that Juvenal bore to the Greeks, many take from him their opinions of the Greeks and Grecian affairs.

Dr. Johnson translated this satire into English. London he represented as Rome, and the French as the Greeks. We all know that many of his accusations against the French are false, and that, like Juvenal, he wrote rather to satisfy prejudice than to tell the truth.

Let us examine Juvenal's satire in some detail, those lines at least which are most quoted, and see if his accusations against the Greeks are well founded.

> "——Non possum ferre, Quirites,
> Græcam urbem."

"I cannot, Romans, endure Rome now converted to a Grecian city."

Juvenal meant this as a reproach to his fellow

Romans, while at the same time he bitterly attacks the manners and morals of the foreign intruders. He censures the Romans for allowing their city to be overrun by the dregs of foreign nations, and this he does, not in the playful and humorous style of Horace, but in language that abounds in scorn and sarcasm. He makes use not only of the humorous exaggeration of the satirist, but also of the stinging sarcasm of the hostile critic. He marks out the Greeks in an especial manner for his invective, and no one need read between the lines to observe the prejudice he bore that race.

The injustice of such scathing criticism will appear if we consider that the Greeks like other nations flocked to Rome because the Roman troops had so pillaged and plundered their homes that they were reduced to extreme want and poverty. Countries like Sicily and Egypt, on account of the fertility of their soil, could recover from the baneful effect of such devastation. Greece, however, was not endowed with such natural resources, and in consequence of Roman inroads many of her once flourishing cities were laid waste and her fields left barren and fruitless. With their cities destroyed, and their fields unproductive, with starvation staring them in the face at home, whither should the Greeks go but to the prosperous city of Rome?

> " 'The Scots are poor,' cries surly English pride.
> True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
> Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,
> Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?"

The Greeks were poor, and helplessly so, for the means of making a livelihood had been taken from them by the Romans. Where, then, was

the justice of Juvenal in so bitterly stigmatizing their coming to Rome, and what disgrace was it for them to endeavor to earn their living by honest toil and industry? Juvenal also apparently forgets that the Romans were indebted to the Greeks for their philosophy, their poetry, their oratory, and for all their knowledge of the finer arts.

He charges the Greeks, moreover, with bringing immorality to Rome. But historians inform us that the lax state of morals at Athens was due to the influx of foreigners, chief among whom were dissipated men from Rome; while on the other hand, the low state of morality to which Rome had sunk, is charged to Greek immigration. It was probably the mingling together of the inhabitants of both cities that caused this sad effect, and we cannot in justice lay the blame wholly on either.

Did we not know the strain in which Juvenal was writing, we might consider the following as words of praise and commendation rather than of censure and reproach :—

> "Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
> Promptus et Isæo torrentior. Ede, quid illum
> Esse putes? quem vis hominem secum attulit ad nos:
> Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
> Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit."

"A quick wit, desperate impudence, ready in speech and more fluent than Isæus. Tell me, what do you think him to be? He has brought with himself any character you choose. A grammarian, rhetorician, geometrician, painter, anointer, augur, rope-dancer, physician, magician: he knows all things." In these words Juvenal attempts to belittle and defame Grecian genius.

And yet it was to Greece that the learned Romans owed their education and classical training. If Athens was no better morally than Rome, she did not tolerate by her laws or encourage by the presence of her leading citizens the cruel and bloody scenes witnessed in the Roman arena. Against such abuses and against the slavery now flourishing at Rome, Juvenal could have hurled his bitter invective with more truth and greater justice. Slavery was carried to the greatest excess in Rome. Cicero, one of the most renowned men of antiquity, looked upon it with great favor and considered all manual labor disreputable. Never was there such a contrast between wealth and poverty, luxury and privation, feasting and starving, as was to be seen at Rome.

That foreigners, whose vanity did not prevent them from engaging in honest toil, should succeed, is not to be wondered at; it is only natural that a race of thrifty, enterprising and quick-witted people should soon force themselves to the front, since the Romans were too proud to engage in any manual labor. Thus were verified the following oft-quoted lines of Juvenal:

"Viscera magnarum domuum dominique futuri."

"Destined to be the very vitals (of the republic) and the lords of great estates."

Juvenal of course meant this as a reproof to the Greeks, for he considered it an outrage that a man born poor should rise in life.

We have mentioned the great desire which the Greeks had for knowledge. Athens was the source whence flowed learning and culture to all nations. We may also affirm that the peculiar bent of the Greek mind contributed greatly to the early growth of Christianity. The Greeks

with all their culture were yet troubled by the thought that there was something missing, something that their poets and philosophers could not supply. Thus it was that Christianity found such favor among them, for it satisfied that nameless desire and made them feel that their knowledge was now complete.

To-day we consider Rome as the cradle of the Christian Church, and all our ceremonies are performed in the Latin tongue. But at Rome in the time of St. Peter and St. Paul the language spoken by the Christians was Greek. This was so because the common people were the first converts, among whom the Greeks predominated, and by these the Greek language was spoken. The common people, not having their hearts corrupted by luxury, were more easily persuaded of the truths of Christianity. Among this class, speaking the Greek tongue, the Apostles made their first converts. Thus it is that for the first two centuries nearly all the writings in the Christian Church were Greek, the versions of the Scriptures and apologetical writings.

Now if the Greeks were the crafty, deceitful, and hypocritical class that Juvenal pictures them to be, why were they the first at Rome to embrace the Christian faith? Surely not for personal gain, for even the wealthy among the early Christians distributed their wealth to the poor. Not for pleasure, for all the Christians were persecuted. To be a Christian in those days meant the loss of all opportunities of acquiring wealth and worldly honor. It meant also the giving up forever the life of unbridled pleasure which had become as a second nature to the pagan world. This sacrifice the Greeks made, and to their glory be it

said that at Rome, the head of the Christian Church, the first language spoken among Christians was Greek. Had Juvenal been a Christian this fact would not have escaped him, nor would he have rebuked so bitterly the shortcomings of the Greeks, while entirely overlooking their good qualities.

JAS. H. MCDONALD, '02.

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SANCTUM.

THE time has arrived for the present editorial staff to make its farewell bow to the readers of the MONTHLY. Throughout the entire year we have been forced to cope with difficulties which at times threatened to overwhelm us. To those who helped us along with their encouragement and

sympathy, we tender our sincere thanks. From those who think that we might have succeeded better than we have, we expect to receive credit for doing the best we could. Now that the time has come for us to yield the editorial quill to our successors, we take this occasion to wish them every measure of success, and we sincerely hope that they will not be confronted with the same difficulties that saddened the hearts of their predecessors.

***

To those who have followed our baseball career during the past season—and what loyal Fordhamite, whether student or Alumnus, has not?—the result must be most gratifying. We have played many of the foremost teams of the baseball world, and have come out triumphant on almost every occasion. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the management, alumni, coach, and individual players,—the season's work reflects credit on one and all. One thing is especially noteworthy this year—the absence of individual playing. This has been Fordham's great bugbear in the baseball line for several years past, and has always proved a great handicap. This year the different members of the team played together as if they all had one common interest at heart, and the result has been very gratifying. To have a team succeed as this year's team has succeeded, is certainly an incentive to true college spirit, and goes to prove that there is still plenty of material for a representative team to be found within our College walls.

***

The month of June is one of the most joyful, yet withal one of the saddest of the college year. The anticipation of being at home once more among those we love brings joy, while the thought of parting from those whose friendship we have learned to esteem brings sadness.

Some part but to meet again, and for such the parting is but the presage of future joy. But others, in giving the parting grasp, know not but that it may be the last. Let us hope, however, that those on the Staff who are about to part at the cross-roads of life, may often meet to indulge in editorial reminiscences of the year 1900–1901.

D. J. H., '01.

A DISTINGUISHED ALUMNUS.

THE Very Rev. Dean William McNulty, '53, whose kindly face smiles on us from the walls of our College refectory, is one of the oldest living graduates of St. John's College, Fordham. After making his preparatory studies in Ireland, Rev. Father McNulty entered the classic halls of Fordham in July, 1850. Taking and sustaining a position among the leaders of his class, he was graduated with distinction in the class of 1853. His theological studies were completed at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md., under the tutorship of Dr. McCaffrey, the eminent classical scholar, and Dr. William Elder, the present venerated Archbishop of Cincinnati.

After his ordination by Bishop Bayley in 1857, Father McNulty was assigned to Seton Hall College, where, under the Presidency of the Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, the present Bishop of Rochester and oldest living student of St. John's, he discharged the duties of Vice-President and Prefect of Discipline. When Seton Hall was transferred from Madison to its present location at South Orange, Father McNulty remained at Madison as Chaplain of the Sisters of Charity, at the same time ministering to the spiritual needs of the Catholics at Mendham and Baskingridge.

In 1863 Father McNulty was appointed to the pastorate of St. John's Church, Paterson, the oldest and one of the largest in the diocese,—a charge requiring not only intense pastoral zeal to meet

the varied spiritual and material needs of a rapidly developing manufacturing city, but also great executive ability. In selecting Father McNulty for this important position, Bishop Bayley showed another example of that correctness of judgment which characterized all his appointments.

The new pastor applied himself with energy and zeal to his new duties. With the revival of industry at the close of the Civil War, Rev. Father McNulty correctly anticipated a great increase in the Catholic population, and accordingly set before himself the task of providing churches, schools and charitable institutions to meet the growing requirements. In 1865 he began the erection of the present magnificent parish church of St. John the Baptist, a monument which alone would suffice to perpetuate his name and memory in the hearts of the Catholics of Paterson. During the five years it took to complete this church the zealous pastor labored incessantly both in collecting funds and in directing its erection. At the same time he likewise found means of providing for the orphans and attending to the spiritual needs of the Catholics residing in distant parts of the city. He established St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum at Lincoln Bridge, and in 1867 caused the spacious chapel dedicated to St. Joseph to be opened. In 1872 St. Mary's Church at Totowa was built by him, and some years later he erected the Church of St. Agnes in the southern part of the city.

These are only a few of Father McNulty's labors during the thirty-eight years he has been pastor of St. John's. He has also established churches in other parts of the state, built a convent for the teaching Sisters, and provided suffi-

cient school accommodations for all the Catholic children of Paterson. He assisted in founding St. Joseph's Hospital, and lately erected a Home for Working Girls.

Since the first day he became pastor Father McNulty has ever been most zealous in promoting the cause of temperance in his parish. Through his efforts temperance societies have been organized throughout the city for young and old alike. Nor was it by means of these societies alone that he accomplished so much towards checking the vice of drunkenness; it was also by his personal exertions in visiting the home of the drunkard, and by entering saloons and sending to their homes those who frequent such places. It is no uncommon sight on Sunday mornings to see Father McNulty making a tour of the saloons in his parish to assure himself that all are closed according to law. Many stories are told of his sudden and unexpected appearance in these resorts, and of the rapid flight by doors and windows of those preferring low company to attendance at divine worship. The support of all, both Catholics and Protestants, is given Father McNulty in his efforts to maintain sobriety and good order, and the saloon keeper against whom he makes a complaint is sure to be fined the full amount.

Since his graduation in 1853 Father McNulty has frequently visited Fordham, and in many practical ways, not lawful to mention, has manifested his devotion to Alma Mater and her interests. Up to recent years he was most constant in attending all the meetings of the Alumni Association.

CHARLES J. MURN, '03.

A REMINISCENCE.

By a Veteran Officer of the "Army of the Potomac."

"THE interesting notice of dear Father Tissot in the St. John's College MONTHLY reminds me of an experience resulting from early pious reading, which resulted in a great benefaction to an extemporized hospital, bereft of nurses or preparations of any sort, other than details from regiments, who with the kindest impulses were but poor nurses to wounded and sick soldiers. My story of the circumstance runs thus, as I now remember it after many years:

"Appointed A. A. General of Norfolk, Virginia, by Major-General Wool, after the Federal occupation of that city in 1862, my first duty was to open the Portsmouth Naval Hospital, a most imposing and elegant building, but which was now neglected and had been looted of much of its furniture and hospital belongings before our occupation. I received notice to prepare at once for the reception of some 300 wounded and sick soldiers from the battlefield of Williamsburg. Details of soldiers from the several regiments were made and the place put in what order was possible on short notice.

"Upon my return to headquarters after personal superintendence at the hospital I was confronted by the parish priest of Norfolk. His name has now escaped me. With him were five or six Sisters from Richmond on their way to Baltimore. They asked for permits to pass to their destination.

I had received strict orders to grant no passes without first requiring the oath of allegiance. This oath they refused to take, upon what grounds I do not now remember, but which were considered perfectly valid by me in consideration of their Institute. None of the party present before me were aware of my being a Catholic, and in this to me was the fun of the thing.

"The pass I refused most decidedly, but I told them if they would go over to the hospital and put it in order, and remain a reasonable time until others could be obtained to take their places, they should have a chapel, a carriage, and all things they might need, and free passes to Baltimore. The Sisters firmly declared they could not remain to take charge of the hospital, even for a day, but must go on to Baltimore.

"In my early reading I had been much interested in the life and Institute of Saint Francis de Sales. I impressed upon the Sisters the great work of charity before them, much greater than any demand that would be made upon them at Baltimore, and showed that they would be carrying out to the fullest extent the purpose of St. Francis in instituting his admirable order of charity, which knew neither friend nor foe, Confederate or Federal, etc. The Superior said it would be impossible for them to accept my offer, that orders for them to proceed at once to Baltimore were imperative, and that they must obey. The priest also stated that they could not remain.

"Addressing myself to the Lady Superior, I said: 'Why does this priest accompany you? Is it not because that, in every city you pass through, the parish priest is for the time being your

superior? Now,' I said, 'my dear Madam, if you will consult your Institute you will find I am correct.' The surprise of the Sisters, as well as the priest, was amusing. They looked at me in wonderment, but asked no questions.

"Now the Catholic cemetery was without the city limits, which being the case, the priest was not able to attend interments there, although he had applied for a permit and been refused because he would not take the oath of allegiance. 'Now,' said I to him, rather stretching my authority, but perhaps excusably under the circumstances, 'if you will direct these good Sisters to go to the hospital as I request, and remain there until otherwise ordered, I will give you a free pass to your cemetery.' This he gladly accepted, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

"How long they remained I do not now remember, but in a short time their coming placed the hospital in proper running order. Never have I experienced as in this case the importance and value of early pious reading, so often in our day looked upon as 'dry-as-dust' amusement."

THE ANNUAL DEBATE.

ON the evening of the 7th of May the members of the St. John's Debating Society held their annual public debate in accordance with their time-honored custom, and ably sustained the high reputation which the Society has gained for itself. The subject of the debate as announced by the Chairman, Mr. Dennis J. Haggerty, 1901, was, "Resolved: That all property and educational qualifications imposed by the States on citizen suffrage, are opposed to the spirit of American Democracy." Here was a question which, if not of absorbing interest in itself, was one that admitted of the introduction of a wide scope of arguments, and the speakers took advantage of this by making the discussion hinge on more fundamental questions, such as government by the consent of the governed.

The first speaker for the affirmative was Mr. Arthur M. A. Kane, 1901. Mr. Kane's speech was a calm, dispassionate presentation of the issues involved. He laid particular stress on the fact that the Constitution, which he declared to be the embodiment of the "spirit of American Democracy," explicitly forbids restrictions of the suffrage on account of "race, color, or previous condition of servitude," and he maintained that the qualifications, educational and otherwise, existing in some of the Southern states were intended solely for the purpose of disfranchising the negro. His arguments were largely constitutional

and displayed a considerable amount of careful study.

Mr. Edward J. Mitchell, 1902, the first speaker for the negative, argued that in certain parts of the country it was necessary, owing to the existence of large classes of illiterates, to confine the suffrage to those capable of exercising it. This, he said, was by no means opposed to the spirit of democracy, as the cause of liberty could only be injured by allowing the ignorant and worthless to triumph over the intelligent and industrious, of which there was grave danger wherever there were large numbers of illiterates. His speech contained many telling appeals to his audience against permitting ignorance to rule the country.

The second speaker for the affirmative, Mr. Selden B. McLaughlin, 1902, then followed. He declared the qualifications here advocated,—the possession of some property and mere ability to read and write,—were by no means a true test of the voter's ability to vote intelligently, for the reason that even the richest may lose all their property, and also because those unable to read, conscious of this disadvantage, are often for that very reason, more shrewd and alert to protect their rights by a judicious use of the ballot. Moreover, there is nothing so dangerous to democracy as establishing the precedent of allowing one class of citizens to enjoy rights which have been taken away from other classes of citizens. Mr. McLaughlin's arguments were effective and seemed to be very logically worked out.

Mr. Richard V. Harrington, 1901, closed the debate as second speaker for the negative. His speech was largely taken up in refutation of the arguments of his opponents. He maintained that

it was a mistake for them to quote only from the United States Constitution, as the State Constitutions were supreme in the several States, and were equally the embodiments of the spirit of democracy. He declared that where both tests, educational and property, were in force there was little danger of an intelligent voter being disfranchised, as then only those illiterates who were also paupers would be prevented from voting. Mr. Harrington's elocution, in spite of one or two slips in memory, was very good.

The debate was listened to by an appreciative audience, who were quick to applaud whenever any of the speakers scored a telling point. At the conclusion, it was hard to say which side had the better of the argument, so evenly were they matched. Both sides confidently quoted the statistics of illiteracy in the country to prove that their respective contentions were correct, reaching diametrically opposite conclusions from the same premises. This gave rise to a little confusion in the minds of the audience. On the whole, however, the speeches were well reasoned out, well written, and well delivered. The efforts of the speakers were supplemented by the College orchestra, which discoursed sweet music under the direction of Prof. Halm. Altogether the audience passed a very enjoyable evening, and it was agreed that the Public Debate of 1901 was another success to the credit of the St. John's Debating Society.

H.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Monthly Chronicle.

The month of May, usually the pleasantest of the college year, was rendered somewhat less enjoyable this year by the protracted rains, which interfered seriously with our out-of-door sports. However, it has not been wanting in interesting events.

The Annual Field Day was held on Rector's Day, Tuesday, May 7th. The weather was all that could be desired and the day passed very enjoyably. The various events were well contested and the young athletes deserve much credit for the spirit with which they strove for the laurel wreaths. It goes without saying that those who trained most carefully succeeded best and may look back with satisfaction upon their work. A detailed account of the events will be found on another page.

In the evening the Senior Debating Society held its annual debate in Armory Hall. The subject was: Resolved that:—"All property and educational restrictions imposed by the states on citizen suffrage, are opposed to the spirit of American democracy." Mr. Dennis J. Haggerty, '01, acted as chairman of the debate, while the speakers were Messrs. Arthur M. A. Kane, '01, and Selden B. McLaughlin, '02, for the affirmative; and Messrs. Edward J. Mitchell, '02, and Richard V. Harrington, '01, for the negative side. The decision, which was not made known on the night of debate, has since been rendered in favor of the affirmative side.

On Wednesday, May 29th, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Fordham, by Right Rev. Bishop Farley. Fifteen of the College students were confirmed.

The Memorial Mass for the deceased Alumni was celebrated in the College church on Friday, May 31st. About thirty of the Alumni were present at the Mass and took dinner at the College, most of them remaining for the Georgetown game in the afternoon.

The games played during the month resulted as follows:—

May 1—Rochester University, 8; Fordham, 5.
" 2—Fordham, 7; Cornell, 4.
" 4—Lafayette, 5; Fordham, 2.
" 8—Fordham, 9; St. Francis Xavier's, 2.
" 11—Fordham, 8; Orange A. C., 4.
" 15—Fordham, 11; Knickerbocker A. C., 3.
" 16—Fordham, 21; Lafayette, 5.
" 18—Fordham, 9; Crescent A. C., 4.
" 21—Fordham, 13; Holy Cross, 6.
" 23—Fordham, 5; Syracuse University, 4.
" 31—Georgetown, 10; Fordham, 1.

The game with Lehigh, scheduled for May 25th, could not be played owing to rain.

Memorial Mass.

The annual Memorial Mass for the deceased Alumni was celebrated on Friday, May 31st, in the presence of the Reverend Faculty, the student body, and about thirty members of the Alumni Association. Rev. Michael J. Henry, '75, celebrated the Mass, assisted by Rev. Michael J. McEvoy, '77, Deacon, and Rev. John H. Dooley, '87, Subdeacon. At the close of the Mass Rev.

Father Henry preached an effective sermon, setting forth the Church's doctrine concerning the dead and the advantages accruing to the members of the "Church suffering" from the suffrages of the living. In the course of his sermon Rev. Father Henry paid a glowing tribute to two of St. John's former Rectors, Fathers Gockeln and Shea. After the services dinner was served for all. Following is the list of those present at the Mass:

Thomas B. Connery, '53,
Francis V. Oliver, '60,
Gen. J. R. O'Beirne, A. M., '69,
Richard S. Treacy, '69,
Rev. Michael J. Henry, '75,
Rev. Michael J. McEvoy, '77,
John P. Dunn, '80,
John M. Dempsey, '81,
Rev. Peter J. O'Carroll, S. J., '83,
Rev. Daniel H. O'Dwyer, '84,
Dr. Jas. N. Butler, '84,
Dr. T. J. Dunn, '84,
Arthur McAleenan, '86,
Rev. John H. Dooley, '87,
Rev. D. Marcus Dyer,
Joseph I. Kelly, '87,
Rev. Jas. N. Aylward, '89,
Chas. C. Marrin, '89,
Joseph V. Morrisse, '89,
Thos. Gaffney Taaffe, '90,
Wm. A. Ferguson, '94,
Francis O'Neill, '96,
Walter H. Martin, '97,
Gerald J. Barry, '98,
John E. Claffy, '98,
Paul Dolan, '99,
John J. McGowan, '99,
George A. Daly, 1900,
James A. Treacy, 1900,
Dr. Duffy,
Joseph Dempsey.

First Communion and Confirmation.

On Wednesday, May 29th, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Fordham, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Farley. The following students from the College were among those confirmed: C. A. Dana Redmond, Stuart J. Agen, Joseph R. Ring, James O'Sullivan, George F. Doyle, Adolph Zambrano, Louis A. Repetti, George J. Richter, John A. McGraw, Victor V. Gleises, John A. Molloy, Reginald T. Lynch, Edwin A. Brehany, Rudolph A. McGovern, Ramon J. Valdes, and Rogelio J. Odoardo.

On Trinity Sunday, June 2d, at the 9 o'clock

Mass, celebrated in the church by Rev. Father Raymond, S. J., the following boys received their First Holy Communion: Louis Berenguer, Henry Berenguer, Edwin A. Brehany, Rogelio J. Odoardo, Louis A. Repetti, and George J. Richter.

Visitors. During the past month we have had the pleasure of greeting an unusually large number of visitors. Among them were Very Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, S. J., Provincial, with his *Socius*, Rev. Jerome Daugherty, S. J., Rev. David W. Hearn, S. J., Rev. David A. Merrick, S. J., Rev. Joseph Desribes, S. J., Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., Rev. Wm. J. Scanlan, S. J., Rev. John J. Neary, S. J., Rev. Augustus J. Duarte, S. J., Rev. Wm. J. Ennis, S. J., Rev. John H. Finnegan, S. J., Rev. John C. Hart, S. J., and Mr. J. Tracy Langan, S. J., '93.

Among the Old Boys seen at the games during the past month we noticed Rev. Daniel H. O'Dwyer, Rev. Thos. R. Halpin, Rev. John J. Barrington, Rev. Mallick J. Fitzpatrick, Rev. Patrick Lennon, Rev. Jas. Aylward, Rev. Michael J. McEvoy, Dr. Butler, Dr. Donlon, Dr. Walsh, Dr. Gleises, General O'Beirne, Francis V. S. Oliver, Thomas B. Connery, Michael J. Sweeney, Jos. V. Morrisse, Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, John P. Dunn, Jos. I. Kelly, Frank Kelly, George V. Grainger, Gerald Barry, Stephen McPartland, John E. Claffy, John P. Joyce, Chas. Wade, Patrick Kenny, David W. Orpheus, John T. Delaney, Chas. C. Marrin, Paul Dolan, Edward Higgins, Walter Martin, Peter Meagher, Harry Downes, Augustine Kingston, Hugh McLaughlin, Jas. A. Wilson, J. F. Gaynor, Jr., Maurice Clark, Alan G. Burrow

and wife, Thomas Coady, Phil Reilly, Jas. A. Treacy, Wm. Tierney, Thos. Conniff, Thomas J. McCormick, Chas. Vion, J. Fairfax McLaughlin, Jr., Thomas J. Anglim, Charles O'Brien, Wm. Barr, George Hurst, Francis O'Neill, J. H. Bush, John A. Dillon.

The names of those present at the Memorial Mass will be found elsewhere.

New Scholarship. At the dinner following the Memorial Mass on May 31st, Rev. Father Rector announced to the Alumni the presentation of the sum of $2,000, by Mr. Henry Heide, Sr., to found *in perpetuum* a full day-student scholarship, in memory of his son, Andrew J. Heide, who died in the College infirmary on March 20th, 1901.

It need scarcely be said that this generous gift is highly appreciated by the College authorities, who know full well how many a deserving student has been obliged to interrupt or even discontinue his studies through lack of the funds necessary to pay his tuition. Such generous benefactors have the consolation of knowing that they have started a work of charity which will go on as long as the College lasts, besides receiving a special mention in two Masses said every week for benefactors of the College.

No more fitting memorial could have been established in honor of our deceased friend and schoolmate.

Wedding Bells. The MONTHLY extends congratulations to Mr. James J. McLaughlin, 1900, who was married to Miss Rella Myers in St. Peter's Church, Jersey City, on Wednesday, June 5th, at 2 P. M.

Rev. Father Rector officiated, assisted by Rev. Jos. Zwinge, S. J., '73, the Rector of St. Peter's College, and Rev. Joseph Yerge, S. J., prefacing the ceremony with a brief address.

We offer our good wishes also to Mr. John Bryan Robinson, '94, A. M., who was married to Miss Marion O'Neil at St. Patrick's Cathedral on the same day. His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, performed the ceremony, at a Nuptial Mass celebrated by Rev. John Barrington, '94. Rev. Father Rector was present in the sanctuary.

Rev. Hermann Blumensaat, S. J., who died at St. Vincent's Hospital on May 5th, was buried in the College cemetery on Rector's Day, May 7th, 1901. Father Blumensaat had labored for twelve years among the city's poor in the workhouse and almshouse on Blackwell's Island, during which time he did an immense amount of good to the unfortunate people detained there. Father Blumensaat was at one time a professor at Fordham.

The funeral was attended by the Jesuit Provincial, Very Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, S. J., and by several Fathers from the city, as also by a delegation of nurses from the Island. The Faculty and community of the College assisted at the funeral services.

The MONTHLY extends its condolence to Mr. Krim, S. J., also to Mr. J. Tracey Langan, S. J., '93, and to Messrs. James and J. Harding Fisher, S. J., of the class of '95, all of whom had the misfortune during the past month to lose their mothers by death.

On Rector's Day, May 7th, Rev. Father O'Dwyer, President of the Alumni Association, handed over

to Rev. Father Rector, for the benefit of the Athletic Association, the proceeds of the first Fordham Promenade. The sum was $441.05.

The MONTHLY offers its congratulations to the Revs. Richard Ormond Hughes, '98, and John Joseph Dyer, '98, who were ordained to the Priesthood by Archbishop Corrigan in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Saturday, June 1st, 1901. At the same time John B. Murphy, '97, was ordained Deacon, while John J. Byrne, '98, Daniel E. Kiernan, '98, Louis P. Bossard, '99, and Henry A. Curtin, '99, received Minor Orders. Success to all !

Our thanks are due to Dr. Newman, ex-'77, for an account of the game with the Crescent A. C. of Brooklyn, May 18th, taken from the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. "I wanted the old 'Rose Hill' boys to know," he writes, "that they have some reporter friend in Brooklyn." Dr. Newman's kind note shows us that we have more prominent men than reporters among our Brooklyn friends.

Brother Michael Keys, S. J., died in the College Infirmary on Thursday, May 6th, the Feast of Corpus Christi. Brother Keys came to Fordham from Troy during the past year. He was 75 years old at the time of his death.

The Inspection Drill occurred on Monday, May 20th. Major Davis, U. S. A., was the inspecting officer, and seemed to be well pleased with the battalion's showing. His official report has not yet been received.

The class of '99 will hold its annual banquet at Muschenheim's Arena on Tuesday, June 18th.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE FRESHMAN CLASS, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

WHEREAS: The members of Freshman Class have learned with sorrow of the great affliction which has befallen our esteemed Professor, Mr. George J. Krim, S. J., in the loss of his beloved Mother; and

WHEREAS: Whilst we humbly bow to the most holy will of our Heavenly Father; yet sympathizing with our esteemed Professor in his hour of sorrow, be it

Resolved: That the members of Freshman Class extend to him and his bereaved family most sincere condolence in this their hour of affliction, and be it further

Resolved: That we offer up our prayers to God for the eternal repose of the deceased; that a copy of these resolutions be presented to our Professor; and that the same be published in the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

Committee { ARTHUR L. HURLEY,
HENRY TOOHEY,
DOMINIC L. O'REILLY.

FORDHAMENSIA.

THE baseball team has made a record for itself this season such as we must candidly confess we had not hoped for early in the year, and as a natural result praise is certainly due all in any way connected with the Varsity of 190 . Manager Donohue, '01, arranged an admirable schedule of twenty-six games, but, unfortunately, out of twenty-two scheduled to June 1st, six could not be played on account of the inclement weather ; it poured rain on the days we were to have played Yale, Bucknell, Princeton, Lehigh, Orange A. C. and Trinity. Mr. Fred Smith, coach of the team, has earned the unstinted praise of all ; it was he who made the team what it is, and we take this opportunity of publicly recognizing his services. Mr. Smith was ably supported in his work by Captain Charles McKenna, '01. On the field McKenna was the key-stone of the team ; his pitching this year was superb, and his record of sixteen strike-outs in the first Holy Cross game has not been equalled on the College diamond this year. The work of Horan in the box also deserves special mention ; in the game with Syracuse University at Syracuse, " Horan gave the most noble example of pluck and true grit ever seen in this prosperous Central-New-York city ; for eight innings, with a very sore arm, and the score 4—0 against him, he pitched masterly ball, giving but three hits to the Syracuse lads, and these well scattered,"—so says a prominent

Syracuse paper in commenting on the game. The secret of the team's success is that they played together; every man supported his neighbor, and the result is, of the sixteen games played, we have thirteen victories to our credit.

It is not necessary to say the loss of the Georgetown game was a great disappointment to all, and while we do not wish to detract any glory from Georgetown's victory, yet it must be admitted, the Varsity boys suffered greatly from loss of practice. Everything would seem to favor Fordham when we consider that Georgetown was on a ten days trip, playing every day, while the Varsity was taking life easy at Fordham; yet it was our team which was at a disadvantage; it rained at Fordham every day for over a week, and only on one occasion could our men don their uniforms for practice, and even then they were interrupted by a downpour of rain. Too much praise cannot be given the Georgetown boys for the manner in which they "cleaned us out." Certainly they played a fast article of baseball; yet, had we met them on an equal footing, a different story would be recorded in the MONTHLY.

At the N. Y. A. C. games at Travers Island on June 8th, Chas. J. Seitz, with 10 yds. handicap, won the 100 yds. dash. Time, $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

JAS. S. MCCORMICK, '03.

JUNIOR HALL.

On Wednesday, May 29th, the following students of Junior Hall were confirmed by Bishop Farley in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Fordham :—George F. Doyle, Stuart J. Agen, C. A. Dana Redmond, Joseph R. Ring, James O'Sullivan, and Adolph Zambrano.

The Phonograph Concert which was given recently proved a most enjoyable affair. Our thanks are due to Mr. Donovan, S. J., for his kindness in conducting the affair and for preparing so excellent a programme.

A certain youthful bird fancier on the Division recently purchased a patent "Birdlime" with the intention of starting an aviary. After scattering the viscous substance where the birds were accustomed to alight, the youth departed to await results. Imagine his surprise the next morning at finding, not the birds, but two chickens and a tomcat securely stuck in the glutinous mixture.

The various excuses made use of by weary-minded students to obtain "early bed" are so numerous and plausible that it would require the wisdom of a Solomon to discriminate between the deserving and undeserving cases.

On one occasion recently the Perfect was approached by a student with feeble step and hand clasped to his side. After some painful facial distortions, he asked the desired permission, stating that he was suffering from a sharp pain in

his side. The sympathizing Prefect readily gave his consent, and the joyful student moved towards the door. In his joy he forgot the "sharp pane" of glass which he had carefully concealed beneath his coat, and allowed it to drop to the floor, much to his embarrassment and the amusement of his fellow students.

MATTHEW LINNEHAN, '04.

BASEBALL.

The Invincibles have been more successful this year than in any former years. Thus far they have not lost a game, and it is thought that they will finish the season without a defeat.

On April 28th they easily defeated the Mayflowers of Brooklyn. This was Foley's first chance in the box, and his excellent work was an agreeable surprise.

Score :—

										R.	H.	E.
Invincibles	2	5	0	0	0	2	3	0	x	12	14	1
Mayflowers	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	7

Batteries—Keane and Foley; Cuffs and May.

The game with Pratt Institute was thought to be one of hardest games of the season, but when the Invincibles went to Brooklyn on May 1st they had an easy time of it. Foley's pitching was the feature. He struck out eight, allowed only four hits, and gave but one base on balls.

Score :

										R.	H.	E.
Invincibles	3	4	3	0	0	2	0	3	4	19	17	0
Pratt	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	4	4

Batteries—Keane and Foley; Parsons, Throwbridge, Holler, Merwin, and Ritter.

The Tiger A. C. of Tremont proved easy victims for the Invincibles on May 5th. Keane threw beautifully down to second and caught five men trying to reach that base.

Score:

										R.	H.	E.
Invincibles	1	1	5	0	1	7	1	9	x—	25	23	4
Tigers	1	0	0	1	2	0	1	1	0—	6	4	8

Batteries—Keane and Foley; Lechard and Spears.

On May 8th the Invincibles went to Peekskill to play Worrall Hall. The grounds were in very poor condition and were the cause of many of the errors. Radel, who had been laid up with a sprained ankle for two weeks, did most of the pitching for the Invincibles.

Score:

										R.	H.	E.
Invincibles	3	0	6	0	0	1	0	0	2—	12	8	9
Worrall Hall	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0—	3	0	14

Batteries—Keane, Radel and Foley; Travis and Murden.

On May 19th the Invincibles defeated the Lexingtons in a close game. Up to the seventh inning the score was tie, but by bunching their hits the Invincibles managed to win out.

Score:

										R.	H.	E.
Invincibles	0	4	0	0	0	0	2	3	x—	9	9	3
Lexingtons	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	0—	4	2	3

Batteries—Keane and Foley; Jones and Amberger.

On May 27th the Invincibles met the Westchester F. C. Owing to the rain and consequent wet grounds the game was very unsatisfactory and a number of errors were made on both sides. With the score a tie in the eighth inning the Umpire, Mr. Butler, called the game on account of rain.

The score:

Invincibles	2	0	3	0	0	2	1	1—9
Westchester F. C.	2	0	5	0	0	0	0	2—9

Batteries—Keane and Foley.

The Actives have started the season well by winning their first three games. The following are the members of the team:—

J. Murray, c.; O. Lombard, 1b; C. McMorrow, 2b and p.; H. Andino, ss.; N. Murray, 3b; T. Kiernan, lf.; G. Haffey, cf.; A. O'Malley, rf.; G. Smith, p. and 2b.

The Actives made their first appearance in their new uniforms on April 25th, and defeated the Montauk A. C. by a score of 19–5.

The next team to meet the Actives was the Rainbows. By good batting the Actives managed to pile up seventeen runs, at the same time holding their opponents down to only three.

The game with the Miltons, on May 26th, was a close game up to the eighth inning. With the score tie in that inning the Actives batted out nine runs.

Score:—Actives, 16; Miltons, 7.

CHAS. J. MURN, '03.

ST. JOHN'S HALL.

Our long-looked-for Field Day, which was held on May 7th, could not have been finer for the outdoor games. The contestants from Third Division were as follows:

Nestor Lattard, Hubert McNally, Jacques Safford, and Sidney Duffy, for the 100 yds. dash; John De Ona, for the 440 yds.; Wm. McGovern for the 880 yds.; Joseph Coogan and Lawrence Brown for the one mile bicycle race.

Nestor Lattard came in third in the 100 yds. run, John De Ona finished second in the 440 yds., and Jos. Coogan won second place in the one mile bicycle race. All received bronze medals. One amusing feature of the games was Sidney Duffy's daring sprint in the 100 yds. dash.

We extend our thanks to Mr. Maurice J. McCarthy, who kindly trained the contestants from our division.

In the afternoon the Tyros played the Senior Class team. The captain of the Tyros arranged his players in the following positions: A. Kane, 1b; H. Heide, 2b; D. Haggerty, s. s.; J. Sullivan, 3b; W. Curley, l. f.; E. Joyce, c. f.; E. Swetnam, r. f.; R. Harrington, c.; T. Macmanus, p. The score was 10-4 in favor of the Tyros. Mr. Mitchell acted as umpire.

One feature of the game was the success with which H. Heide played the three fields and short-stop, besides his own position as second base.

The Tyro Reserves played the Orientals at Clason-on-the-Sound, May 15th, and were defeated. The Tyros played them later, May 22d, and made up for the Reserves' defeat by winning a victory. Score, 22–6.

A new team has been organized on Third, under the name of the "Academics." They have elected W. F. McGovern as captain and Edmund Kraft as manager.

The boys of St. John's Hall are working hard on "The Black Arrow," under the instruction of Mr. Taaffe, and hope to present it successfully on the evening of June 12th.

W. F. McGovern, *Third Academic.*

On Wednesday, May 29th, the following boys were confirmed in the church at Fordham by Bishop Farley:—Edwin A. Brehany, Victor V. Gleises, Reginald T. Lynch, John A. Molloy, John A. McGraw, Rudolph A. McGovern, Rogelio J. Odoardo, Louis A. Repetti, George J. Richter, Ramon J. Valdes.

On the following Sunday, June 2d, the following boys received their First Holy Communion in the College Church: Louis Berenguer, Henry Berenguer, Edwin A. Brehany, Rogelio J. Odoardo, Louis A. Repetti, George J. Richter.

We take this occasion to thank Mr. Charles Repetti, the confectioner, for his generous gift of chocolate bon-bons to Third Division.

The boys who entered the races on Father Rector's Day, May 7th, made an excellent showing against Second Division. John De Ona, Nestor Lattard, and Joseph Coogan won handsome bronze medals.

The Tyros played the left-handed Philosophers on May 7th, and defeated them 10 to 4.

We extend our thanks to Mr. Donovan, S. J., for the graphophone performance with which he favored us on Decoration Day.

We expect that "The Black Arrow," to be presented on June 12th, will be the best play that St. John's Hall has ever produced.

Inspection Drill was held on Monday, May 20th.

JOHN SAFFORD, *Fourth Academic.*

ATHLETICS.

FORDHAM, 5 ; ROCHESTER UNIV., 8.

FORDHAM met her first defeat May 1st at the hands of the Univ. of Rochester, the score being 8 to 5. Up to the fourth inning the game looked safe for Fordham, but in the remaining innings the visitors managed to score eight runs. Fordham started off in the ninth with the determination to win. Butler, the first man up, singled, and went to second on Scanlon's hit. Mitchell sacrificed, advancing Butler and Scanlon each a base. Heide fouled out. O'Brien was hit, but was forced out at second by McKenna, who batted in Joyce's place. O'Brien played a good game at third, and Dempsey did good work with the bat, getting three hits. Horan pitched a good game, considering it was his first of the season.

The score:

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	ROCHESTER UNIV.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Butler, c.	1	2	8	1	0	Webster, ss.	2	1	3	2	0
Scanlon, cf.	0	1	1	0	0	Towner, 2b.	0	1	2	5	0
Mitchell, lf.	0	0	4	0	0	Cooper, lf.	1	2	0	0	0
Heide, 1b.	1	1	9	0	0	Love, c	2	2	5	1	0
O'Brien, 3b.	0	1	0	6	1	Driscoll, rf.	1	0	0	0	0
Joyce, rf.	1	1	0	0	1	Lawton, 1b.	0	2	15	0	0
Dempsey, ss.	1	3	0	2	0	McPherson, p.	0	0	0	5	0
Ewald, 2b	1	2	4	0	0	Hogan, 3b.	1	0	1	1	1
Horan, p.	0	1	1	4	0	Kelly, cf.	1	0	1	0	0
Totals.	5	12	27	13	2	Totals.	8	8	27	14	1

Fordham	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	—5
Univ. of Rochester	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	2	2	—8

Sacrifice hits—Mitchell, O'Brien. Base on balls—Off Horan, 5 ; off McPherson, 0. Struck out—By Horan, 8 ; by McPherson, 3. Two base-hits—Love, Lawton. Stolen bases—Lawton 2, Towner, Hogan, Butler, Heide, Ewald. Double play—Webster, Towner and Lawton. Hit by pitched ball—Heide 2, O'Brien. Umpire—T. Moorehead.

FORDHAM, 7; CORNELL, 4.

For the second time in two years Fordham defeated Cornell, McKenna pitching both games. It looked as if the visitors were going to be whitewashed, up to the seventh inning, when by bunching their hits they scored four runs. In the second inning McKenna hit the first ball pitched to deep centre for a home run, but as luck would have it, there was nobody on base. Mitchell, in the seventh, made a splendid running catch of a long fly to left. The game in detail is as follows:

1st inning.—Fordham took the field. Brewster, who led off for Cornell, hit to O'Brien, who easily retired him at first. Lyons singled. Robertson flied out to Joyce. Harvey was easy, O'Brien to Heide.—No runs.

Butler flied out to Harvey. Chase captured flies from Scanlon's and Mitchell's bat.—No runs.

2d inning.—Drake singled. Whinery reached first on Heide's error. Drake tried to score, but was caught at the plate, O'Brien to Butler. Whinery was caught at third on fielder's choice, McKenna to O'Brien. Chase reached first. Costello fanned.—No runs.

McKenna started the inning by knocking out a home run. Heide fanned. O'Brien singled, and reached second on Whinery's wild throw. Joyce and Dempsey fanned.—One run.

3d inning.—Brown fanned. Brewster out, O'Brien to Heide. Lyons struck out.—No runs.

Ewald hit for two bases, and scored on Brown's error, Butler reaching first. Scanlon singled, sending Butler to third, who scored on Whinery's wild throw to catch Scanlon at second. Mitchell flied out to Chase. McKenna sacrificed Scanlon to third. Heide out, Brown to Robertson.—Two runs.

4th inning.—Robertson reached first on Heide's error. Harvey fanned. Robertson was caught trying to steal second. Drake fouled out to Butler.—No runs.

O'Brien fanned. Joyce flied out to Chase. Dempsey struck out.—No runs.

5th inning.—Whinery was hit. Chase flied out to O'Brien, and Costello to Dempsey. Brown singled, advancing Whinery to second. Brewster flied out to Mitchell.—No runs.

Ewald got his base on balls, stole second and reached third on Butler's single. Scanlon flied out to Drake. Mitchell singled, scoring Ewald. McKenna out, Harvey to Robertson. Mitchell out at third, Whinery to Costello.—One run.

6th inning.—Lyons singled. Robertson flied out to O'Brien, and Harvey to Mitchell. Drake singled. Whinery out, McKenna to Heide.—No runs.

Heide reached first on Brown's error, stole second and scored on O'Brien's single. Joyce sacrificed, Costello to Robertson. Dempsey flied out to Costello. Ewald singled, scoring O'Brien. Butler singled and Scanlon reached first on Robertson's muff, scoring Ewald. Mitchell fanned.—Three runs.

7th inning.—Chase reached first on Dempsey's error. Costello got his base on balls. Brown singled, scoring Chase. Brewster hit for two bases, Costello and Brown scoring. Lyons singled, scoring Brewster, but was caught at second. Robertson flied out to O'Brien, and Harvey to Mitchell. —Four runs.

Heide fanned. O'Brien flied out to Brewster, and Joyce to Whinery.—No runs.

8th inning.—Drake fanned. Whinery flied out

to McKenna. Chase singled. Costello singled. Chase out at third.—No runs.

Dempsey out, Costello to Robertson. Ewald got his base on balls. Butler out, Lyons to Brewster. Scanlon fanned.—No runs.

9th inning.—Brown struck out. Brewster out, Heide to McKenna. Lyons singled, and Robertson ended the game by striking out.—No runs.

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	CORNELL.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Butler, c.	1	2	9	0	0	Brewster, lf.	1	1	1	0	0
Scanlon, cf.	0	1	0	0	0	Lyons, p.	0	4	0	1	0
Mitchell, lf.	0	1	3	0	0	Robertson, 1b.	0	0	6	0	1
McKenna, p.	1	2	2	2	0	Harvey, ss.	0	0	1	1	0
Heide, 1b.	1	0	4	1	2	Drake, rf.	0	2	1	0	0
O'Brien, 3b.	1	2	5	4	0	Whinery, c.	0	0	9	1	2
Joyce, rf	0	0	1	0	0	Chase, cf.	1	1	4	0	0
Dempsey, ss.	0	0	2	0	2	Costello, 3b.	1	1	2	3	0
Ewald, 2b.	3	2	1	0	0	Brown, 2b.	1	2	0	1	2
Totals	7	10	27	7	4	Totals	4	11	24	7	5

Fordham	0	1	2	0	1	3	0	0	x	—7
Cornell	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	—4

Sacrifice hits—McKenna, Joyce. Base on balls—Off McKenna, 1; off Lyons, 2. Struck out—By McKenna, 7; by Lyons, 8. Two-base hits—Ewald, Brewster. Stolen bases—McKenna, Butler and Heide. Home run—McKenna. Hit by pitched ball—Whinery. Umpire—Mr. T. Moorehead.

FORDHAM, 2; LAFAYETTE, 5.

Fordham was defeated by Lafayette at Easton on May 4th. Their defeat was owing chiefly to their inability to hit; they managed to get only four hits. Swetnam played a fast game at short, having seven chances and accepting all of them. It was a bad day for the fielders; a high wind blew throughout the entire game, making it very difficult to judge flies. The game by innings is as follows:

1st inning—Swetnam started the game by striking out. Butler hit to Pritchard, but was easily retired at first. Scanlon flied out to Launt.—No runs.

Currier out, Ewald to O'Brien. Ernst got a two-

bagger and scored on Chalmers' hit. Chalmers scored on a wild throw to third. Pritchard reached first on Keane's error. Howard hit to Keane, forcing Pritchard at second, Ewald throwing the ball in time to catch Howard at first,—double play.—Two runs.

2d inning—McKenna out, Launt to Bachman. Mitchell singled and went to second on O'Brien's sacrifice. Mitchell scored on Keane's hit to left. Joyce struck out.—One run.

Brown out, Ewald to O'Brien. Bachman singled, but was caught stealing second. Launt fanned.—No runs.

3d inning—Ewald struck out. Swetnam also fanned. Butler flied to Currier.—No runs.

Johnson out, McKenna to O'Brien. Currier hit a hot one to Keane, who threw him out at first. Ernst out, Keane to O'Brien.—No runs.

4th inning—Scanlon flied out to Chalmers. McKenna singled and reached second on Brown's muff of Mitchell's fly. O'Brien singled, advancing McKenna and Mitchell each a bag. Keane hit a liner to Howard, who got a double play by catching McKenna off third.—No runs.

Chalmers hit to left for two bases. Pritchard struck out. Howard knocked out a two-bagger, scoring Chalmers. Brown reached second on Scanlon's muff of his fly. Bachman and Launt struck out.—One run.

5th inning—Joyce bunted, but was thrown out at first. Ewald got his base on balls. Swetnam flied out to Ernst, and Butler to Pritchard.—No runs.

Johnson out, Ewald to O'Brien. Currier singled and reached third on Ernst's hit. Ernst forced at

second by Chalmers. Swetnam threw to first in time to catch Chalmers. Double play.—No runs.

6th inning.—Scanlon reached first on Bachnam's error and stole second. McKenna hit to Bachman, who fumbled, Scanlon scoring. Mitchell flied out to Brown, who threw to second in time to catch McKenna. O'Brien out, Pritchard to Bachman.—One run.

Pritchard got his base on balls. Howard forced him out at second and was thrown out at first by Swetnam,—double play. Brown singled and Bachman flied out to Ewald.—No runs.

7th inning.—Keane out, Currier to Bachman. Joyce and Ewald struck out.—No runs.

Launt singled. Johnson struck out. Currier reached first on Mitchell's muff, but was forced out at second by Ernst, who was retired at first by Ewald,—double play. Swetnam to Ewald to O'Brien.—No runs.

8th inning—Swetnam out, Currier to Bachman. Butler out, Bachman, unassisted. Scanlon out.—No runs.

Chalmers hit to Keane and was thrown out at first. Pritchard singled and scored on Howard's hit. Brown forced Howard at second. Bachman singled and Brown scored. Bachman out at second.—Two runs.

9th inning.—McKenna flied out to Brown. Mitchell out, Pritchard to Bachman. O'Brien out, Howard to Bachman.—No runs.

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss	0	0	4	3	0
Butler, c	0	0	5	1	0
Scanlon, cf	1	0	0	0	1
McKenna, p	0	1	0	2	0
Mitchell, lf	1	1	0	0	1
O'Brien, 1b	0	1	13	0	0
Keane, 3b	0	1	1	4	1
Joyce, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Ewald, 2b	0	0	1	4	0
Totals	2	4	24	14	3

LAFAYETTE.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Currier, ss	0	1	1	3	0
Ernst, c	1	2	7	1	0
Chalmers, cf	2	2	1	0	0
Pritchard, p	1	0	0	4	0
Howard, 3b	0	2	2	1	0
Brown, lf	1	1	2	1	2
Bachman, 1b	0	2	12	0	2
Launt, 2b	0	1	2	1	0
Johnson, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	5	11	27	11	4

Fordham.....0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2
Lafayette.....2 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 x—5

Sacrifice hit—O'Brien. Two-base hits—Chalmers, Howard, Ernst. Base on balls—Off McKenna, 1; off Pritchard, 1. Struck out—By McKenna, 5; by Pritchard, 6. Stolen bases—McKenna, Scanlon. Double plays—Keane, O'Brien; Swetnam, O'Brien; Swetnam, Ewald, O'Brien; Swetnam, Ewald, O'Brien; Brown to Chalmers.

FORDHAM, 9; ST. FRANCIS XAVIER COLLEGE, 2.

On May 8th the Varsity easily defeated St. Francis Xavier by the score of 9 to 2. In the fifth inning the visitors by bunching their hits scored two runs. Horan's left hand catch of a fly while he was falling was a feature of the game. The score:

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam ss	2	1	2	1	1
Butler, c	0	2	9	4	0
O'Brien, 3b	0	1	1	2	0
Mitchell, lf	0	0	0	0	0
McKenna, cf	3	1	1	0	0
Scanlon, p	2	1	0	4	0
Heide, 1b	2	0	11	3	1
Horan, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Ewald, 2b	0	0	2	1	1
Totals	9	7	27	15	2

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dollard, 2b	0	0	0	2	2
McCarthy, lf	0	1	2	0	1
Ryan, c	0	1	9	1	0
Shultz, p	0	0	1	3	1
Tresel, 3b	0	0	2	0	1
McGarry, rf	0	0	0	0	1
O'Connor, ss	1	1	3	1	1
Murphy, 1b	0	0	7	0	0
Lawrence, cf	1	1	0	0	1
Totals	2	4	24	7	8

Fordham.....0 1 0 4 0 0 4 0 x—9
St. Francis Xavier.....0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0—2

Sacrifice hits—Ewald. Base on balls—Off Scanlon, 4; off Shultz, 6. Struck out—By Scanlon, 9; by Shultz, 8. Stolen bases—McKenna, Scanlon, O'Brien. Double play—Scanlon, O'Brien, Heide. Hit by pitched ball—Ewald. Umpire—T. Morehead.

FORDHAM, 8; ORANGE A. C., 4.

Fordham defeated Orange A. C. at South Orange on May 11th by the score of 8 to 4. By a strange coincidence Orange A. C. scored as many runs as Fordham did last year (the score being 4–0), while Fordham just doubled their score of the previous year. Mitchell played a splendid game in left field, pulling down three difficult flies; also batting well, getting two three-baggers. Butler batted well, having a three-bagger to his credit, while McKenna and Heide each got a two-bagger.

The score:

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	ORANGE A. C.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam ss	0	0	1	1	3	Bassford, cf	2	0	3	0	0
Butler, c	2	2	10	0	0	Beeman, ss	0	1	0	0	3
O'Brien, 3b	2	2	2	3	0	Dietrich, lf	0	1	1	0	0
Mitchell, lf	1	2	3	0	0	Smith, 2b	0	0	1	2	0
McKenna, p	1	1	0	4	0	Williams, 1b	0	0	9	0	2
Scanlon, cf	1	0	1	0	0	Grey, rf	1	1	0	0	0
Heide, 1b	1	2	9	1	1	Doward, 3b	0	0	2	1	0
Horan, rf	0	0	0	0	0	O'Neil, c	1	0	10	0	0
Ewald, 2b	0	0	1	0	0	Bontiller, p	0	1	1	4	0
Totals	8	9	27	9	4	Totals	4	4	27	7	5

Fordham	0	2	3	0	3	0	0	0	0	—8
Orange A. C.	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	—4

Struck out—By McKenna, 6; by Bontiller, 7. Base on balls—Off McKenna, 4; off Bontiller; 1. Two-base hits—Heide, McKenna. Three-base hits—Butler, Mitchell, 2.

FORDHAM, 11; KNICKERBOCKER, A. C., 3.

Fordham easily defeated Knickerbocker A. C. on May 15th, by the score of 11 to 3. The feature of the game was Swetnam's stop of Lenny's grounder in the second inning. In the second Butler hit for three bases, and O'Brien got a home run on wild throws in the fourth.

The score:

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss	0	1	2	3	2
Butler, c	3	2	8	1	1
O'Brien, 3b	1	1	5	1	1
Mitchell, lf	0	0	3	1	1
McKenna, cf	2	2	0	0	0
Keane, rf	1	1	1	0	1
Heide, 1b	1	2	9	0	2
Horan, p	1	2	1	2	0
Ewald, 2b	2	2	0	2	0
Totals	11	13	27	10	8

KNICKERBOCKER A. C.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kane, c	0	1	4	0	0
Daly, ss	0	1	4	0	0
Brien, cf	0	1	4	0	0
Mahoney, 1b	1	2	7	1	3
Lenny, 3b	1	1	0	3	0
Davies, lf	0	1	1	0	0
Hopper, rf	0	1	2	0	0
Davis, p	0	0	0	3	0
Connors, 2b	1	1	2	1	1
Totals	3	9	24	8	4

Fordham	0	6	0	3	0	0	1	1	x	11
Knickerbocker A. C.	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	3

Struck out—by Horan, 7; by Davis, 3. Base on balls—Off Horan, 3; off Davis, 2. Stolen bases—Swetnam, Ewald 2, McKenna, Kane 2. Hit by pitcher—Heide. Two-base hits—Mahoney, Daly. Three-base hit—Butler. Home Run—O'Brien. Umpire—Mr. Moorehead.

FORDHAM, 21; LAFAYETTE, 5.

On May 16th, Varsity administered an overwhelming defeat to Lafayette, who had defeated them earlier in the season. McKenna was in fine form and pitched an excellent game, allowing the visitors but seven hits and striking out ten men. In the third inning Keane made a splendid catch of Pritchard's long fly to centre, while Swetnam distinguished himself in the fourth by pulling down a fly back of shortstop with one hand. In the second Fordham hit the ball safely for seven hits, scoring eight runs.

The score:

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss	4	4	2	1	0
Butler, c	3	3	12	0	0
O'Brien, 3b	3	3	0	0	0
Mitchell, lf	3	3	0	0	0
McKenna, p	2	3	0	4	0
Heide, 1b	1	3	9	0	2
Keane, cf	3	3	1	0	0
Horan, rf	1	1	1	0	0
Hartman, 2b	1	2	2	3	2
Totals	21	25	27	8	4

LAFAYETTE.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Currier, ss	0	1	0	1	0
Bell, 2b	2	2	5	1	1
Pritchard, 3b	0	0	2	1	1
Ernst, c	1	1	5	3	1
Howard, rf	0	2	2	2	0
Chalmers, cf	2	0	3	0	0
Brown, lf	0	0	2	1	0
Bachman, 1b	0	0	5	0	0
Jaekel, p	0	0	0	0	1
Johnson, p	0	1	0	1	0
Totals	5	7	24	10	4

Fordham.....0 8 0 2 4 0 6 1 x—21
Lafayette.....0 1 0 0 0 2 0 2 0— 5

Struck out—By McKenna, 10; by Jaekel, 2; by Johnson, 0. Base on balls—Off McKenna, 1; off Jaekel, 1; off Johnson, 4. Stolen Bases—Swetnam 3, Hartman, Butler, Bachman. Double plays—Ernst to Bachman. Two-base hits—Howard, Horan, McKenna, Mitchell, Heide. Three-base hit—Mitchell. Sacrifice hits—McKenna, Hartman. Hit by pitched ball—Bachman. Umpire—Mr. Moorehead.

FORDHAM, 9; CRESCENT A. C., 4.

Fordham defeated the Crescent A. C. at Bay Ridge on May 18th by the score of 9 to 4. The Crescents expected to win, but their hopes where shattered when in the first inning Swetnam hit the first ball pitched for three bases, and was followed by Butler, who cracked out a single; and when the inning was over Fordham was three runs to the good. Horan pitched a splendid game, allowing the home team but five hits. The score:

FORDHAM.

	R.	H.	P.O	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss.....	3	2	0	2	2
Butler, c.....	4	3	5	2	1
O'Brien, 3b.....	1	0	2	2	0
Mitchell, lf.....	0	4	1	0	0
Heide, 1b.....	0	1	12	0	2
Scanlon, cf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Horan, p.....	1	0	3	4	0
Dempsey, rf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Ewald, 2b.....	0	1	0	2	1
Totals.....	9	11	27	12	6

CRESCENT A. C.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stevenson, p....	1	2	3	3	2
Affeld, 3b.....	1	0	0	1	2
R. Stevenson, 1b.	0	0	7	0	1
Dunne, ss.....	0	0	2	4	0
Larendon, c.....	0	1	7	0	0
Crampton, 2b....	0	1	1	1	0
Schidder, lf.....	2	1	1	0	1
Lorninson, cf....	0	0	2	0	0
Smedelser, rf....	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	4	5	24	9	6

Fordham.....3 2 0 2 0 1 1 0 x—9
Crescent A. C.....0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 3—4

Struck out—By Horan, 6; by Stevenson, 6. Base on balls—Off Horan, 5; off Stevenson, 4. Three-base hits—Swetnam, Larendon.

FORDHAM, 13; HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, 6.

On May 21st Fordham won its second game from Holy Cross by the score of 13-6. The home team won the game in the first inning, having a total of

eight runs and seven hits. The batting of the home team was a feature of the game, Noone not having a single strike-out to his credit. The game by innings is as follows :

1st inning.—Baldwin opened the game by striking out. Dyer singled, but was forced out at second by Noonan, O'Brien to Hartman. Joyce cracked out a two-bagger, scoring Noonan. McKeon struck out.—One run.

Swetnam got his base on balls, stole second and scored on Butler's two-bagger. O'Brien singled, scoring Butler. Mitchell was hit. McKenna singled, sending Mitchell to third. Mitchell scored on Keane's hit. Heide hit for two bases, scoring McKenna, and Keane scored on Horan's sacrifice. Hartman out, Joyce to Noonan ; Heide scored. Swetnam singled, stole second and scored on Butler's two-bagger. O'Brien flied out to McKeon.—Eight runs.

2d inning.—McCarthy flied out to Keane. Skelly got his base on balls and reached second on Swetnam's muff of Butler's throw. Duggan out, Swetnam to Heide. Noone singled, scoring Skelly. Baldwin hit for three bases, scoring Noone. Dyer reached first on O'Brien's error. Noonan singled, scoring Baldwin. Joyce was easy. McKenna to Heide.—Three runs.

Mitchell flied out to Skelly. McKenna hit to Dyer, who threw wild, McKenna going to second. Keane out, McCarthy to Noonan. Heide hit for two bases, scoring McKenna. Heide scored on Horan's two-bagger. Hartman flied out to Baldwin.—Two runs.

3d inning—McKeon struck out. McCarthy hit for two bases, but was forced at third by Skelly, who was thrown out at first—double play, Swetnam to Heide to O'Brien.—No runs.

Swetnam got his base on balls. Butler flied out to McKeon. O'Brien was sent to first on four balls. Mitchell flied out to Duggan, and McKenna to Skelly.—No runs.

4th inning.—Noone was hit. Baldwin flied out to Keane. Noone stole second. Dyer out, Swetnam

to Heide. Noonan singled, scoring Noone. Joyce out, McKenna to Heide.—One run.

Keane hit for two bases. Heide flied out to Joyce. Horan and Hartman to Dyer.—No runs.

5th inning.—McKeon struck out. McCarthy singled. Skelly flied out to Heide. Duggan forced McCarthy at second, Swetnam to Hartman. —No runs.

Swetnam got his base on balls. Butler flied out to Duggan. Swetnam scored. O'Brien flied out to Dyer, and Mitchell to Skelly.—One run.

6th inning.—Noone flied out to Heide. Baldwin singled, stole second and went to third on Dyer's single. Noonan struck out. Joyce reached first on O'Brien's error and Baldwin scored. McKeon fanned.—One run.

McKenna flied out to McCarthy. Keane singled. Heide got his base on balls. Horan singled, scoring Keane. Heide forced at second by Hartman, who was thrown out at first—double play, Dyer to McCarthy to Noonan.—One run.

7th inning.—McCarthy flied out to Butler, Skelly to Hartman, and Duggan to O'Brien.—No runs.

Swetnam reached first on McCarthy's error and was forced at second by Butler, Joyce to Dyer. O'Brien was hit. Mitchell flied out to Baldwin, and McKenna hit to Noonan, who touched O'Brien.—No runs.

8th inning.—Noone struck out. Baldwin out, Hartman to Heide. Dyer flied out to O'Brien. —No runs.

Keane got his base on balls. Heide singled, but was forced out at second by Horan, Dyer to McCarthy. Keane scored. Hartman flied out to Baldwin, and Swetnam to Joyce.—One run.

9th inning.—Joyce singled but was caught off first, O'Brien to Heide. McKeon reached first on fielder's choice. McCarthy fanned, and Joyce was caught trying to steal second, Butler to Hartman. —No runs.

The score :

FORDHAM.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	HOLY CROSS.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, s s	3	1	0	4	1	Baldwin, l. f	2	2	3	0	1
Butler, c	1	2	9	1	0	Dyer, s s	0	2	4	3	1
O'Brien, 3b	1	1	3	2	2	Noonan, 1b	1	3	5	0	0
Mitchell, l. f	1	0	0	0	0	Joyce, 3b	0	1	2	2	0
McKenna, p	2	1	0	2	0	McKeon, c. f	0	0	2	0	0
Keane, r. f	3	3	2	0	0	McCarthy, 2b	0	2	3	3	0
Heide, 1b	2	3	8	1	0	Skelly, r. f	1	0	3	0	0
Horan, r. f	0	1	0	0	0	Duggan, c	0	0	2	0	0
Hartman, 2b	0	0	5	1	0	Noone, p	2	1	0	0	0
Totals	13	12	27	11	3	Totals	6	11	24	8	2

Fordham	8	2	0	0	1	1	0	1	x	—13
Holy Cross	1	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	— 6

Struck out—By McKenna, 8; by Noone, 0. Base on balls—Off McKenna, 2; off Noone, 6. Two-base hits—Butler 2, Heide 2, Keane, Horan, Joyce, McCarthy. Three-base hit—Baldwin. Stolen bases—Swetnam 2, Horan, Skelly. Sacrifice hits—Keane, Horan, Hartman. Hit by pitched balls—O'Brien, Mitchell, Noone. Double plays—Swetnam, Heide, O'Brien; Dyer, McCarthy, Noonan. Umpire—Mr. Moorhead.

FORDHAM, 5; SYRACUSE, 4.

Fordham defeated Syracuse Univ. at Syracuse, on May 23d, in a twelve inning game. Fordham's errors in the first inning were accountable for Syracuse's four runs, they being unable to score after that. Horan pitched a good game, but retired in the eighth inning, only two hits being made off his delivery. In the twelfth inning, with one man out and two men on bases, O'Brien singled, sending Horan across the plate scoring the winning run. The game in detail is as follows:

1st inning.—Syracuse went to the bat first. Adams, the first man up, fanned. House got his base on balls, stole second, and scored on Henderson's hit. Costello fanned. Hamley reached first on Swetnam's error. Henderson scored. Dillon got his base on balls. Hamley scored, and Dillon stole second on Butler's error. Baker out, Butler to Heide.—Four runs.

Swetnam fanned. Butler singled. O'Brien flied out to Costello. Mitchell singled, but was forced out at second by McKenna, Baker to Hamley. —No runs.

2d inning.—Cummings was hit, but was caught stealing second, Butler to Swetnam. Prendergast singled. Adams flied out to Keane, and House to McKenna.—No runs.

Keane singled. Heide sacrificed him to second, Costello to Prendergast. Keane out at third, Baker to House. Horan singled and Hartman fanned.—No runs.

3d inning.—In the second inning Swetnam was spiked and had to leave the game, Ewald going to second and Hartman to short. Henderson out, Ewald to Heide. Costello fanned, and Hamley was retired by Hartman.—No runs.

Ewald fanned. Butler singled and scored on O'Brien's hit. O'Brien stole second. Mitchell out, Prendergast, unassisted. McKenna singled, and was forced at second by Keane.—Two runs.

4th inning.—Dillon flied out to Butler. Baker fanned, and Cummings flied out to McKenna.—No runs.

Heide fanned. Horan out, Costello to Prendergast. Hartman flied out to Dillon.—No runs.

5th inning.—Prendergast reached first on Ewald's error; also Adams. House out, Hartman to Heide. Prendergast out at third, Butler to O'Brien. Henderson out, O'Brien to Heide.—No runs.

Ewald got his base on balls, and scored on Butler's two-bagger. O'Brien fanned. Mitchell reached first on Prendergast's error. Butler tied to score, and Mitchell was caught at second, Henderson to Hamley. McKenna got his base on balls, and was forced at second by Keane.—Two runs.

6th inning.—Costello flied out to Mitchell. Hamley fanned. Dillon out, Horan to Heide.—No runs.

Heide singled, and was caught off first, Costello to Prendergast. Horan out, Costello to Prendergast. Hartman flied out to Dillon.—No runs.

7th inning.—Baker singled. Cummings fanned. Baker out at first, Butler to Heide. Prendergast out, Ewald to Heide.—No runs.

Ewald singled. Butler out, Costello to Prendergast. O'Brien out, Hamley to Prendergast. Mitchell fanned.—No runs.

8th inning.—Adams was easy, Ewald to Heide. House out, Hartman to Heide, and Henderson out, O'Brien to Heide.—No runs.

McKenna struck out. Keane flied out to Baker. Heide out, Baker to Prendergast.—No runs.

9th inning.—McKenna pitching. Costello out, Ewald to Heide. Hamley reached first on Hartman's error. Dillon on fielder's choice. Baker out, Hartman to Heide. Cummings out, Ewald to Heide.—No runs.

Horan and Hartman flied out to Hamley, and Ewald to Prendergast.—No runs.

10th inning.—Prendergast fanned. Adams got his base on balls. House out, O'Brien to Heide. Henderson fanned.—No runs.

Butler flied out to Baker. O'Brien out, Baker to Prendergast. Mitchell out, House to Prendergast.—No runs.

11th inning.—Costello out, Ewald to Heide. Hamley singled, and was forced at second by Dillon, who was thrown out at first. Double play, Hartman to Ewald to Heide.—No runs.

McKenna flied out to Adams. Keane fanned, Dillon to Prendergast. Heide flied out to Cummings.—No runs.

12th inning.—Baker flied out to Ewald. Cummings singled, but was caught at second, Butler to Hartman. Prendergast out, O'Brien to Heide.—No runs.

Horan singled and stole second. Hartman out, Costello to Prendergast. Ewald got his base on balls, and O'Brien singled, scoring Horan.—One run.

The score :

FORDHAM.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Swetnam, ss	0	0	1	0	1
Butler, c	2	2	8	4	1
O'Brien, 3b	1	2	1	4	0
Mitchell, lf	0	1	1	0	0
McKenna rf. & p.	0	1	1	0	1
Keane, cf	0	1	2	0	0
Heide, 1b	0	1	18	0	0
Horan, p. & rf	1	2	0	2	0
Hartman, 2b & ss.	0	0	1	5	0
Ewald, 2b	1	2	3	7	2
Totals	5	12	36	22	5

SYRACUSE.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Adams, cf	0	0	1	0	0
House, 3b	1	0	1	1	0
Henderson, rf	1	1	0	1	0
Costello, p	0	0	0	5	0
Hamley, ss	1	1	5	2	0
Dillon, c	1	0	10	1	0
Baker, 2b	0	1	4	4	0
Cummings, lf	0	1	1	0	0
Prendergast, 1b	0	1	12	1	1
Totals	4	5	34	15	1

Fordham	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1—5
Syracuse	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4

Struck out—By Horan, 6 ; by McKenna, 2 ; by Costello, 9. Base on balls—Off Horan, 1 ; off McKenna, 1 ; off Costello, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Cummings. Two-base hit—Butler. Sacrifice hits—Butler, Mitchell, Heide, Hartman.

FORDHAM, 1 ; GEORGETOWN, 10.

On May 31st Fordham suffered her worst defeat of the season at the hands of Georgetown Univ. Until the seventh inning Fordham had a chance to win, but in the seventh Georgetown scored five runs. The visitors seemed to be able to hit McKenna at opportune times, and this aided by the errors made by the home team was chiefly the cause of losing the game. The score :

FORDHAM.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E
Keane, c. & cf.	0	1	2	0	1
Butler, cf. & c.	0	1	5	0	1
O'Brien, 3b.	0	0	2	1	2
Mitchell, lf.	0	2	3	0	0
McKenna, cf. & p.	1	1	1	3	0
Heide, 1b	0	1	8	1	1
Horan, rf	0	1	3	0	0
Hartman, ss	0	0	2	3	1
Ewald, 2b	0	0	1	1	1
Scanlon, p	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	1	7	27	10	9

GEORGETOWN.

	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brill, c	1	2	6	0	1
Connors, 1b	1	2	12	0	0
Moran, ss	1	1	1	3	1
Cox, rf	2	0	0	0	0
Walsh, lf	2	1	3	0	0
O'Hare, 2b	1	3	2	3	0
Golden, cf	1	2	2	0	0
Dowling, 3b	1	0	1	1	0
Fay, p	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	10	11	27	8	3

Fordham	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Georgetown	0	0	2	0	1	0	5	2	0	—10

Struck out—By McKenna, 2 ; by Scanlon, 0 ; by Fay, 6. Bases on balls—Off McKenna, 2 ; off Scanlon, 3. Sacrifice hits—Connors, Moran. Two-base hits—Butler, Mitchell, Brill, Walsh. Three-base hit—Connors. Hit by pitched ball—Walsh. Double play—Moran, O'Hare, Connors. Umpire—Mr. Burns.

FIELD DAY.

The Annual Spring Games were held on Rector's Day, May 7th. The meet was a success in many respects; the number of entries received was larger and the time of the various events was faster than it has been for some years. All the events were close, and if the word may be used, none of the winners had a "cinch." The most important and interesting event was the 100-yd. Dash for the College Championship, which was won by C. Seitz in $10\frac{3}{5}$ sec. The list of events and winners is as follows:

100 YARDS HANDICAP, SR.—Won by E. O'Connor; Seitz, 2d; Fallon, 3d. Time, $10\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

100 YARDS HANDICAP, JR. —Won by C. Fitch; Keville, 2d; Lattard, 3d. Time, 12 seconds.

PUTTING 12 LB. SHOT.—Won by J. Butler; Cavinato, 2d; McCormick, 3d. Distance, 37 ft., 9½ in.

MILE BICYCLE.—Won by Grimley; Coogan, 2d. Time, 3 min.

880 YARDS HANDICAP.—Won by W. Keane; Dillon, 2d. Time, 1 :$59\frac{4}{5}$.

100 YARDS COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Won by C. Seitz; Fallon, 2d; Sheehy, 3d. Time, $10\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

440 YARDS HANDICAP.—Won by H. Andino; Dillon, 2d; De Ona, 3d. Time, $56\frac{4}{5}$ sec.

CLASS RELAY RACE; 800 YARDS.—Won by 1st Academic. Time, 1:$32\frac{4}{5}$

220 YARDS DASH.— Won by J. Fallon; O'Conner, 2d; J. Murray, 3d. Time, $24\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

100 YARDS HURDLE.—Won by Fallon; Seitz, 2d; Harrington, 3d. Time $16\frac{3}{5}$ sec.

HIGH JUMP.—Won by O'Brien; Oliver, 2d. Height, 4 ft. 10 in.

OFFICIALS.

Judges:—M. Halpin, N. Y. A. C., F. Smith, C. McKenna, '01, J. Donohue, '01.

Timers:—Mr. Dieges, E. Mitchell, '02, R. Maloney, Eng., '02.

Clerk of Course, W. Hardy, '04.

Announcer, J. Sullivan, '01.

V. J. OLDSHUE, Eng, '02.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Loretto Magazine* for May contains a lengthy poem styled "Blighted Hopes," which is certainly a redeeming feature. Despite the twenty-eight stanzas, there is a great deal in the verse which repays perusal. The story told is of secondary importance, and is rendered somewhat obscure by the prolonged narration; but the thought is often very poetic and the descriptions possess all the ease and strength which we note in standard poems.

The opening stanza is as follows:

> "Low in the west the silver crescent moon
> Hung waiting for the light of lingering day;
> Slowly the night clouds from the valleys rose
> And clothed the heights in misty veils of gray."

This introduction to the poem has ease and grace and is well chosen. Here is another descriptive stanza which pictures the passing of the day:

> "The waning summer sighed; the sunset clouds
> Followed the sun into the fading west;
> The evening breezes through the pine trees sang
> A lullaby to soothe the world to rest."

The merit of this poem lies in the descriptions, but it is somewhat handicapped by the length of the verse. We would advise the writer, if she be ambitious, to devote her efforts to shorter compositions, as the foremost of our poets are often happiest in their style when most concise.

The *Tamarack* in its opening article gives us a brief and able discussion on the heroic virtues of the American pioneer and soldier of Christ, Fr. James Marquette, S. J. The writer follows in imagination the intrepid priest in all his romantic journeys and perilous adventures, until he has accomplished the great task which he had so brave-

ly undertaken : namely, to bring the light of Christianity to the deserted children of the forest, who knew naught of God except what they had learned from the great voice of nature. Marquette came of a martial race. His ancestors distinguished themselves in the continental wars and three of their descendants died gloriously battling for American freedom. Was it remarkable that Marquette exhibited such martial qualities of endurance, perseverance and constancy in his devotion to his Divine Master, and that he won for himself a prominent place among the great pioneers of America ?

The *Sacred Heart Collegian* is filled with brief and interesting articles. The legend, "Mary, Queen of Poland," is quite pretty. The Swedes had invaded Poland and taken Moscow and Cracow. When they undertook to capture the Cathedral and town of Chenstohova they were completely defeated, although the place was poorly defended. During the siege the Blessed Virgin is said to have defended the Poles in such an extraordinary manner that John Casimir, the king of Poland, according to the legend, laid his crown at the feet of a statue of Our Lady and begged her to accept it, which she did, and ever since the Poles call her " Mary, Queen of Poland."

"The Angel Side: How it happened to come out," in *Mt. St. Mary's Record*, is quite an interesting little story and gives decided evidence of a good knowledge of boy-nature, if we may use the term. The story devotes itself to the vicissitudes of a school mistress in endeavoring to govern her boyish pupils. The plans of one of her boys to get the best of her are quite amusing and successful.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN, '01.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Libermann. Published by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, 200 Monroe Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Price, post-paid, $2.00; paper covers, $1.50.

This first volume of the "Spiritual Letters" of the Venerable Francis Mary Paul Libermann, first Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, gives us a glimpse into the interior of a truly saintly soul. They are written by a Jewish convert, who, from the first moment of his Christian life, became an ardent follower and lover of the Cross of Christ, and they bear upon them the imprint of his eminent sanctity. The words of the saints, who are continually docile to the workings of the Holy Spirit, have a wonderful efficacy in guiding souls. Hence we are not surprised to learn that these letters have already wrought untold good in other countries, and we gladly welcome their appearance in English. They will not create any great stir in the world at large, nor even be considered as a "popular book"; but "the spirit breatheth where He will," and many a devout soul will find in these pages comfort and guidance in hours of sorrow and gloom.

Meditations on Psalms Penitential. By the Author of "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office." B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 55 cents, net.

"A tired generation wandering bewildered through Time's desert, fevered with the spirit of analysis, sick with disappointment as one by one the mirages of its theories of life sink into sand and nothingness before its eyes, turns again and again by the sheer necessity of its being, to slake its thirst at the waters of the ancient wells of Life, preserved undefiled through the ages by the guardianship of the Catholic Church.

"Such deep and living wells are these psalms of penance. The profound spiritual experience which they reveal finds a response in the yearning of every unsatisfied heart; the assured faith of their inspired writer is a beacon-light to the perplexed and despondent. In them the true penitent has an inexhaustible fount of devotion; for the contrite soul can find no fitter words wherein to break silence and utter its lamentation before God."

A. M. D. G.

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A. M. D. G.

Fifty-Sixth Annual Commencement

OF

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

FORDHAM

New York City

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19th, 1901

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POSITIVISM.

ARTHUR M. A. KANE.

WHEN a gentleman with a reputation for learning and of acknowledged literary power pays a visit to a foreign country, he naturally arouses a lively interest among its people. Every means of recognition is employed in order to bring the distinguished traveler into prominence. Such was the character of the recent visit to our shores of Frederick Harrison, the President of the London Positivist Society and the acknowledged representative in our day of the peculiar doctrines of English Positivism. He has been entertained by our literary clubs. He has addressed audiences in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago. He has lectured in the Universities of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia. He has given an exhaustive exposition of his views on religion and morality in the March number of the *North American Review.*

As a gentleman of rare literary ability, Frederick Harrison commands our respect; as a brilliant defender of the rights of the weaker nations against the delirium of conquest which seems to have taken possession of the stronger nations of the day, he enlists our sympathy; but when he presents himself to the world as a religious teacher, who would obliterate from the hearts of men not only every vestige of Christianity, but even the belief in God's existence, with no other warrant for his teaching except the effrontery of persistent

assertion without proof, then we say that he is usurping a character which reason and the common sense of mankind cannot permit him to assume. And this is the character he has assumed when he comes amongst us as the high priest of Positivism.

What is Positivism?

As one writer tersely puts it, "It is the attempt to confine the human mind to the truths of arithmetic and geometry, astronomy, chemistry, biology and social science, to the exclusion of metaphysics, theology and the teachings of divine faith." With solemn complacency Positivism has decreed that whether there be a God or no is an enquiry perfectly useless and irrelevant to all mankind. Yet the advocates of this new illumination admit that the deepest instinct in the hearts of men is a tendency to worship, even if the objects of its adoration are to be the idols of paganism. They admit that man must have a religion; but they will not go beyond this world for their gods; and so they set up the ideal of Humanity on the throne of the Divinity and kneel down and adore it. Man must live and work, groan and agonize, for the benefit of an abstraction. There is to be no law-giver, no last judge for men, no beauty except that which fades like the withered rose, no immortality except posthumous fame, no life in the world to come where the soul is to find peace and happiness. Man must only look forward in grim despair, as the novelist of Positivism has expressed it, until—

> "Human time
> Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
> Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,
> Unread forever."

This is Positivism, or rather Negativism of all that is purest, noblest, holiest in our lives—the denial of the supernatural, the deification of humanity.

It is interesting to note the influences which have brought such an intelligent man as Frederick Harrison to his present way of thinking. He is an M. A. of Oxford. His youth has been nurtured in Protestantism. He is well acquainted with the contradictory doctrines of the warring sects of Christianity that are endeavoring to control men's souls in his native land. He has nothing but contempt for those rival religions. He calls them empty formulas, powerless to influence the minds of men.

"The Latitudinarian churches," he says, "are laboring to ease their own shoulders of creed, form and discipline.....in order to rise into a wider Christianity, into something more full of sweetness and light." In plain words, he says, "into something more vague." Frederick Harrison professes to be a man of rugged honesty, and in the heat of his indignation rejected all faith in the Protestant Christianity of his country. Having rejected English Protestantism, two courses were open to him: to accept Catholicity, which he admires—if this is any compliment to Catholics,—or to fall back upon the teachings of the natural sciences, without God, without soul, without immortality. Catholicity, which he admits has never yet shown any desire, like the other Christian churches, to apologize herself into a metaphor, he will not accept because he thinks his beloved Science is yoked in bondage to the chariot of Rome. He therefore embraced what is flaunted in our faces as free and independent science, but which we

think is pinioned and manacled by the principles of the narrowest philosophy of Europe—the English Protestant philosophy as taught by Bacon, Locke and Hume, and developed by Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley and Herbert Spencer—a philosophy which has severed the ties between heaven and earth, between the Creator and creature, because in its own sublime opinion it will not admit any truth as knowable unless it can probe it with a lancet, weigh it in a balance, see it under a microscope, or squeeze it into a table of statistics. It admits only phenomena and the laws it can derive from experiments. The sublime teachings of Paul, of Augustine, of Aquinas, it looks upon as dreams of childhood or the fairy tales of the nursery. Compared with the groveling, earthly tendencies of English Positive Philosophy, the dreamy mysticism of the German systems is ennobling and sublime;—Kant defends God's existence as a postulate of the practical reason.

But Frederick Harrison has crossed and recrossed the mighty Atlantic and found there no mark of divine work; he has traversed our beautiful country, over hill and dale, crossed rivers and plains, yet he has failed to see in the creature the handiwork of the Creator. Still we know that you might as well reason a seedling which is cast into the warm brown earth from not growing, as to suppress that undying energy of reason which is implanted in the minds and hearts of men from expressing its knowledge and belief in God's existence. The entire history of philosophy is the record of a struggle to cherish or to crush this truth in the minds of men. The battle-field of intellect, from the days of Democritus to Ingersol, is strewn with shattered arms, the wreckage

of the theories which with fiendish energy have risen to suppress it. But the irresistible power of human reason, supported by the invisible hand that created it, has always kept it in the foreground, unconquered and unconquerable; and the common consent of men has set its seal of approbation on the opprobrious epitaph of "fool," which the word of God would inscribe on the tomb of every atheist or agnostic.

Editorial Staff, 1900-01.

CATHOLICITY A SAFEGUARD OF OUR DEMOCRACY.

DENNIS J. HAGGERTY.

CATHOLICITY is not a recent visitor to our country. It is not a foreign influence endeavoring to engraft itself on the established institutions of our Republic. On the contrary, the first act of Christian devotion offered up in this fair land of ours was an act of Catholic worship. For Columbus the discoverer was Columbus the Christ-bearer; whose noblest ambition was to plant beneath the protection of the banner of his country the emblem of his religion. Among the log-built homes of the early French settlers the most prominent edifice was the Catholic Church. The Catholic settlement of Lord Baltimore in Maryland was almost simultaneous with the Episcopalian settlement in Virginia, and the Puritan settlement in New England. And any one who has the slightest acquaintance with American history knows that the Catholics of Maryland were the first community of this country to establish that principle of religious freedom which we all look to as one of the strongest bulwarks of our American liberties.

Few Catholics were Tories in the days of the Revolution. Few American gentlemen risked more, and no one signed the Declaration of Independence with a stronger and more determined hand than Carroll of Carrollton. Franklin and Carroll, the great Archbishop of Baltimore, may have differed in their religious creeds, but they

clasped hands in warm patriotism over the cradle of the infant Republic. The Civil War, too, had its Catholic heroes, whose names are yet fresh in our memories; and we, Fordham's youngest sons, have often caught some inspiration of patriotism from the life-story of those men who threw aside their books in yonder halls to take up the sword in defence of the Union. Many of them rest in soldiers' graves; some yet inspire us by their living presence.

Even the spot where we are assembled is surrounded by monuments of unobtrusive patriotism as well as of Catholicity. Every unprejudiced mind will admit that the religion that can inspire the erection of such institutions as the Catholic Protectory at Westchester, the schools for the education of the deaf and dumb at Throgg's Neck and Fordham, that has crowned yonder heights with the graceful spires of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, does not tend toward the destruction and death, but the development and well-being of our American Government.

Thus is Catholicity no foreign intrusion; no mere appendage in the development of American institutions. It is interwoven with the very texture of the republic. It was present at the very birth of the Declaration of Independence, it stood by the cradle of the infant republic. The diplomatic skill of Archbishop Carroll in securing the neutrality of Canada, and of Archbishop Hughes at the court of France, helped to save its life when it was threatened by foreign enemies and internal dissolution.

So far have I at least suggested the proofs that Catholicity in the past has contributed its proportionate share in the creation and the maintenance

of our American liberty. Permit me to give one brief argument to prove that it is the most effectual safeguard of its existence in the future.

Our nation to-day is the cherished home of democracy. It is looked upon as the most pronounced democratic community in the world; and whatever democracy may have meant in the days of the Declaration or when our Constitution was adopted, to-day it means the rule or sovereignty of the people. They regulate our domestic and foreign policy. They may elect representatives, but when elected they do not cease to obey the people. The representatives are the people's servants, and not their masters. The helm of state is not guided by any individual hand, but by the resultant forces of the action and reaction of the vast democracy. The will of the sovereign people is the arbiter of our national destiny. This may or may not be desirable—I simply state it as a fact.

If man was by his nature so enlightened, so actuated by the principles of honor and virtue, as never to be tempted to adopt any line of policy except that which wisdom and virtue dictated, then democracy could never have within it the germs of decay. But man is not so constituted. He needs some supreme influence to be a light to his mind and a support to his virtue.

Avarice and ambition and self-interest proved the ruin of the Greek and Roman Republics; is it not possible that the same forces may also be the destruction of modern republics? The people may guide the government according to their limited intelligence and will, but what power shall guide the people? There is only one power, that power that has been acknowledged as neces-

sary for the well-being of the state from the days of Numa to the days of Washington—the power of religion.

To restore order after the chaos which followed the Revolution in France, Napoleon found it necessary to again establish the Church. And Washington, in one of his speeches, has said: "While just government protects all in their religious rights, true religion affords to government its surest support."

But what religion is equal to the task of guiding the people? Will any of the Protestant sects suffice? I do not wish to say anything disrespectful of Protestantism, but since the fundamental principle of that religion is private judgment, since it asserts that it can regulate its own creed, it follows that this religion does not guide the people, but is guided by the people; does not rule the people, but is ruled by the people; cannot be a safeguard to democracy, because for its very existence it depends upon democracy.

The question again recurs:—What supreme power shall guide the people? There is none left except the Catholic religion. Catholicity is the only Christian religion that is not subject to the will of the people. It is the only religion that directs the thoughts and actions of men with an authority from which there is no appeal. Democracy, then, guided by Catholicity, has within it the elements of life and strength. Well may democracy be intrusted with the care of the government if the people place implicit trust in the divine authority of this religion to care for them.

The obedience which Catholics owe to their church does not annul the obedience which they owe to the state, for to whatever form of govern-

ment their destiny has assigned them, we always find them true and loyal subjects. In Spain they are monarchists, in England they are imperialists, in America they are lovers of the republic. They have fought for their king in France, they have fought for their emperor in Germany, and well have they fought for the republic in America. As Catholics they are true to their God; as citizens they are true to their flag, whatever colors may adorn its folds.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

ROBERT J. MCLAUGHLIN.

IN THIS busy age of science and material progress we are told that literature has lain dormant and that the world of letters, in clinging to the monuments of the past, has receded rather than advanced along the ways of learning. In a large measure this may be true; nevertheless a unique development—that of the historical novel—is arising out of the darkness in all its attractiveness, and appearing in what we hope is the dawn of a new literature.

In classic days anything as light and unreal as the historical novel would have been an impossibility. The sober Greeks and Romans had no history but that which they themselves were making. War and politics were their trades, and when they turned to literature verse was the medium, and mythology, not history, the theme. Through the Middle Ages men of letters seemed groping their way in darkness to discover the historical novel, but their efforts were futile, and not until the days of Walter Scott did the world know the attractions of that unique advance in novel writing, which to-day is the brightest landmark on our literary horizon.

In a very thoughtful essay, Prof. Branden Matthews of Columbia University has urged against the historical novel that it cannot be true to the times and the people of which it pretends to afford a description, because history, which gives the

bare outlines of events rather than the eccentricities and native genius of the past, is the foundation of the historical novel; and as the latter must by its very nature enter into minute particulars more fully than the former, it builds up a fabric untrue to its foundations, deriving its additional insight and information from the imagination of the author. This objection seems plausible, but it is unjust. The ideal of the historical novelist is founded on historical fact, is the true interpretation of history, the proper analysis of human action, and the just deductions of the master-mind. A word often betrays the heart and simple acts may tell the secrets of the soul. Human nature is confined to no age and to no clime, and so the philosopher of life may read between the lines of history, and discover the motives and the meaning of those who have acted their parts in the drama of life and have passed forever from the scene. It is therefore unjust to deny the truth of the author's ideals and to assume that history does not justify anything not contained explicitly in its pages. The historical novelist discovers the analogy between past and present, reads the human heart in the actions of men, and forms ideals which are essentially true because derived implicitly from history. No test of the truth of ideals is greater than the approval of mankind; for we all form opinions as to the characters of the past to some extent correct, and so when we read the ideals of the master-mind, the truth of his conceptions comes to us like a revelation, light is cast upon what we had searched for in vain, and we approve of the interpretation as the most probable which the facts can justify. The novelist therefore is an effective teacher of

history, since he makes its proper interpretation his life-work and his art. He reveals its beauty and its romance, and inspires it with life. He draws the sword of the warrior, and fights again upon the battle-field. He fills the dull eye of death with the fire of ardent life, and sounds the clarion of war in the ever-vital world of literature. His task is to give play to the imagination, to inspire with life, action and reality the tiresome narrative and the dull facts that fill the pages of history.

The foremost historical novelist of the day, according to eminent critics, is the great Polish writer Henryk Sienkiewicz. In his novels there is intense reality, and a comprehensive knowledge of human nature is displayed. The character of Nero, as understood by this famous novelist, is an acquisition which the student of history can never too fully prize. The wonderful description of the burning of Rome, while the vilest monster that this earth has ever known, stood by playing on the harp, and seeking inspiration from the roaring sea of flame which his incendiary hand had enkindled, is a perfect revelation to literary art and an imaginative painting which will know the glory of immortality.

In turning to our own country we find that one of the foremost historical novels of the times is "Richard Carvel." American statesmen, sailors and soldiers figure prominently in this book. The most powerful scene described is the naval battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. The imagination of the reader wanders back over the pathway of time to the bloody deck of Paul Jones' flagship, and pictures the sturdy captain snatching victory from the very jaws of

Major Egan and Staff.

death and defeat. The character of the great sailor as understood by Mr. Churchill is decidedly interesting and unique, and is withal a great improvement on the stern and silent personage that Fenimore Cooper has pictured in his novel, "The Pilot."

A sequel to "Richard Carvel" is the "Crisis," which at present is eliciting the enthusiastic praise of critics. The scene of the novel is laid in St. Louis during the Civil War. The heroine is a typical Southern lady and the hero a citizen of New England. The author seems to draw an analogy between the union of hero and heroine and the Union of North and South. Vivid character sketches are made of Lincoln, Sherman and Grant, the three foremost men of the North. The author has given us in the "Crisis" a fair and impartial account of some of the aspects of the great struggle for the Union, and has thus made a notable contribution to our modern historical novel.

In discussing a branch of literature which by its very nature is connected with the past, it is necessary to review some of the important influences and conditions which united in forming the historical novel as we know it in the present times. The ignorance which marked the period before the invention of printing would scarcely be credible in this age of comparative enlightenment. Men who could read and write in classical and mediæval times were honored as scholars of rare attainments by their less fortunate fellow beings. Under these conditions any adequate knowledge of history was, with the masses of the people, a moral impossibility. Whatever of past events was known was so intermingled with romantic

fictions and vague fancies that there was no place for the historical novel, since its fictitious and truthful components could not have been distinguished. There would have been no public taste to appeal to, no imagination to enliven and awaken with the pictures of the past, no sacred memories or treasured traditions to recall, and finally no adequate means of publishing and circulating the manuscript of the author.

A general acquaintance with a large body of written history is absolutely necessary for the existence and popularity of our novel. Such are the happy conditions which exist in the present times. The deeds of our fathers, the struggles of the early pioneers, the story of the Revolution with its victories, its privations, its stalwart defenders, and its happy termination, are fruitful themes which possess unlimited romantic possibilities, and must of their very nature create the historical novel, and grant to the novelist his interesting vocation. What could be more romantic than the fortunes and adventures of the great discoverer of America, who, after overcoming untold difficulties, finally crossed the wide waste of waters and entered a tropical paradise such as the Old World had never known, and whose beauties and wonders were the fond dream of European nations! What could afford greater scope for the imagination of the historical novelist than the conquest of Mexico, the riches and splendor of the regal Montezumas, the overthrow of their vast empire, and the introduction of Spanish influences which finally paved the way for the republic which to-day flourishes where the semi-barbarous Aztec once held sway! Or if he turn to our country, he may behold the glorious

struggle for freedom, the wondrous advance among the nations of our republic, the gallant battle for equal rights upon the seas when our commerce was threatened with annihilation by a hostile power. All our history is alive with the elements of romance and adventure, our sailors have ever triumphed on the sea, and our soldiers have ever borne the emblem of liberty on the field of battle with honor and glory to final victory.

In the United States the object of the historical novel seems to be to teach us the stirring history of our native land, and to reveal for the instruction of posterity the generous sacrifices which the patriots made for our liberty, that we may treasure it forever as a precious heritage. Its object seems to be to remind us that ours is a living history, active and glorious, and the pictures presented to modern readers of mighty events, of gallant achievements, of intrepid heroes and patriots whose names will ever be identified with the glory of the American Republic, stir a chord of sympathy in the hearts of our people, teach them the true worth of the founders of the republic, and inspire them to love that free government which the blood of our forefathers has redeemed for us to enjoy and perpetuate forever. It is therefore a sincere pleasure to behold the popularity of the historical novel, and to realize that through its means the bonds which connect us with the past are being daily strengthened. The ideals of the present age should be those heroes whose blood was shed on the altar of liberty in the name of American freedom, and hence any influence which revives the memory of the past, which teaches the children of the republic the true ideals to be imitated and loved, and which kindles anew in their hearts the

pure spirit of freedom, is to be fostered and commended, since it is a bulwark raised against the sinister spirit of conquest and commercialism which is beginning to poison the minds and pervert the hearts of America's sons.

The legends and memories of the past, recalling to us the battles and the strife of our ancestors, are not alone identified with mighty events, but also cast around our scenery, so rich in natural beauty, associations which endear those lovely places to the American heart, fill the primeval home of nature with the vigor of life and human interest, and make its rugged mountains and valleys monuments of glory to man. Let us then welcome the historical novel, the romantic teacher of history; let us centre our hopes in its rising glories, and let our first wish be that its fortunes will become identified with those of another Walter Scott, under whose magic touch the historical literature of the future will surpass the powerful productions of former times.

VALEDICTORY.

EDWARD F. JOYCE.

WE of the class of 1901 have arrived at the end of our college life. Duty bids us say good-bye to the years of preparation, that we may enter more fully into the years of action. Yes, though it is an honor and a triumph to be here to-day upon this platform, eagerly awaiting the moment when we shall, with beating hearts, receive that which is most dear to all college graduates, the Bachelor's diploma; and which, in our case, is enhanced and rendered more gracious and sacred, because we are to receive it from the hands of him who in our Archdiocese is the highest representative of that Church which is the venerable mother of learning and civilization; yet we cannot but feel at the same time the pain of being torn from the happy associations of our student life; from the halls where with varying success and failure we endeavored for the sake of knowledge,—

"To scorn delights and live laborious days;"

from the play-grounds, where we so often felt the enthusiasm which comes with victory, or the depression that accompanies defeat; from the encouraging and kindly presence of our professors and prefects, words which only coldly express the amiability which they manifested towards us; and from those peaceful altars from whence the best and holiest influences of our lives flowed into our souls.

It would be impossible for us, who have had the privilege of passing through all the grades and classes of old St. John's, to enumerate the many impressions that vie with one another for recognition in our memories to-day. But these our college days are no more. Never again as students shall we be admonished and instructed by our professors; never again shall we listen to their words of learning in the class-room. Yet I am sure that all we have learned by their teaching has taken firm root in our hearts, there to be, I hope, the foundation of great and noble deeds. In time to come, when we recall these days, we shall remember them as happy ones, never to be forgotten.

To you also, fellow students, we must bid farewell; you among whom we have enjoyed and spent so many happy hours. Some of you, perhaps, we may never again see; but we earnestly hope and pray that during the years you will remain here at Fordham, your life will be as happy and as free from care as was ours. And now, dear classmates, we must bid a last good-bye. For years we have been united in all our intentions and pursuits; have assisted each other in our daily intercourses; and now, when the day has arrived to which we have so patiently and yet so eagerly looked forward, a shadow envelopes and casts a gloom over the sunshine of our joy, because we who have enjoyed comradeship for so many years must to-day part.

To-day we enter into a world unknown to us, to fight out the battle of life for which we have endeavored to prepare ourselves. We start out alone in our pursuit of honor and success. We must be upright in all our dealings with others, if

we wish to obtain for ourselves respect and renown. We have loved, honored and respected one another during our life here; let us then, when we are each endeavoring to forge ahead in the race of life, remember this, and pray that each of us may obtain that success which our College and our friends expect from us.

Farewell, Fordham, home of our youth, farewell; never shall the scenes and pleasures we have enjoyed within thy walls fade from our memories; in this our last and prolonged gaze all shall be firmly imprinted on our hearts. Not alone for ourselves will we seek fame and prosperity, but for you also will we endeavor to attain and possess these worldy goods and honors. Success, happiness, whatever may be obtained in our future career, all—all of it will be attributed with grateful hearts to Alma Mater by the class of 1901.

THE COMMENCEMENT.

ONE more Commencement, the fifty-sixth, so eagerly looked forward to by the class of 1901, has now passed into the realms of history and the first graduates of the new century have gone forth from the portals of St. John's with the approbation and benediction of Alma Mater. Favored with bright sunshine and balmy air, honored by the presence of eminent prelates and clergy, and surrounded by hosts of distinguished men and admiring friends, the members of the class of 1901 went forth under auspices the most favorable and encouraging.

The friends and guests began to arrive soon after dinner, and by 2:30, the hour appointed, a large concourse of people had assembled in front of the old church, where the exercises were to be held. The stage, tastily decorated with streamers of maroon, was erected just in front of the old church, with the church's facade as its background. In front of this and between the double row of trees leading to the church entrance, seats were placed for the audience. Over the stage and spectators awnings were stretched to ward off the rays of the sun. Apart from this the auditorium was nought else than "Nature's temple."

About 2:30 P. M., His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, ascended the platform and took his seat upon the dais. He was accompanied by Right Rev. Monsignor Mooney, V. G., Rev. Father Rector, and a large number of distinguished clergy and laymen. These were followed by the members

of the graduating class and the other gentlemen who were to receive degrees. On the dais, to the right of His Grace, was seated Right Rev. Monsignor Mooney, while Rev. James J. Dougherty, pastor of St. Monica's Church, was seated on his left. There were also present the Revs. Monsignor Edwards, Thomas A. Hendrick, LL. D., David W. Hearn, S. J., President of St. Francis Xavier's College, Dr. Brann, Dr. McSweeney, Dr. McCready, Dr. Gordon, Dr. Moore, Dean McKenna, Gabriel A. Healy, James N. Aylward, John J. Keogan, James E. Bobier, John J. Carr, James N. Connolly, Thomas J. Donlon, Thomas R. Halpin, Joseph Busam, S. J., Michael D. Lennon, William A. Livingston, Michael J. McEvoy, Isidore Meister, Philip A. Meister, John Milo, Thomas F. Myhan, Daniel H. O'Dwyer, Charles Petitdemange, S. J., George E. Quin, S. J., and Rev. Brother Leontine, Director of the New York Catholic Protectory. Among the laymen present were Hon. Louis F. Haffen, Hon. John P. Dunn, J. Fairfax McLaughlin, Thomas B. Connery, John Mullaly, Dr. Jova, Dr. Leitner, Dr. Newman, and more than one hundred of the Alumni. After the overture by the 8th Regiment Band, came the speeches, which were interspersed by musical selections. The addresses were well delivered and attentively listened to by the audience. We give them in full elsewhere.

When the addresses were finished Rev. Father Rector read the Latin formula conferring the various degrees, after which the candidates approached in turn to receive their diplomas from the hand of His Grace, at the same time kissing his ring. The following degrees were conferred: Doctor of Laws,—conferred upon James Pech,

Ph. D., Mus. Doc., and James J. Walsh, '84, Ph. D., M. D.; Doctor of Philosophy,—conferred upon Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, A. M., Charles E. Sterling, '98, A. M., and Maurice J. McCarthy, A. B., A. M., (St. Fr. Xav.); Master of Arts,—conferred upon Hugh Kelly, Robert A. Sasseen, Theodore A. Madden, '68, Thomas A. Daly, '91, Philip Paulding Brant, '97, and George A. Daly, 1900; Bachelor of Arts,—conferred upon John J. Donohue, Dennis J. Haggerty, Richard V. Harrington, James V. Harwood, Henry Heide, Jr., Edward F. Joyce, Arthur M. A. Kane, Thomas Macmanus, Jr., Charles H. McKenna, Robert J. McLaughlin, John D. Sullivan, and William J. Timmins; Bachelor of Philosophy,—conferred upon William P. Curley.

After the conferring of the degrees, Rev. James J. Dougherty, '63, A. M., Ph. D., rose to address the graduates. Rev. Father Dougherty explained how he had been summoned at the last moment to fill the place of Hon. John T. McDonough, Secretary of State, who had been invited to address the graduates but was unable to be present owing to the death of his son. Doctor Dougherty's address, in spite of his limited time for preparation, was an earnest and impressive one. He complained of the apathy shown by Catholic laymen in matters pertaining to Catholic interests and the welfare of the Church. Too long, he said, have the priests been obliged to bear the burden alone, while Catholic laymen look on with indifference. As an example of the evil effects of such apathy in matters pertaining to Catholic interests, Father Dougherty cited the recent commission appointed to the Philippines, on which there was not a single Catholic. This is the more disgrace-

ful from the fact that the religion of the Islands is entirely Catholic, and Catholic missionaries havbeen laboring there for 300 years. Father Dougherty did not lay the blame for this on the Administration, as some of the newspapers have asserted, but on Catholics themselves for not having made the proper representations.

Next followed the award of medals and announcement of honors. The highest honors in the graduating class were won by Thomas Macmanus, Jr. Next in Merit, Richard V. Harrington and Arthur M. A. Kane, *ex æquo*. The Jouin Medal, founded by the College Alumni for the best examination in Evidences of Religion, was awarded to Dennis J. Haggerty. The Hughes Medal, founded by the late Eugene Kelly for the best examination in Mental Philosophy, was awarded to Thomas Macmanus, Jr. Next in Merit, Arthur M. A. Kane. A Purse of $50.00 in Gold, presented by the Alumni Association for the best essay in English Literature in the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore Classes, was awarded to Arthur M. A. Kane. Next in Merit, W. Henry Hoyt. Subject: Aubrey De Vere. The Gold Medal for Oratory and Composition, established by the class of '89, was awarded to Selden B. McLaughlin, '02. The Silver Medal for Elocution was awarded in the Junior Division to Louis C. Hartman, First Academic Class. The Proficiency Medals were awarded,—in the Junior Class, to Selden B. McLaughlin; in the Sophomore Class, to William J. Murray; in the Freshman Class, to Armin J. Sibbel. The Medal for Good Conduct among the Senior students was awarded to Edward T. Swetnam, '02.

His Grace then arose and complimented the

different speakers on their addresses, giving a short resumé of each and bringing out the salient points. Speaking of the second paper, "Catholicity," Archbishop Corrigan said he was reminded of a speech made recently at Yale, where a gentleman got up and said that the Catholic Church was the greatest enemy to patriotism with which the American had to contend, firstly, because it revealed the secrets of the confessional, and secondly, because the Catholics were subjects of a foreign potentate, the Pope. In referring to the secrecy of the confessional, His Grace said that every Catholic knows the reverence priests have for the Sacrament of Penance, and that a priest who would violate the secrecy of the confessional would be punished with the whole penalty of the Catholic Church, which is perpetual and absolute degradation, and that never more could he ascend the altar or perform his other priestly offices.

"The assertion that Catholics are immoral," said the Archbishop, "is too silly to refute. The assertion that Catholics are not loyal Americans, because they owe allegiance to the Pope, is almost as absurd. That the Holy Father commands our respect and veneration, we cheerfully declare. It is true, just as it is true the Almighty commands our respect and allegiance. But who would say, therefore, that our love for God interferes with our love of country? It makes us love it the more. It is a late day to question our allegiance. We came here with Columbus, and we have been here ever since. In 400 years the Church has done no harm, and especially has it done no harm in the last 100 years. It is safe to say that it will do no harm in the next 100 years

or 1,000 years. The Church, in fact, is to be the strongest defender of the nation. What are the great dangers of the future? They are socialism and anarchy, which are condemned by the Church. If these dangers are to be put down, the Church must do it, and so it is self-evident that the Church is a safeguard, not a danger."

His Grace then went on to speak of the false notions which cause many Catholic parents to send their children to non-Catholic or non-sectarian schools, to the detriment and even loss of their faith or morals. Such parents, allured by the hope of obtaining for their children worldly fame or social standing, forget what is of far greater importance, the salvation of their souls, and overlook Catholic institutions where true education may be obtained without exposure to evil and corrupting associations.

At the conclusion of the Commencement exercises the Alumni retired to Armory Hall to hold their elections for the ensuing year, with the following results: President, John P. Dunn, '80; Vice-Presidents, Rev. James J. Dougherty, '63; Hon. John T. McDonough, '68; Dr. George M. Edebohls, '71; Thomas E. Crimmins, '71; Rev. Michael J. Henry, '75; Louis Benziger, '89; Treasurer, Richard S. Treacy, '69; Recording Secretary, Robert E. McDonnell, '97; Corresponding Secretary, John E. Claffy, '98; Historian, Rev. J. H. Dooley, '87. After the election all adjourned to the students' refectory, where luncheon was served. About one hundred were present at table here, and fifty more dined with His Grace in the community refectory. The banquet over, the "Old Boys" began gradually to disperse, after expressing their good wishes for the prosperity

of Alma Mater, and carrying with them pleasant recollections of the Commencement of 1901.

DOCTOR DOUGHERTY'S ADDRESS.

Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, and Dear Young Friends:

THE absence of Mr. John T. McDonough, Secretary of State, is much to be regretted on this interesting occasion. I fear that I will in no way be able to fill his place, as your Very Rev. President declares. But no one could refuse at the last moment his earnest request to come and say something to you, the graduates of 1901. Our sympathy goes out to Mr. McDonough, on the threshold of whose home Death has cast its shadow. We all pray that the light eternal may shine upon the soul of his departed boy.

What shall I say to you, young men, graduates of 1901. I am reminded of a story that an old parishioner of mine used to tell me. He was a repeater of the pronounced type. You know the class. A venerable old priest in Ireland was accustomed to preach Sunday after Sunday to his congregation the same sermon. Now he delivered it in Gælic. (Perhaps it meant more in Gælic.) I will not give you the original for two reasons: First, you are not likely to understand it; and secondly, I don't know how myself. The sermon was this: "Do good and shun evil, and you know how to do this as well as I can tell you." After all, my dear young friends, this is the sum of all ethics. This is the epitome of the whole scripture, for the Holy Ghost says: "Fear God and keep His commandments,—this is all man."

Young men, your days have been days of peace in the land-locked waters of your Alma Mater. You have been watched over and guided by watchful masters, you have been spurred by generous competitors, you have been buffeted by no great storm; but now you go forth into the open, where waves of opposition will bar your progress, where rivalry will stop at no means to defeat you. You must bend to your oars, you must be sustained by a manly determination to leave no means untried to accomplish your ambitions. You have builded castles in the air this many a day,—and I pity the young man who has no day dreams—who does not try to give to these airy fancies a habitation and a name.

Gentlemen, build your castles in the air; with the brush of fancy give them the colors of the rainbow, and let the light of hope shine upon their pillars and their domes, but put under them the strong foundations of integrity of life; lay the courses of industry and sobriety; let the bond be perseverance,—and there is no reason why, in twenty or thirty years from now, your Alma Mater should not rejoice to see that "the baseless fabric of a dream" has been realized, and that phantom walls have been solidified into a real edifice, and that your hopes have become consummated facts.

What a glorious century you young and earnest men are entering upon. In all directions progress has made a marked increase. The earth has been forced to give up her secrets, and the sun has told the matter of which it is composed, and man's ambition has reached out to touch and hold converse with the stars. In the mechanical arts, wonders follow wonders. Man has not only taken Emerson's advice and hitched

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his wagon to a star, but he has cabined the ætherial forces of the air and made them do his bidding. Of all things evanescent, he has captured sound itself, and the saying of Horace, "*Vox emissa nunquam revertit*," he has discredited by the mysterious mechanism of the phonograph. You are to be congratulated, as citizens of the United States, that you will have a part and perhaps a directing voice in its future development, that upon you and others like you must depend the truth of the classic saying of the immortal Lincoln upon the field of Gettysburg, that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

You are to be congratulated that you are members of the Roman Catholic Church, that the knowledge of religious truths has been instilled by these devoted Fathers, that your moral faculties have been developed, and that religious truth has imparted a knowledge of your obligations and your duties. Your religious education has been attended to, and now you go forth unharassed by spiritual doubts, knowing your destiny, and guided in your religious life, with all Catholics in common, by the voice of the Vicar of Christ, the successor of Peter, Leo XIII.

What is one of the needs of the day? We must look to our Catholic Colleges to fulfil it. Surely it is an intelligent and earnest laity. Think you, if the intelligent Catholic forces of the world were united, that our Holy Father would be still sighing for the air of liberty, and that he, the Vicar of Christ and the teacher of 200,000,000 of Catholics in all parts of the world, would be subject to the king of Italy? We have seen what Catholic united laymen have done.

The Count de Mun has united the Catholic laboring classes of France, and stayed by his bold defense of Catholic rights those anarchistic forces of France that once brought about the horrors of the Commune, and would again deluge the streets of Paris with the blood of her children.

We have seen Windhorst in the German Reichstadt unite the Catholic centerparty, and awaken from its sleep the Catholic press of Germany, and bring to his knees the man of blood and iron, Bismarck, who declared he would not go to Canossa like Henry the Second, but who finally, by the removal from the statute book of the Falck laws, confessed his defeat and sought the aid of the centerparty whom he had previously despised. Need I tell you of the heroic actions of one man who aroused to life the deadened hearts of his countrymen, and welded together a divided people, who, under the wondrous control of Daniel O'Connell, with united voice demanded, and successfully demanded, from frightened King George and Lord Wellington the repeal of Catholic disabilities?

Is there not as much need in our country of earnest and Catholic men in public affairs? We have seen the arms of the United States stretched out in East and West, meeting in the Philippines and holding them subject to its domination. In the Commission sent to govern these islands we find the name of not one Catholic, and yet these Filipinos are a Catholic people. They have resisted in the past the power of the Chinese that would have orientalized them; they have fought successfully against the Mahommedan fanaticism which would have stagnated them; they have been, and they are Christian Catholic people because

they are the fruits of the labor of three hundred years of the now despised and condemned friars. They are a civilized people, strongly attached to their faith and country, and because the voice of united Catholic laymen has not been heard, not one member of our Church has been placed on that commission to the Philippine Islands,—not one who has any knowledge of their faith and any sympathy with their Catholic traditions. What answer can the Catholic laymen—what answer should they make to this fact ?

I will not speak of the Indian contract schools, but I will say that if the Catholic laymen had been united, as were the lobbyists of other denominations at Washington, the great injustice of withdrawing the support from these Catholic Indian schools would not have been perpetrated.

Young gentlemen, be interested in Catholic good works, keep in touch with all Catholic public questions; and now I give voice to the feelings of your teachers, I express the sentiments of your parents and friends, and of your Alma Mater, when I say to you with all my heart, Godspeed !

ADDRESS OF THE HON. JOHN T. McDONOUGH, LL. D.*

THE compliment paid me in inviting me to address the graduating class of St. John's to-day, recalls to my memory the kindly greetings I received from Father Doucet, the good old President of the College, thirty-eight years ago, when I came here as a student; and the generous treatment and earnest efforts of the faculty in my behalf during the succeeding three years. In all the period that has since elapsed, I have treasured the fondest recollections of this College, and of the pious, earnest and learned men who then taught its classes and conducted its affairs; and a feeling of sadness comes upon me when I walk among their graves in yonder churchyard, where

"Each in his narrow cell forever lies."

There, inscribed on plain slabs, are the names of Fathers Doucet and Nash, Glackmeyer and Tissot, Shea, Costin and others—illustrious men who labored most faithfully here for the reward of the great hereafter. Since those days of long ago, many alterations have taken place about the College, which now occupies stately buildings in the place of those that were then old and inadequate, and whose beautiful campus, then considered far in the country, is now encircled by the

* The above address was not delivered, owing to the death of Mr. McDonough's son. We take pleasure in publishing it, however, knowing that it will prove of interest to the readers of the MONTHLY.
—*Editor.*

great city. But the changes that have taken place beyond your gates are more marked and more significant than those in the College.

In 1863 the Civil War was at its height. The sieges and battles and campaigns which culminated in the fearful three days struggle at Gettysburg, had sent mourning into every household, and left a vacant chair at almost every table. Public thought and public discussion, during those dreadful days, turned towards the consideration of grave and great events, involving questions of peace and war, of freedom and slavery, of a united and a divided nation. Days of fasting and prayer were frequently appointed, and men seemed to be imbued with strong religious fervor, with splendid patriotism, and with a determination to fight to the end at any cost, for principle, for liberty and for national unity.

Times and men have changed very much since that war. With the return of peace, and the revival of business; with continuous prosperity, the accumulation of vast wealth, and the constant efforts to increase it in a sort of geometrical progression; with the mad strife for money going on hourly, the majority of the leaders of the people nowadays seem to think and act as if there exists but one object to live for, and that is, gain.

I believe that religious men, conscientious men, and men of true principles and patriotism are not as numerous now, in proportion to the population, as they were forty years ago. With higher criticism, and consequent scepticism shaking the foundations of faith; with court calendars crowded with divorce cases, which have the effect of breaking up families, and sundering the marriage tie; with secularism in the schools, and "commercial-

ism" in politics; with fraud, gambling, larceny, perjury and embezzlement so common in the community as not to cause astonishment, indeed, as scarcely to cause adverse criticism, is it to be wondered at that thoughtful, far-seeing men should become alarmed for the future of the people, and should earnestly appeal for a more elevated public conscience?

Is it to be wondered at that the distinguished President of Yale should go all the way to the University of California, as he did recently, to urge upon the people of the Pacific slope the necessity of developing a higher moral sense—a more enlightened conscience? In that timely address, he complained that, "under present conditions people are making light of their obligations to others, because they are taught to regard business and politics as games with no obligation profounder than the rules, and no authority higher than the umpire."

Is it any wonder that the senior Senator of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in his Lincoln's Birthday address, while praising his state for its material prosperity and its civil and religious freedom, complained bitterly of corruption in high places, and advocated as the remedy a more strict observance of the Golden Rule? Is it any wonder that a short time ago, ex-Mayor Hewett, a practical business man of wide experience, denounced the present conditions of society, under which, he said, "humanity is robbed of its just rights, under which the production of wealth goes on at the expense of humanity, and wherein the moral tone of the people has retrograded, within a few years, to such an extent as to cause thoughtful persons to contemplate the future

with serious concern ?" Is it any wonder that Poultney Bigelow, after lecturing lately at Harvard, Yale and elsewhere, went back to tell his London friends that "commercialism" is running riot in the United States, where "great combinations coin ideas into money, and exercise a blighting influence on the morals of the people ?"

"America," he said, "needs a thorough arousing of public conscience. She needs men to deliver her from the slavery of human beings."

Yes, my friends, we need other Sewards and Sumners, other Garrisons and Phillipses, to talk to the people of "a higher law," a law higher than the "rules of the game," higher than the umpire—a law higher than ordinances and codes and constitutions,—the eternal law of God. We need strong, brave, vigorous men who do not worship Mammon, who are not for sale, who are not afraid to follow the commandments and the laws of the Church.

Unless the people of this fair land of ours give more thought to the "higher law," and guard most vigilantly the conscience of the people, particularly the young; unless more attention, more time and more effort be given to the inculcation of a higher moral standard in the breasts of the young and old, the liberties, independence and individuality of the masses will surely be imperilled.

We have, it is true, free schools for which the people of this state expended more than thirty-four and a half millions of dollars last year; we have cheap text-books; we have manuals of patriotism; we have the state assuming the rights and duties of parents; we have gigantic trusts and combinations, and unlimited wealth,—but those alone will not save us;—all these do not make men;

a state does not make men ; a machine does not make men.

India and China have had schools and text-books and civil service reformers for over ten centuries, and yet they are not models to be followed. Sparta was so desirous of having strong, brave and bright men that she threw aside the natural rights of parents, and took to herself the training and education of the children, even teaching the boys how to steal in order to make them smart, so that they could overcome the enemies of the state, and yet Sparta failed and fell.

The character of a nation, it is said, is determined by the character of the people who compose the nation. Men who are merely smart or clever, who are merely lovers of beauty, do not make a great state; nor does great wealth bring with it freedom from anxiety and pain and trouble.

But what and where, you may ask, is the remedy ?

Does it lie in the raids of a committee of five or of fifteen? Is it in appealing to the legislature for more stringent laws? Is it in the adoption of the curfew ? Is it in a stricter enforcement of the penal code, or the application of the policeman's club ?

Not at all ! We must go back to first principles ! We must go to the very foundations of society, and begin to build well there. We must go to the guidance and direction and teachings of the old Church, "the mother of universities," wherein it is said, "every truth is welcome, because every truth is sacred ; " to the old Church, which "at the same time makes scholars and saints ; " the Church which always insists on dealing out equal and exact justice to all men; which insists on

following the higher law; which teaches that labor is honorable and that laborers are not to be treated as slaves, or considered as so much brute matter, or forced to be utilized for the sole purposes of enabling others to become millionaires.

You may recall the incident related of the Emperor Nicholas, who ordered his engineers to lay down a railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow. They brought him a map showing a snake-line line. As he looked at it, he said: "Why do you make the line so crooked?" "We turned this way and that way," was the reply, "to reach the travel of outlying places." The emperor drew a straight line between the two cities and said: "Build that straight road." "But what will become of this town and that city?" was asked. "I don't know," said the emperor, "they must look out for themselves."

Young gentlemen of the graduating class of 1901, for your future guidance and direction there has been laid down a straight and safe road; it is the direct line to truth, justice, peace, good will and happiness. Wealth, power and glory may be acquired by departing from it, by going through life by devious and crooked ways, but wreck and ruin will ultimately follow the man who leaves the true track. In this College you have had the advantages not only of a solid religious education, but you have also been taught arts and science, history, literature and philosophy.

You have had the great advantage also of being under the tutorship, direction, and supervision of members of a society composed of learned, just, earnest and fearless men; a society which has not hesitated to do its duty and carry on its work even in the face of the gravest peril; a society which,

in every generation, since the days of Loyola and Xavier, has given to the world splendid examples of the men who endured banishment, imprisonment and even suffered death rather than give way to popular clamor, or surrender their right to instruct their students, not only in the secular branches, but also in all that stands for religion, manhood, courage and good character.

You are, therefore, well fitted for the battle of life, and you should go forth with a firm determination to uphold the honor and dignity and high standard of old St. John's. It is encumbent upon you to show by your example, by your everyday life, that your College sends out men in the full sense of the word, and thereby to prove that the system of education advocated by its authorities is superior to that obtained in other and more pretentious schools.

And now, in conclusion, permit me to say to each one of you that—

"Corruption wins not more that honesty.
"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
"To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,
"Thy God's and Truth's; then if thou fall'st * * *
"Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

ALUMNI HISTORIAN'S REPORT.

AN ENDING AND BEGINNING CENTURY.

THE historian of the Alumni Association finds himself in the position of a personal apologist, though his duties make him a panegyrist of brother alumni. The historian has put nothing on record for the last two years, but not because there was not material in plenty to furnish subject matter for a report. In the years agone, as students some of us sighed for an Alumni Association more actively interested in the College and students. Something may still be desiderated, but much has been done. Certainly the old student feeling that alumni are lacking in a sense of duty towards their student successors, is no longer justifiable. The last five years have seen many changes in this respect and the culmination of alumni sympathy and cooperation for college work has come just as the dawning of the new century makes it a hopeful omen of alumni interest for the future. My official duties limit my account of things done to these last two years, or much might be said of the unselfish efforts of the alumni officers who in a lustrum have effected a practical resurrection of alumni interest.

The closing year of the century saw one of the most successful dinners that the alumni have ever had. During the baseball season, material aid of a very substantial kind was rendered to the Baseball Association. Commencement Day saw the presentation of the purse for the foundation

of the Jouin Memorial Medal, the first serious alumni contribution in years. The opening year of the century found a united Alumni Society dining with the most homelike feeling in the Catholic Club. The number at the dinner was the largest that has ever gathered on such an occasion in Fordham's history. The general feeling of cordial good fellowship awakened on the occasion was of a character calculated to draw Fordham men closer and closer together and give them ever renewed interest in Alma Mater. This dinner proved the occasion of the proposal from our worthy President, of fraternal union among Catholic college men. This will undoubtedly soon bear solid fruit in the organization of a Catholic University Club, or at least in the establishment of a department of the Catholic Club where Catholic college graduates from within and without the city will find suitable opportunities to meet and know and appreciate each other.

Memorial Day, a recent establishment, found a fitting celebration in the opening year of the century. Some fifty old students gathered in the halls of Alma Mater in memory of the brothers that are no more. They were entertained with a hospitality worthy of old St. John's, and the sentiments expressed by all make it clear that Memorial Day has come as a lasting feature of College life —an anniversary that is to renew college feelings as no other can.

The most striking event in the history of alumni happenings during the year was the successful establishment of the Fordham Promenade as a feature of New York Catholic social life. The first "Prom" was thoroughly enjoyed by those

who were present, and there seems no reason to doubt that this institution is to remain as one of the Fordham events of recurring years. How much of the success of this is due to the unselfish efforts of the Alumni's retiring board of officers and especially to our Reverend President, only those who have been close to them in their work will ever know. It seems easy to recognize how much such a prominent social feature will mean for Fordham's reputation in the century just opening. Social prominence is looked upon as the hall-mark of success, and the substantial aid rendered to the Baseball Association makes possible the athletic prominence which counts for so much in college life in these modern days.

On the whole, there seems every reason to hope that the re-awakening of the Alumni Society is to make it a permanent force in college life in the century that opens so auspiciously. If the beginning is half the battle, then indeed much has been already accomplished. *Quod faustum vertat.*

JAS. J. WALSH, '84.

"THE BLACK ARROW."

AS PRESENTED BY THE STUDENTS OF ST. JOHN'S HALL, FORDHAM COLLEGE, JUNE 12th, 1901.

Quince.—Here is the scroll of every man's name which is thought fit to play in our interlude.

Bottom.—Then read the names of the actors and so grow on to a point.

Quince.—Masters, here are your parts, and I entreat you to con them by to-morrow night.

Bottom.—A very good piece of work, I assure you.

Midsummer Night's Dream,
Act 1, Scene II.

THE "small boy" has once more asserted himself at St. John's College, Fordham, the honors in the closing dramatic effort of the scholastic year having been carried off by the students of St. John's Hall on June 12th, just one week before Commencement.

The piece which afforded the opportunity for demonstrating at this time what the boys under careful training can accomplish, was not any of the hackneyed pieces more or less familiar to college dramatic associations.

It was an entirely new creation—a dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's novel, "The Black Arrow," the scenes and events of which are of the period of the Wars of the Roses, when York and Lancaster fought for supremacy in the reign of the hapless Henry VI. of England. The adaptation of the novel to the requirements of dramatic art was the work of Mr. Thomas Gaffney Taaffe, '90, under whose direction it was produced with remarkable success, in the face of unforeseen and unexpected difficulties.

The following is an outline of this plot, with cast of characters engaged in its representation :

DICK SHELTON	ARTHUR J. EGAN
SIR DANIEL BRACKLEY	GEORGE V. MCNALLY
SIR OLIVER THROOP	DANIEL W. CORCORAN
BENNET HATCH	WILLIAM J. FALLON
JACK MATCHAM	VICTOR V. GLEISES
NICK APPLEYARD	ALFRED B. MACKAY
LORD FOXHAM	CECIL A. FITCH
LORD RISINGHAM	REGINALD T. LYNCH
ELLIS DUCKWORTH	GEORGE HOYT
WILL LAWLESS	HUBERT A. MCNALLY
KIT GREENSHEVE	JOSEPH A. COOGAN
JOHN CAPPER	HENRY P. HEWES
TOM CUCKOW	JACOB KELLER
PIRRET	JOHN A. MCGRAW
ARBLASTER	CHARLES ARNOLD
CLIPSBY	STEPHEN J. MCTAGUE
CONDALL	HUGH F. MCLOUGHLIN
THROGMORTON	LAWRENCE BROWN
GOFFE	HENRY DALLMEYER
CARTER	LAWRENCE C. CURLEY
HUMPHREY	THOMAS J. P. CONLON
BOWYER	JAQUES SAFFORD
HAWKSLEY	JOHN A. MOLLOY
PAGE	SYDNEY DUFFY

OUTLAWS.—Masters Dowd, O'Reilly, Cella, Brehany, Berenguer, Mackay and Duffy.

SOLDIERS.—Masters Fitch, Morrin, Richter, Malhami, Curley, Butler, Repetti, and Amor.

Sir Daniel Brackley (Master Geo. V. McNally), the lord of Tunstall Moat House, is an adherent of the House of Lancaster for the time being, and has issued an order that all his retainers and men-at-arms be mustered and sent to him at Ketley, where a battle between the forces of York and Lancaster is imminent. *Sir Daniel* has the reputation of being a harsh and exacting master, vacillating as regards his patriotism, and has been charged with the murder of Sir Harry Shelton,

father of *Richard* or *Dick Shelton* (Master Arthur J. Egan), whom he has reared as his ward. The friends of Sir Harry Shelton, determined to avenge his death, formed a secret society known as "The Brotherhood of the Black Arrow"—the leader of which is *Ellis Duckworth* (Master George Hoyt), and the haunts of the Brotherhood the Tunstall Woods.

The mustering of the men is entrusted to *Dick Shelton*, and it is arranged that a sufficient number is to be left to garrison the Moat House, under the leadership of an old veteran follower of *Sir Daniel—Nick Appleyard* (Master Alfred B. Mackay)—who, however, is shot down in his doorway by the Black Arrow Brotherhood, the arrow with which he was shot being black, having an inscription that it was from "John Amend-All." A communication was also found affixed to the door of *Appleyard's* cottage setting forth the names of the men doomed for their participation in the Shelton murder.

The expected battle has taken place in the meantime, and the Lancastrians are defeated, *Sir Daniel's* forces are scattered, and in the disguise of a leper he endeavors to reach the Moat House through the Tunstall Woods, where many of his men are shot down by the "Black Arrow" gang of outlaws. *Jack Matcham* (Master Victor V. Gleises), a young lad whom *Sir Daniel* carried off for purposes of his own from *Lord Foxham* (Master Cecil A. Fitch), is finally lodged in the Moat House where *Sir Daniel* and the remnants of his men are beleaguered by their enemies, the most active of which are *Ellis Duckworth* and the Brotherhood of the Black Arrow, who have finally succeeded in securing the aid of *Lord Foxham* in their attempt on the Moat House.

"The Black Arrow."
Presented by the Students of St. John's Hall, June 12th, 1901.

In the meantime *Dick Shelton*, having heard of the murder of his father, is pressing *Sir Daniel* and his secretary, *Sir Oliver Throop* (Master Daniel W. Corcoran), for some intelligence on this subject, and is growing so persistent, that *Sir Daniel* determines on murdering him. The details of the plot are overheard by *Jack Matcham*, who communicates them to *Dick*, whom he is determined to stand by. The door in which they are located is broken open, and *Dick* manages to escape through a window by means of a rope used by *Throgmorton* (Master Lawrence Brown), an emissary of *Sir Daniel* who had been sent to obtain relief for the Moat House from *Lord Risingham* (Master Reginald T. Lynch), a Yorkist leader. The relief is sent, and in the meantime *Dick* has joined the outlaws, and they with *Lord Foxham* attack the Moat House, which they capture, *Sir Daniel* being shot down by *Ellis Duckworth* as the last victim of the Black Arrow.

In explanation of my previous remark that the play was produced under difficulties, I should state that within a few days of the date set for the performance Master Paul Gleises, who was to have sustained the *role* of *Dick Shelton*, was stricken with pneumonia, and on short notice the part was taken up by Master Arthur J. Egan, the lines all committed to memory, and the part worked up so faithfully as to elicit well-deserved praise for his creditable performance. The participants had also to contend with the difficulty of delivering their lines, not in the vernacular of the present day, but in the style peculiar to the fifteenth century, so that, taken as a whole, it was a creditable performance all round, considering the amount of action that the play called for, and the

text matter to be committed to memory, just at the time the boys were supposed to be preparing for commencement examination. That they proved deserving of the generous plaudits bestowed on them by a delighted and appreciative audience, goes without saying.

As is usually the case, some of the characters were charged with more responsibility than others. *Dick Shelton* was in a large measure the hero of the piece, which Master Egan seemed to realize; and *Jack Matcham* was of equal interest and importance, and received at Master Gleises' hands the same amount of intelligent attention. The part of *Nick Appleyard* was very well interpreted by Master Mackay, and in the same manner the part of *Clipsby*, an unimportant part in itself, was made interesting to an unusual degree by Master McTague. Master Hubert McNally, as *Will Lawless*, was admirable. His irresistible drollery in his capacity of cook to the outlaws, and indeed whenever he appeared, gave promise of talent of a very desirable order, and I expect in the time to come he will be heard from as a bright light in the Dramatic Association. The *Sir Oliver Throop* of Master Corcoran, and *Bennet Hatch* of Master Wm. Fallon, were equally deserving of favorable comment. In fact, it is not saying too much to put the entertainment down as one very creditable to the young students as a whole, and to each and every boy who took part in the production of the "Black Arrow" the feeling that he did something of which he may feel proud and satisfied.

The play was well staged and costumed under the direction of the author, Mr. Taaffe, and the impression produced upon the audience individ-

ually may, in my opinion, be very well gauged by that produced on one of them, who owns to having been a very delighted—

SPECTATOR.

A YEAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Diary of the Rev. Father Tissot, S. J., Military Chaplain.

(*Concluded.*)

JULY 2d, 1862.—I was sick about ten days, saying Mass in the morning, but keeping my room pretty much the whole day. But the other chaplains enjoyed excellent health and were not idle. They visited several Catholic families. One of the chaplains, who was a strong Northern man, went so far as to say that the only hope of the South was in entire submission. This gave great offence; for the Catholics of Richmond, if we except the Germans and a few Irish, were strongly for the South. Anonymous letters were written to General Winder, complaining that Yankee chaplains were loose through the city, that they were saying Mass, and that one of them was expected to preach the following Sunday; that Catholics, whose obligation it is to hear Mass every Sunday, were thus compelled to attend the ministrations of Yankee chaplains.

Winder communicated these to the Bishop, with the request that these worthy chaplains should not say Mass and should be kept at home. The Bishop read me the General's letter. "Well, then," said I, "I suppose we shall have to abstain from saying Mass." "Oh, no," said he, "I am master at home. You can say Mass in my house at all events, and you can say it in the church on week days; as to Sundays, we shall see." The

following Sunday he preached a beautiful sermon on charity, which was like oil poured over the waves. He did not allude to the chaplains' trouble, but every one could easily make the application. After a few days all restriction as to our movements was taken away.

As soon as I got tolerably well I went to the Libby prison, where the sick prisoners were. The prisons were tobacco warehouses. The prisoners were in a very pitiably condition. The authorities seemed to do what they could for them; still they were very poorly off. Some were lying on the bare floor stark naked. And such a stench! They were rather overcrowded, and it was so hot, and the sinks were in the rooms themselves. I called several times and heard some confessions. One afternoon I was obliged to clear out of the room or I would have fainted. Thanks to the exertions of Father Scully, we got some money from several parties and bought a cartload of bread, which we distributed among the most needy. The officers occupied the lower floor, and were pretty comfortable. Among them I saw Col. St. Charles of the Tammany Regiment (42d N. Y.). I met also a few belonging to my regiment. Two of them were employed in the prison kitchen, and they at least did not starve.

Father O'Hagan was acquainted with several of the government officials who had received their education at Georgetown. Through their influence we obtained the favor of taking away our horses. Father O'Hagan's was at the Bishop's. But where was mine? It had been taken from Father O'Hagan's servant on reaching Richmond and nobody could tell what had become of it. I was given full liberty to hunt it up among the

government horses, but to no purpose. Once as I was coming out of the Libby prison, my attention was attracted to a horse tied to a post. That saddle looked so much like mine; it must be mine, for it was of a peculiar make. I made sure it was mine from a peculiar mark, for the bullet which had killed my first horse had pierced a part of the saddle. It was my saddle, but not my horse. On inquiry, I ascertained that the horse belonged to Captain Warner, the prisoners' Quartermaster, the one charged to get their food. He was a good fellow and I had no difficulty in getting my horse. He was a Northern man, from Ohio, where his wife and family were living at the time. He gave me a considerable sum of money (greenbacks) to send to his wife, which I faithfully did afterwards. "Last year," he said, "I was very popular with the prisoners. We had plenty of means; we could feed them well then, but now I have to stint them and I am hated in consequence."

18th—We are to leave to-morrow for Petersburg after a sojourn of 17 days in Richmond. We were not paroled, but simply let go without any condition or promise of any kind. If we were not let go before, it was because there had been no one going north, no exchange of prisoners. But there was to be no accommodation for our horses. Father O'Hagan sold his to the Bishop. I sold mine to Father O'Hagan for $200 in good Northern currency, payable in two years after the war. He gave me his note to that effect; it was the last I ever heard of it. Father O'Hagan is not the man to be troubled often with too much money. I never claimed payment, and it was never offered.

We left Richmond at 4 A. M., under the care of

a Captain Baily. We took breakfast at Petersburg, where we halted for several hours. We were visited by Father Mulvey and several Catholic ladies, who brought us food, pies, cakes, etc. The train contained Northern soldiers who were being exchanged. On passing through Petersburg they were hissed by civilians (mostly loafers) in a most ugly way. Soldiers never hiss one another. In the afternoon the cars brought us to the James River where we took the boats. I heard some confessions during the night.

20th—We reached City Point at 7 A. M. At 10 A. M. I was in my camp at Harrison's Landing. Needless to say that my return caused great joy. Nobody knew what had become of me. I had no chapel, but was able to use that of one of the chaplains (Ouellet or Dillon) who was absent.

29th—Went to the 14th Regulars and heard 51 confessions. Saw Captain Coppinger, who had been a zouave and had served under Lamoriciere.

30th—Much sickness among the men. Buried Lemon of my regiment, whom I had baptized whilst he was delirious.

31st—Buried one of my men, Kennedy, and one of Captain Lamson's men in the 16th Mass. During the night the rebels succeeded in planting a few guns on the opposite side of the James River and blazed away at us at a furious rate. They were dislodged by daylight. Very little harm was done. One or two men were killed, and there was considerable alarm. No shell came near our camp.

August 2d—Lamson came to hear Mass and receive Communion. On leaving he left a gold dollar on my table. Dined with Lamson in the 16th Mass. and heard 20 confessions there.

I was anxious to get a furlough. I was in want of clothing and was getting sick again. I was anxious to go at once, but were I to obey the regulations, I could hardly expect to get it before six or eight days. My application had to go to my Colonel and then to the Brigade General and Division General, and finally to McClellan, and after being approved by them all, to come back the same way. It was expressly forbidden for anyone to take his own application from one general to another. However, I thought I would try. I had no difficulty with my Colonel, nor with the brigade commander, Col. Dikeman of the 1st N. Y., who was commanding in the absence of the General. I knew Dikeman well. But the trouble was with General Kearney, the Division General. I was afraid of him. He was an awful curser, they said. Once hearing a man curse from his tent, he went to him. "Who authorizes you to curse? Don't you know that I am doing all the cursing of his Division?"

I applied to his adjutant and told him to present my application. He told me I had better do it myself. "Well, then, announce me," I said. He did so, and I was told to beard the lion in his den (tent). But he proved to be a lamb. He received me most kindly, sent for wine and cigars, talked about the Catholic religion, about which he entertained romantic notions. He thought the Catholic Church could and should stop the war. He was a brave and generous soul, very popular with the soldiers. He had served in Africa in the French Army. He was killed shortly afterwards. He had been divorced and had married again. His first wife and daughters had become Catholics; one of the daughters joined the Ladies of the Sacred

Heart some years later. Of course my application was granted. From Kearney I had to go to Corps Commander, Gen. Heintzelman. A friend made it all right with him. Finally I went to McClellan's headquarters, where Col. Handy and Capt. McMahon befriended me. It took me a day to get my furlough, and it was only for eight days.

The following day I went down the James River and in the evening took the boat at Fortress Monroe for Baltimore, where I arrived in the morning and took the cars for Washington. Went at once to the War Department to have my furlough extended to three or four weeks. McClellan had granted me only eight days, because he could not grant a longer time. I called at the Adjutant's office and saw Col. Garesché, with whom I was acquainted. From him I learned that Stanton had reserved to himself personally the granting of all furloughs. I had therefore to call on him, which I disliked very much. I had to wait a long time for his coming. I then ventured timidly into his office. There was no chair in the room, but only a table in the middle of it. He took no notice of me. After a while I approached him and stated that I wanted a furlough. He cut me short by saying that he attended to the furloughs on Monday (it was then Tuesday), and went to the next room where some people were waiting for him. I awaited his return and again approached him. "I have been a prisoner in Richmond," I said. The word "prisoner" molified him at once. "Oh, you have been a prisoner. Well, what do you want?" "A furlough." "Well, apply downstairs at the Adjutant's office." "I did, but was told that you alone grant furloughs." "Who told you so? Tell the

party to come up." Garesché and Stanton were on bad terms. I believe Stanton had thrown out some doubts on Garesché's loyalty. Garesché came up, however, for my sake. Stanton offered him his hand, but it was refused. However, Garesché spoke to Stanton, extolling my doings in the army. Stanton then told him to grant me all I wanted.

26th—Left for New York at 6 P. M. Slept soundly in the cars and reached Washington at 7 A. M.

27th—Went over to Alexandria in the afternoon. Met Col. Hayman and Surgeon O'Meagher. Slept at Father Kroes'. During my absence in New York the army had returned from Harrison's Landing to Alexandria and had gone to help General Pope. My men were then at the outposts, somewhere beyond Bull Run. Very ugly rumors were floating about.

28th—As it was impossible to join my regiment, I went to Georgetown.

29th—Visited three hospitals around Washington. There was not a single Catholic in them.

Sept. 5th, 1862.—While the great bulk of the army moved to Maryland, where they fought the enemy at Antietam, my regiment and a few others were kept around Alexandria for the security of the neighborhood. On this day my men encamped near Hunters' Creek, below Fort Lyons.

6th—Moved a mile or two away, near the old camp of the 38th Regiment.

7th—Sunday. Rode early to Alexandria in an ambulance. Had a narrow escape. The horses ran away with the driver down a steep road. However, he managed to keep them in the middle

of the road. Half of the spokes of the wheels were broken and I got an awful shaking, but that was all. Said Mass in the rear of an ambulance and preached on charity.

8th—Unwell and low spirited.

10th—Moved to the neighborhood of Fort Worth, near the Episcopalian Seminary.

14th—Sick of the jaundice. Yellow all over. Applied to one of the army surgeons. "You will have to take mercury, calomel or blue mass." This I dislike. Applied to another. "Do not take mercury, but some gentler purgative." Applied to a third. "The best thing you can do, is to go to Alexandria for a few days and eat abundantly of well ripened fruits, above all, peaches." I thought this last advice the best. I ate a great quantity of peaches and was perfectly cured in two days.

End of Diary. *

* Rev. Father Tissot spent a second year with the Army of the Potomac, but his diary for this year is not in our possession.—*Editor.*

DEERFOOT, THE GUARANIS.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY.

(*Concluded.*)

SUSPECTING that Deerfoot might have overheard the deliberations of the preceding evening and so take steps to frustrate their plan, the Mameluke leaders at once began active preparations for their new enterprise. It was arranged that in case of success of the undertaking, runners would be immediately despatched to St. Paul's in advance of the party to give notice to prepare the ambuscade and await their coming.

Several days after the occurrence of these events, Father Montoya and Deerfoot were nearing the vicinity of the Mameluke's stronghold. As they drew near they met numerous Indians, at first singly or in pairs, then in great bands, all apparently in flight. When they attempted to get near them, they either failed entirely or were met with a shower of arrows from the now thoroughly frightened savages. Finally the missionary and his companion came upon a band of Pataguas who had gathered together in the forest for mutual protection. They were immediately seized and bound. Then one of the tribe, who appeared to have some authority among them, spoke upbraiding the Father, charging him with deception and lying, accusing him of speaking peace with his lips when there was war in his heart, of inducing them by false promises of greater happiness and prosperity to leave their own settlements, and

then seizing upon them, when they were unarmed and unprepared for resistance, to carry them off to slavery or to death.

When the speaker had concluded, the whole band rose with a savage yell and rushed upon the missionary with uplifted axes. But the priest, although not fearing death, felt that his hour had not yet come. So wrenching his arms free, he grasped the crucifix that he always carried in his belt, and starting back a few paces, held it aloft before them. They halted in their mad rush, and a great fear came upon them at the sight of the symbol of salvation, not unmingled with admiration at such a display of courage and fearlessness. Taking advantage of the moment of respite, Father Montoya poured forth passionate words of rebuke, upbraiding them with ingratitude and blindness. He then reviewed in a few stirring words the work of the missionaries among them, and especially of his own labors for their greater prosperity and the salvation of their souls. He went on to narrate the events of the past few days, showing them how they had been deceived by their old enemy, the Mameluke, and ended by telling them that he was in search of their captive brethren when they had made him prisoner, that they should immediately release him, and there await his return and the captives whom he hoped to restore to them.

The Indians, ever amenable to gentle influences, listened to him in wonder, and his words had the desired effect. They humbly begged the missionary's pardon, and urged him to accept the whole band as an escort upon his difficult enterprise, but he told them that his trust was in the Being whom they all adored, and taking only his ever

faithful guide, he resumed his journey. They soon came upon the tracks of the Mameluke, and from this on the route lay clear before them, for it was marked out by the dead and dying. On they went, their footsteps everywhere arrested by the sick, the helpless, and the weak, whom the Mamelukes had dragged as far as they could, and when the miserable captives could walk no further, they were left to perish in those dismal wilds. The priest did all that he could for each unhappy group, baptizing the catechumens, confessing the neophytes, and consoling all with the hope of a future life; but he could not remain with any, for his mission called him onward still,—on to those who perchance at no great distance lay dying the same miserable death,—on to those who, yet more unhappy, should live to reach the city of the captives, where chains and cruelty would destroy the body, and despair or bad example kill the soul;—on even further still to the slave-market of St. Paul's—the city of Rio Janeiro—there to lay before the governor the outrages and wrongs that had been heaped upon these unoffending people.

It was towards evening of the third day of their journey when the two weary travelers reached a gap in the hills through which wound the road that led them eastward to the sea. As they came within sight of the valley, formed by two spurs of the Organ Mountains, they saw the little procession in the distance winding slowly and painfully over the hot road that stretched out towards the opposite ridge. Although already worn out and almost exhausted with the fatigue of travel, Father Montoya pushed onward and came up with the party just as they were halt-

ing for the night. At the sight of his poor neophytes, drooping alike with sorrow and fatigue, the missionary could not contain himself, and rushing, in spite of the muskets that were pointed at him and the insults and blows that were heaped upon him, into the midst of the captives, he embraced them one by one, loudly demanding in pathetic accents either that they should be restored to freedom or that he himself should be permitted to share their chains. Some of the Mamelukes reviled, some threatened, many scoffed at him as a madman; and one alone in all that number was moved by pity to give up to him such of the captives as had fallen to his share, under promise, of course, of a future ransom. This success did but encourage the priest to greater efforts, and seeing the cacique Guiayvara among the prisoners, he put the chain that bound him around his own neck declaring he would not take it thence until he had obtained his freedom. The Mamelukes grew angry, and in the discussion that followed he was more than once on the point of having his brains blown out, but the determination of the missionary and his utter indifference to danger won the day, and the cacique and a certain number of other Indians were at last surrendered. Guiavayra was astonished, as well he might be; he had long been wavering between his idol-worship and the Christian creed, but as he felt the chains fall from his limbs he threw himself in a very passion of gratitude at his benefactor's feet, and when he afterwards returned to his tribe he could only satisfy the deep consciousness of the debt he owed the Father by going from reduction to reduction, everywhere proclaiming the charity of the priest and exonerating his brethren of the Society from all suspicion of collusion with their foes.

In the meantime the Mamelukes, finding their captives disappearing through the intervention of the missionary, resolved to rid themselves of his presence, and very early on the following morning they decamped without him. Father Montoya, perceiving their intention, hastened after them, but his strength, already wasted from years of labor, was fast giving out and his footsteps becoming slow and halting. Finally, on the last day of the march, when they were within sight of their destination, the missionary sank to the ground, unable to advance another step. Deerfoot, his constant companion, carried him into a thicket by the roadside, and fashioning a rude bed of dried brush and leaves, laid him upon it and watched over him. Fever was soon added to his other bodily sufferings, and his wasted strength and the absence of all medical treatment made his recovery impossible. The faithful Indian remained with him until the end, and when his blessed soul had winged its flight to meet the Creator, whom he had served so well, he closed his eyes, and leaving the crucifix clasped in the hands that clung to it even in death, he hollowed out a grave and buried him where he died, like the great Xavier, in sight of the place where he had hoped to win back to God the souls so rudely snatched from Him by the hand of the destroyer.

Some days later Deerfoot rejoined the Pataguas, who had been anxiously awaiting the return of their captive brother. He told them the sad story that we have just related, and deeply moved with gratitude to the devoted missioner, they founded a settlement on the spot where they had encamped, which they named " Montoya." Deerfoot instructed them further in the faith, some

THE INVINCIBLES, 1901.

vestiges of which remained with them long after they had been deprived of any priestly ministration, and some years later he was unanimously chosen their chief.

By this time the edict had gone forth expelling the fathers from Paraguay. Shipped to Civita Vecchia, they subsisted upon a pittance doled out by the Spanish government, subject, however, to the condition that they should neither speak nor write in defense of their Society.

'91.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

PUBLIC DRILL.

THE exercises of Commencement Week began with the Public Drill on Sunday, June 16th.

The drill was held on the campus and was witnessed by a large crowd of visitors. The various movements were gone through with much accuracy and precision, as was evidenced by the generous applause of the spectators. Mayor Fiske of Mt. Vernon witnessed the drill and inspected the battalion.

The most interesting part of the performance, however, was the sham battle which took place on the front lawn after the drill. Squads of men were told off from either company, and advanced and retreated to the call of the bugle like old veterans. For nearly half an hour the battle waged. Now one side seemed to have the advantage, and then the other. Flank movements were made and skirmishers were on the alert to attack what seemed to be the enemy's weak point. Some stationed themselves behind the newly erected haymows, and from this vantage ground poured a deadly (?) fire into the enemy. All the while a deafening rattle of musketry was kept up. Some of the children present were crying through fear. Finally the noise of battle ceased, the smoke cleared away, and only small boys could be seen on the field, gathering up the blank cartridges. So the great battle, like some other events which make a great noise in the world, "ended only in smoke."

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was delivered in the church on Sunday, June 16th, by the Rev. Thomas R. Halpin, '86. Father Halpin chose as his text the words: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Matt. xvi., 26.)

"In our pursuit of earthly honors and glories," Father Halpin said, "it is well for us to pause from time to time and consider whether all our actions and afforts are prompted and stimulated by those supernatural motives which will lead us to our eternal destiny. We have been created for one purpose and only one, and that is, to save our immortal souls. Hence all our actions, all our endeavors, all our undertakings, yea, even our very thoughts and desires should be conformed, shaped and moulded towards that one object, our eternal salvation."

Father Halpin then went on to show the vanity of all that the world prizes—pleasures, honors and wealth—if one fails to secure the primary object of his existence, the salvation of his soul. Continuing, he said: "Do not, my dear young men, deceive yourselves or be deluded by the thought that with these few years of study you are fitted and prepared for any and every station of life. Do not think, I beseech you, that the world has been waiting these many years for your advent, and that your arrival into the world of science, law, pedagogy, or medicine, will be announced with the flourish of trumpets; but rather remember that in a few days you will leave the boundaries and confines of old St. John's, your kind and ever mindful Alma Mater, and that you will be launched

on a merciless and uncharitable world. There in reality you will find yourselves, like an infant, with nothing to protect you from the world's cold blasts of disappointment and discouragement save the fondling arms of Holy Mother Church."

Father Halpin pointed out the various professions open to those about to go forth from College, and urged the necessity of definite choice of a state of life, one guided by reason and not by sentiment. Once this choice was made, they should be ready to follow it out in spite of all obstacles, ever keeping in mind the guiding principles taught them by Alma Mater, that all things are for the honor and glory of God, and that it profits a man nothing if he gain the whole world and in the end lose his own soul.

Father Halpin's sermon was an earnest and impressive one, and was listened to with marked attention by the students.

PRIZE-NIGHT.

On the Prize-Night for Undergraduates, Tuesday evening, June 18th, the following prizes were awarded:

Good Conduct,—Medal to Edward T. Swetnam, Prizes to William A. O'Brien and John A. Butler; Second Division,—Prizes to William J. Murray, Charles J. Murn, and Arthur L. Hurley; St. John's Hall,—Prizes to Joseph Belden, E. Lawrence Pozas, and Edward Suarez; Day Students,—Prizes to Emmett F. Rogers, Armin J. Sibbel, and William A. Keating.

Proficiency Prizes:—Junior Class,—Medal to Selden B. McLaughlin, Prize to James H. McDonald; Sophomore Class,—Medal to William J.

Murray, Prize to John O'Rourke; Freshman Class, Medal to Armin J. Sibbel, Prize to Arthur J. Egan; First Academic Class,—Prizes to Lawrence F. Ryan and John R. Farrell; Second Academic, Hugh F. McLoughlin and Thomas J. Morrin; Third Academic,—Stuart J. Agen and Albert Vitale; Fourth Academic,—Henry P. Hewes and Walter A. Fitch; Special Academic,—John Bonee and C. A. Dana Redmond; Rudiments,—George Richter and Ignatius Amor.

In the Commercial Department the Proficiency Prize was awarded in English Junior to Gabriel Malhami; in English Sophomore, to Alfred N. Humphreys; in Advanced English, to Thomas McLaughlin and Joseph Cunningham; in Special English, to Nicholas Remon.

The Prizes in Mathematics were awarded, in Calculus, to James H. McDonald; in Analytic Geometry, to Charles J. Murn; in Trigonometry and Surveying, to Emmett F. Rogers and Joseph Fogarty; in Higher Algebra, to Armin J. Sibbel, Andrew Horcasitas and James Kilsheimer; in Geometry A, to Charles Mullen, John R. Farrell, and Stephen McTague; in Geometry B, to Cecil A. Fitch; in Lower Algebra, Section A, to Hugh McLoughlin and Joseph E. Rivero; Section B, to E. Lawrence Pozas and Joseph Belden; Section C, to George Browne; First Arithmetic, to Stuart J. Agen; Second Arithmetic, to John Curley and George Richter.

The Prizes in Modern Languages were awarded in First French, to Arthur L. Hurley; in Second French, to Henry E. Burke, C. A. Dana Redmond, and John R. Kœmpel; in Third French, to E. Lawrence Pozas and Edward Suarez; in First German, to Armin J. Sibbel and James B.

Kilsheimer; in Second German, to James J. Fallon and Charles J. Malhami; in Spanish, to Andrew Douglas and Rudolph Ledesma.

In Analytic Chemistry, the Prizes were awarded to John W. Blauvelt and Charles J. Murn; in General Chemistry, to Whitney Eckert and James B. McLoughlin.

For Oratory and Composition, the Gold Medal was awarded to Selden B. McLaughlin, Prize to Whitney Eckert. For Elocution, Junior Division, the Medal was awarded to Louis C. Hartman, Prize to Francis V. S. Oliver; St. John's Hall, Prizes to Hubert A. McNally, Paul J. Gleises, and Victor V. Gleises.

For Music, Piano, Prizes were awarded to Beverly F. McLaughlin, James Belden, and Frederick Franco; Mandolin, Prize to John T. McGraw; Cornet, Prize to Louis J. Haffen; Violin, Prize to Manuel Rodriguez; Vocal Culture, Prize to John Radel; Drawing, Prize to Joseph Belden.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE JUNIOR CLASS, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

WHEREAS : The members of Junior Class have learned with sorrow of the death of their beloved classmate, John L. McDonough, and

WHEREAS : Whilst we humbly bow to the most holy will of our Heavenly Father, yet we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family of our departed friend; hence, be it

Resolved: That the members of Junior Class extend to them most sincere condolence in their hour of affliction, and be it further

Resolved: That the members of Junior Class receive Holy Communion in a body and offer up their prayers for the eternal repose of our deceased friend; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his bereaved family, and that the same be published in the FORDHAM MONTHLY.

EDWARD J. MITCHELL
ALPHONSE J. EDEBOHLS } *Committee.*
CHARLES T. HORAN

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

DEATH OF JOHN L. McDONOUGH.

JOHN L. McDONOUGH, ex-'02, son of the Hon. John T. McDonough, Secretary of the State of New York, died at his home in Albany on the afternoon of Saturday, June 15th, 1901. John entered the class of Freshman in September, 1898, entered Sophomore the following year, and continued with his class until the latter part of March, 1900, when failing health compelled him to give up study. Since that time he has visited the College at times, his last visit having been made on Sunday, Jan. 27th. In his letter to Rev. Father Rector, which we may be pardoned for quoting, Mr. McDonough says of his son: "How he loved St. John's College! How much he regretted to have to leave it! He often talked about you all, and every week asked for the papers containing the records of the games of the college teams."

The funeral was held from the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany, on June 17th. Right Rev. Bishop Burke delivered a touching eulogy, in which he dwelt on the good life and peaceful death of our friend, declaring it worthy of imitation by all young men.

John was in his twentieth year at the time of his death, having been born on Dec. 25th, 1881. To quote again from Mr. McDonough's letter: "He suffered long and patiently, but had the grace of a peaceful death." *May he rest in peace!*

DEATH OF WILLIAM J. HINCHLIFFE.

The students of St. John's will be sorry to learn that since the close of the college year one of their fellow students has been called to his reward. William J. Hinchliffe, '03, died at his home in Paterson, N. J., on Saturday morning, June 29th, in the nineteenth year of his age.

William Hinchliffe—"Hinch" was his familiar name—entered St. John's Hall in September, 1897, and was assigned to the class of Third Academic. During the year he was promoted for good scholarship to the class of Second Academic, and entered First Academic in September of the following year, 1898. Thence he passed to the class of Freshman, and last September entered the class of Sophomore. He continued in this class up to the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, of this year, when he was compelled to desist from study owing to severe headaches, for which he was treated at home by his family physician. He returned to College, however, after the Easter holidays, but did not attend class, remaining in the Infirmary. From the symptoms which he displayed at this time the College physician, Doctor Dunn, soon arrived at the conclusion that a tumor was forming on the brain. This diagnosis was confirmed by a specialist in the city, Doctor McMahon. Towards the end of April, William returned to his home in Paterson. There his fatal malady continued to increase until the end came on Saturday, June 29th.

He was a boy of a naturally cheerful and active disposition, and passionately fond of all outdoor sports. His loyalty to Fordham was a prominent trait in his character, and he was always deeply

interested in the successes of his Alma Mater, especially on the athletic field. His mind was as active as his body, capable of grasping and solving difficulties with a facility which kept him ever among the leaders of his class. Best of all, he was a boy of pure mind and heart, a Sodality Officer for several terms, and almost a weekly communicant. The fact that he died on Saturday, the day consecrated to the Mother of God, and on the Feast of the Saints Peter and Paul, will not be without significance to his Catholic friends.

Our sympathy naturally goes out on this occasion to Mr. Hinchliffe, our friend's bereaved father. His mother, Mrs. Hinchliffe, died on the 18th of September, 1898, and those who knew William at the time are aware how deeply he felt her death. One who was present at her death-bed has narrated how devoutly he knelt to receive her last blessing, and who knows but what her dying prayer may already have seen its fulfilment. It is for us, his friends, to bring about by our prayers the happy meeting of mother and son, where parting shall be no more.

The funeral was held from St. George's Church, Paterson, on Monday, July 1st. A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the deceased's former Professor, Rev. Father Ziegler, S. J., assisted by Rev. Father Raymond, S. J., deacon, and Mr. Linnehan, S. J., subdeacon. Rev. Father Rector pronounced the eulogy over our departed friend. The following students acted as pall-bearers : Edward A. Grimley, Ellsworth J. Healy, Selden B. McLaughlin, James B. McLoughlin, Charles J. Murn, Edward J. O'Brien, Emmett F. Rogers. *May he rest in peace!*

PUBLIC ORATORICAL CONTEST.

A large audience assembled on the evening of June 5th, to witness the prize contest in elocution and oratory. The first part of the programme consisted of poetic and oratorical declamations, chosen with the view of bringing out the speakers' powers of elocution.

The more interesting part of the programme was the second part, consisting of original speeches on a number of timely and interesting topics, which gave free scope to the speakers' powers both in oratory and composition. As a preparation for public speaking later on in life, no better means could be chosen, and the students of St. John's should be very grateful to the class of '89 for donating the beautiful medal which is awarded the successful competitor in this contest. The judges on the above occasion were Mr. John E. Kelly, and Mr. Michael J. Sweeney, of the class of '89; and Rev. Richard O. Hughes, ex-'98, who supplied the place of Rev. James N. Aylward, '89, who was unable to be present. The Gold Medal for Oratory and Composition was awarded to Selden B. McLaughlin, '02; the Prize was bestowed upon Whitney Eckert, '03, and John W. Blauvelt, '03, received First Distinction.

For Elocution, the Silver Medal was awarded to Louis C. Hartman, First Academic; Prize to Francis V. S. Oliver, of the same class; Distinction to Stuart J. Agen, Third Academic. For excellence in elocution among the members of St. John's Hall, Prizes were bestowed upon Hubert A. McNally, Paul J. Gleises, and Victor V. Gleises; Distinction to Hugh F. McLoughlin.

Following is the programme:—

FIRST PART.

OVERTURE, "Bridal Rose," *Lavalee*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE, *Whittier*

Hubert A. McNally.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET, *Green*

Stuart J. Agen.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER, *Anonymous*

George W. Haffey.

SELECTION, "Florodora" *Arr. by Emil Ascher*

THE LIFE BOAT, *Sims*

Louis C. Hartman.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL'AN DIUNE, *Scott*

Pierce W. Mulroney.

SHYLOCK AND TUBAL, *Shakespeare*

Francis V. Oliver.

MARK ANTONY'S ADDRESS, *Shakespeare*

William P. Strain.

SECOND PART.

THE MOSQUITO PARADE, *Howard Whitney*

THE NEGRO QUESTION, John W. Blauvelt, '03

THE PEOPLE AND THE GOVERNMENT, Whitney Eckert, '03

EXPANSION IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,
Edward A. Grimley, '03

TRES JOLIE WALTZ, *Waldteufel*

AN IDEAL TRUST, James S. McCormick, '03

THE DISFRANCHISEMENT OF THE NEGRO,
Emmett F. Rogers, '03

CATHOLIC INFLUENCE IN AMERICA, Selden B. McLaughlin, '02

MELANGES OF POPULAR MELODIES *Moses-Tobani*

Music by the College Orchestra, under the direction
of Prof. F. J. Halm.

GLEANINGS.

Now that the work of the Alumni Association is over for the scholastic year, it is but just to acknowledge their past efforts in behalf of Alma Mater. To the retiring officers of the Association, and especially to the President, Rev. Father O'Dwyer, the MONTHLY, in behalf of the Faculty and students of St. John's, offers sincere thanks for their devoted labors during the past year.

The MONTHLY extends its congratulations to Rev. John C. Harmon, S. J., who was ordained at Woodstock College, Md., on Thursday, June 27th, by His Eminence Cardinal Martinelli. Father Harmon spent his years of teaching here as a scholastic, and is still kindly remembered by his Fordham friends.

James M. McDonnell, '96, was ordained to the priesthood at Rome in the beginning of last month. The MONTHLY extends to him and his esteemed parents most sincere congratulations.

Mr. Robert Emmet Shields, '98, was married to Miss Katherine Regina Caufield on Thursday, June 27th, at St. Columba's Church, Newark, N. J. Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Shields!

Miss Maria Eduarda Crosas, sister of Andres B. Crosas, '97, was married recently at San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Mr. Manuel Altero Saldano by the Right Rev. Bishop Blenk of San Juan.

The MONTHLY extends most sincere condolence to the Hon. John T. McDonough and family on the loss of their son, John L. McDonough. The members of Junior Class received Holy Communion in a body for the repose of his soul on Monday, June 17th.

Mrs. L. B. Marsh was buried from the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, New Rochelle, N. Y., on Wednesday, June 26th. Rev. Father Rector was present at the funeral. We extend our sincere sympathy to Horace in his bereavement.

We also offer our sympathy to James P. Clark, '03, who had the misfortune to lose his brother the latter part of June.

The last baseball game of the season was played with Lehigh at South Bethlehem on June 18th, and resulted in a victory for Fordham. Score, 20—7.

CARD OF THANKS.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE.

ALBANY, June 24th, 1901.

Rev. Dear Father O'Dwyer:

My family and I gratefully acknowledge the kind expression of sympathy of yourself and the Fordham College Alumni.

Yours,
JOHN T. MCDONOUGH.

ALUMNI NOTES.

ONE of the receptions given to the members of the American Medical Association at their recent meeting at St. Paul, Minn. (June 3-7), was held at the handsome residence of Mr. M. Doran on Summit Ave. in that city. Besides the hostess' two sons, Messrs. Michael and Maurice, whom Fordham men of the early '90's will all recall, at least three other Fordham men were present on the occasion. As nearly 2,000 physicians from all over the country were invited, some idea of the jam may be obtained. Like preserves, however, receptions are successful in feminine eyes if they jam well. The Fordham men succeeded in finding themselves out however. Mr. Mark Fitzgerald, '85, Commercial, of St. Paul, was the good genius of the occasion, and brought East and West together in a manner at once effective and very pleasant for the strangers within the gates.

W.

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Rev. John D. Whitney, S. J., Rector

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